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THE POEMS OF CYNEWULF

**H**PET. ƿesƿuman on ƿƿin ƿagi ƿelƿe undaƿ ƿuƿe  
 . ƿum ƿi ƿadƿe ƿaies . ƿeodnes ƿeƿas . no ƿiƿa ƿƿym  
 aƿe . eam ƿeodine . ƿon cumbel hndzan . ƿyððan hie ge  
 weoldon ƿa him dƿy ƿuð ƿelƿe hƿeƿona heah cƿynnig . lyo  
 ge weold . ƿƿeƿon maƿe mih oƿe ƿeƿðan ƿƿome ƿol .  
 ƿoƿan ƿƿyð hƿate ƿeƿe ƿuƿeƿ ƿon ƿoðð ƿeand on hƿe  
 ƿeolde . ƿelƿin aƿeƿodon . on meotud ƿange ƿaƿ hƿiƿa maƿhƿe  
 ƿum . ƿeand iudum on ƿan ƿod ƿell ƿeƿe ƿodum ƿƿuƿan  
 ƿuððe ƿeƿe . ƿam halƿe ƿod hƿe ƿeƿe . ut on ƿe ƿealand  
 ƿaƿ eam ƿeƿe ell ƿeodigna ƿeƿe ne mihƿe . blaðe  
 bƿuƿan . oƿe hƿi ƿonðna . hand on hƿeƿeƿe . i . ƿe  
 ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe maƿe land moƿeƿe be ƿuððan .  
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 hƿeƿe ƿeƿe . ƿeƿe on ƿam ƿeƿe . neƿeƿe ƿeƿe  
 to bƿuƿon . ah hie blod ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe homan  
 ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe . ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe . ƿeƿe ƿeƿe  
 ƿeƿe hƿi . ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ell ƿeodigna . dydan  
 him to moƿe meo ƿeƿe . ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe  
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 ƿeƿe hƿeƿe hƿeƿe . hie ƿeƿe on ƿeƿe . ƿe hie ne  
 mƿuƿan ƿeƿe man dƿeƿe . hƿeƿe hƿeƿe ƿeƿe .  
 ac hie hie ƿeƿe . ƿeƿe meo laƿe . meo ƿeƿe .  
 ƿe ƿeƿe maƿhƿe to ƿeƿe maƿe bƿe ƿeƿe hƿe  
 ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe meo ƿeƿe donia man  
 ƿeƿe hƿe . ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe ƿeƿe .

Facsimile of Anglo-Saxon MS. of Eleventh Century

From the Cathedral Library at Vercelli



# THE POEMS OF CYNEWULF

Translated into English  
Prose

By  
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*With an Introduction, Bibliography, and  
Facsimile Page of the Vercelli MS*



LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED  
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO  
1910

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To  
GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY  
IN GRATITUDE AND FRIENDSHIP





## PREFACE

It has long seemed unfortunate that although English readers have been given many translations of Beowulf, the group of religious poems which are associated with the name of the poet Cynewulf never have been translated in a single volume. To secure translations of all these poems the reader has been compelled to refer to scattered volumes, pamphlets, and philological publications. These translations differ in medium and inspiration. More especially does this seem unfortunate since many of these poems possess a haunting beauty not surpassed, and rarely equalled, in the field of Anglo-Saxon verse, and the various poems, which tentatively represent the product of Cynewulf's pen, have in common characteristics of thought and form which adapt them to group treatment, and, within certain limits, afford excellent opportunity for interesting generalization.

It is the purpose of this volume to present in prose translation those poems which, in the opinion

of leading critics, are the work of Cynewulf. The eight poems here printed are divided into two sections of four poems each. The first section is made up by four poems signed with Cynewulf's name, of the authorship of which there can be little question. The second section consists of four of the unsigned poems attributed to Cynewulf which, so far as may be judged by internal evidence, seem most likely to be the work of his hand. The evidence bearing upon the ascription of each of these poems to Cynewulf is discussed in the translator's Introduction.

The prose medium has been selected as being all in all the most satisfactory. For some years there has been much discussion as to the most successful method of translating Anglo-Saxon verse. The *Beowulf* has been a number of times excellently translated in prose. In other instances blank verse has been used with success as in Gollancz' translation of Cynewulf's *Christ*. Still other translators advocate strongly some form of imitative measure, which shall reproduce so far as possible the rough, alliterative, four-beat movement of the Anglo-Saxon verse. Gummere has given such a translation of the *Beowulf* in his *Oldest English*



*Epic.* Of these methods the blank verse, because of its smoothness and regularity, is least adapted to give an adequate idea of the original, while the imitative measures judged *per se* should be best adapted to this end.

The length and nature of a poem, however, are matters of much weight in the selection of a translating medium. It is by no means an axiom of translation that verse shall be rendered in verse. The purpose of a translation is to reproduce as faithfully as may be, by whatsoever medium, the material and spirit of the original. That the essential form and spirit of the rough Anglo-Saxon metre may be excellently adapted to modern ears, is shown in Tennyson's *Battle of Brunanburh*. In this bit of verse, however, Tennyson was not handling a long narrative poem, and it is in the question of length, and the danger of monotony involved in an attempt to form upon the principles of Anglo-Saxon verse an imitative measure, that one of the translator's greatest difficulties lies. Owing to changes in language it is impossible to reproduce the Anglo-Saxon metre with such variety as characterized it in the original. There has come also a change in that æsthetic feeling upon which all appreciation

of verse measures ultimately rests. For these reasons it has seemed best in this translation to use a prose form preserving something of the alliterative element of the original, and attaining, when possible, a rhythmic movement.

In the translation of the *Christ*, and the *Dream of the Rood* I have followed the texts of Cook, in the *Juliana* that of Strunk and in the *Fates of the Apostles* the text of Krapp. The remaining poems of the translation are based upon the Grein-Wülker text printed in the *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie*.

I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Professors Gordon H. Gerould and Charles G. Osgood, of Princeton, for assistance with the proof sheets of this volume ; and to Professor J. Duncan Spaeth, of Princeton, for his generous and helpful interest in this translation from the time when it was first undertaken.

C. W. K.

PRINCETON.

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## INTRODUCTION

OF the many problems arising from a study of Anglo-Saxon literature few are more confusing and baffling than those which connect themselves with the poems confidently or tentatively ascribed to Cynewulf. Of no one genius in the entire range of English literature do we know at once so little and so much. For when stripped of conjecture, surmise, and academic theory, our actual knowledge of Cynewulf, of his circumstances and life, is small. He is the merest shadow of a name given us in eight Anglo-Saxon runic letters. Scholars have had their way with him without dread of disproof, and pictured him a bishop or a wandering minstrel as they would. So ignorant are we of all that made his life.

Yet of the man himself we know much. The personal passages, in the poems signed with his name, give us swift gleams of insight into his nature in an intimate way such as is unique in the history of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Apparently some time during the life of this man there came a sharp and decisive change in his nature. The influence of the Christian faith in some way touched him, and the current of his life was turned. A sense of sin, a dread of final judgment linked with an unshaken faith in the goodness and perfect justice of God, give a wistful note to these striking passages of personal revela-

tion, which draw the reader closer to him, in involuntary response to an appeal alone remaining after the centuries have laid an obliterating finger on the event and circumstance of his life.

It has come to pass since Kemble's <sup>1</sup> discovery in 1840 of the runic passages establishing a personality upon which conjectural theories might be hung, that the various suppositions as to the life of Cynewulf and the possibility of his authorship of many poems not signed by his name, have been exalted into a Cynewulf problem about which has been waged a bitter if bloodless battle of words. Various critics have gone various lengths in assigning to him poems which are in his manner, and which he might have written. Thus for example Kemble <sup>2</sup> and Thorpe regarded it as probable that Cynewulf was the author of both the Exeter Book and the Vercelli Codex. Ten Brink, <sup>3</sup> making unqualified attributions to Cynewulf, which as a matter of fact rest merely on opinion, gives him the *Riddles*, *Phoenix*, *Vision of the Cross*, *Descent to Hell*, *Guthlac*, and *Andreas*, in addition to the *Elene*, *Juliana*, and *Christ*. This is no meagre list. Yet Sarrazin <sup>4</sup> is able to surpass it by arguing for the Cynewulfian authorship of *Beowulf*, *Judith*, *Wanderer*, *Seafarer*, the *Gnomic Verses* of the Cottonian MS., and by assuming part of the *Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Vision of the Cross*, and a number of minor poems to be in Cynewulf's manner, and probably composed

<sup>1</sup> *Archaeologia*, xxviii, 363. "On Anglo-Saxon Runes."

<sup>2</sup> *The Poetry of the Codex Vercellensis*, i, 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Geschichte der englischen Literatur*, i, 64-75.

<sup>4</sup> *Beowulfstudien*, G. Sarrazin, Berlin, 1888.



in part by him and in part by imitators. To this extent had attribution proceeded by the year 1888.

In this year was made the first and only discovery since that of Kemble's discovery of Cynewulf's runic signature in *Juliana*, *Elene*, and *Christ* which has definitely added to the known facts in the vexed question of Cynewulfian authorship. In the summer of 1888 Napier,<sup>1</sup> in collating the homilies and poetry in the Vercelli MS., found a fragment of 28 lines following immediately upon, and apparently belonging to, the short poem of 95 lines known as the *Fates of the Apostles*. These lines contained a runic passage again giving us the signature of Cynewulf, not in the due order of the letters, as had been the case in the other three signatures, but in the order FWULCYN—the E being omitted as in the signature of the *Christ*. Because of the position of the *Fates*, following as it does immediately upon the *Andreas*, to which it might be considered as forming an epilogue, and the apparent unity of the first 95 lines of the *Fates* and Napier's fragment, scholars such as Sarrazin, Trautmann, Skeat and Gollancz have held that this discovery had the effect of determining the Cynewulfian authorship, not only of the *Fates of the Apostles*, but also of the *Andreas*.

As a matter of fact it is extremely difficult to make definite attributions in the Cynewulf question on the evidence which is before us, and many theories, confidently regarded by their holders as proven,

<sup>1</sup> Published in the *Academy*, September 8, 1888, and the *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, xxxiii (1888), 66 ff.

may be quickly rejected as unproven. The use of metrical tests, of word and phrase lists, and investigations of dialectal usage, never completely convincing in effect, has been exalted beyond its proper sphere of supplementary evidence. Thus for example the study of style and vocabulary, upon which Sarrazin largely depends for results in support of his theory of the Cynewulfian authorship of *Beowulf*, and which he summarizes in tables of phrase correspondence <sup>1</sup> between *Beowulf* and the Cynewulfian poems, seems to me to prove little more than that these poems are in the same language, and show at times a merely normal and natural correspondence of phrase or turn of thought, and that in Anglo-Saxon poetry style and imagery are in the main conventional and formal.

It is evident therefore that as undoubted work of Cynewulf we can claim only the four poems signed with his name—the *Elene*, *Juliana*, *Fates of the Apostles*, and that portion of the *Christ* which contains the runic signature. To these, with some degree of probability, may be added *Andreas*, on the ground of its close relation to the *Fates of the Apostles*, and the remaining portions of the *Christ*, on the ground that the three sections, the Nativity, the Ascension, and the Last Judgment, constitute an integral poem signed by Cynewulf at the end of a section instead of at the end of the whole. It may indeed be that the signature was originally made at the end of a completed poem, and that the section known as the Last Judgment was a later

<sup>1</sup> *Beowulfstudien*, 110-111, 112-113, 114-116, and ff.

addition by Cynewulf. Such a view would be borne out by the added strength and vigour of the third section, which might well find its cause in a maturer genius.

Here assumption must end. The attributions here made are made in connexion with and upon the basis of runic passages containing the name of Cynewulf, and these four complete poems—the *Fates of the Apostles* being considered merely as an epilogue—represent conservative opinion as to the undoubted work of Cynewulf. One or two other poems are sufficiently in the manner of Cynewulf to warrant their inclusion in this translation as the work of pupils or imitators writing in the traditions of their master.

### THE EXETER BOOK

All the undoubtedly genuine poems are therefore found either in the Exeter Book or in the Vercelli MS. Our knowledge of the first is the older. At the death in 1071 of Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter and tenth of Crediton, under whom the see was transferred from that city to Exeter, the Exeter library consisted of sixty volumes, among which was a manuscript indexed as *I mycel Englisc bōc be gehwīlcum þīngum on lēowīsan geworht*—i.e. a large English book on various subjects written in verse. This is the manuscript which has preserved to us so large a body of Anglo-Saxon verse, and which, from the Cathedral where it is still kept, has come to be known as the Exeter Book. Written by a single hand on vellum, apparently at the



beginning of the eleventh century,<sup>1</sup> the manuscript contains a number of important poems, among others the *Christ*, *Guthlac*, *Juliana*, *Phoenix*, *Wanderer*, *Seafarer*, *Harrowing of Hell*, and *Ruin*.

### THE VERCELLI MANUSCRIPT


The Vercelli manuscript, on the other hand, had drifted out of England. Discovered in 1832 by Blume, a German Professor of Law, in the course of his investigation of the contents of the manuscripts in the Cathedral library at Vercelli, near Milan, the *Codex Vercellensis* is a thick volume, of the late tenth or early eleventh century,<sup>2</sup> consisting in the main of Anglo-Saxon homilies, but containing, interspersed among them, six poems. These are the *Andreas*, *Fates of the Apostles*, *Soul's Address to the Body*, a fragment of twenty-seven lines on Psalm xxviii, *Dream of the Rood*, and *Elene*. How this manuscript found its way from England to Northern Italy is unknown. Wülker's suggestion,<sup>3</sup> which rests, however, upon no definite evidence, is that, since there was originally at Vercelli a hospice at which Anglo-Saxon pilgrims to Rome were accommodated, there may have been in connexion with this a small library, and that such a volume, finding its way to this library, may have passed later into the keeping of the Cathedral. It was also suggested by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 75, that the manuscript may have been presented to the Cathedral library by Cardinal Guala Bicchiere in the thir-

<sup>1</sup> Wülker, *Grundriss*, 223.      <sup>2</sup> Wülker, *Grundriss*, 237.

<sup>3</sup> *Grundriss*, 237.

teenth century. This theory is an interesting one because of the poem *Andreas* included in the Vercelli manuscript, and the connexion of Cardinal Guala with two churches named in St. Andrew's honour the Church of St. Andrew in Vercelli, which Guala founded, and St. Andrew's Church in Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, which he received as a benefice from Henry III. Cook<sup>1</sup> argues for this theory at some length, but can hardly hope to win conviction. The matter must after all remain one of conjecture.

### THE POET

Our knowledge of the personality of Cynewulf, the poet, depends upon four signatures of his name in runic characters, occurring in the poems *Juliana*, *Christ*, *Elene*, and *Fates of the Apostles*. The runic characters are the following: , representing the letters CYNEWULF. In two of the poems, *Christ* and *The Fates of the Apostles*, the E is omitted. The method in which the runic signature is made is a most interesting one. Except in *Juliana* these Anglo-Saxon runes not only fulfil the function of letters, but each rune also represents a word. In the *Juliana* the runes are used only as letters forming words, which when combined give us Cynewulf's name. We obtain a certain set of meanings for the Anglo-Saxon runes from the *Runic Poem*, which is, however, generally accepted as being a late production, and in certain instances fails to throw any light whatever upon Cynewulf's usage of the runic characters. The names of the

<sup>1</sup> *The Dream of the Rood*, ed. Cook, Introd. v., vi.

runes are as follows : (h) cēn, (𐌺) ȳr, (𐌿) nēd (nȳd), (M) eoh, (w) wēn (wyn), (n) ūr, (F) lagu, (F) feoh. The lines of the Runic poem so far as these characters are concerned may be translated as follows :

“ Cēn is known to every one of living creatures at the fire, shining and bright ; it burneth most often where princes rest within.

ȳr is a joy and honour to every prince and earl. It is fair upon the horse, a steadfast war equipment in the field.

“ Nȳd lieth heavy on the heart ; yet it becometh a help and a healing unto every one of the children of men, if they hearken unto it early.

“ Eoh is a joy unto the earls of princes, a horse proud of foot, where the warrior upon his steed exchangeth speech with the mighty ; and it is ever a comfort unto the unquiet.

“ Wyn he enjoyeth who knoweth little of care, of sorrow, or woe, and he hath for himself blessedness and bliss and eke many cities.

“ Ūr is headstrong and horned, a savage beast. With its horns the great moor-stepper fighteth ; that is a valiant wight.

“ Lagu seemeth wearisome unto the peoples, if they must visit it upon dancing ships, and the sea waves terrify and the steed of the deep suffereth not a bridle.

“ Feoh is a comfort unto every man ; yet must each one of men deal it out widely, if that he will obtain judgment before God.”

From this poem, therefore, according to Kemble, we obtain the following meanings for the runes composing Cynewulf's name, taking them in due



order of the letters : Torch, bow, need, horse, hope, bull, water, money. Certain of these meanings may be applied at once to Cynewulf's signature in the four poems mentioned. With here and there a very slight shade of different meaning, such as wealth instead of money, or woe instead of need, the N, E, L, and F runes may be translated in the signed poems as Kemble translates them. Wynn, however, instead of hope, is to be translated joy. The C, Y, and U runes for which Kemble derives the meaning torch, bow, and bull, cannot be so translated as Cynewulf uses them. For the U rune Cosijn and Gollancz propose the pronominal adjective "our," Gollancz supporting his contention by the fact that upon the margin of a runic alphabet Ūr was in one instance glossed as "noster." This is somewhat against the general usage of runes, which requires them to be substantives, but on the whole seems the best that can be done if the original name of the rune be retained. The C rune as used by Cynewulf quite evidently cannot mean torch. As there is an Anglo-Saxon adjective cēne, however, meaning bold, keen, courageous, it has been rather generally assumed that the C rune may take on this meaning in Cynewulf, and, being used as a substantive, may be translated as hero or by some equivalent phrase.

The Y rune is the one which has perhaps given most difficulty. Nothing at all is to be made of the meaning "bow," and a number of substitutions have been offered. Of these either *yrmdū*, "misery," proposed by Kemble and followed by Thorpe, Grein, and Wülker, or *yfel*, as an adjective to be translated "wretched," as a noun to be translated "affliction,"

proposed by Gollancz, seem to fit the context better than other conjectures that have been made.<sup>1</sup>

Taking the runes, then, with these values Cynewulf has employed them in his poetry. It is an important fact that in those sections of his poems, which precede and follow the runic signature, Cynewulf drops at once into a personal tone. The veil between writer and reader is torn away, and we listen to his confession of sin, dread of judgment, longing for the sympathy and the prayer of friends and readers, as to the words of one speaking directly to us. It must be noted, however, that these passages are of a very general nature, and throw little light upon the actual facts of Cynewulf's life. When Leo<sup>2</sup> brought forward his view that Cynewulf was in youth a wandering minstrel, it was based upon the fact that Leo attributed the Riddles to him, believing that the so-called First Riddle could be interpreted as meaning "Cynewulf," and the last of the series as meaning "The Wandering Minstrel." Putting the two together, and taking this bit of information in connexion with what he believed to be references in the *Elene* to the receipt of treasure and appled gold in the mead-hall, Leo was able to build up a theory, as a matter of fact based upon nothing at all, that Cynewulf was in early life a wandering minstrel. And in spite of the absolute lack of evidence for such a belief it was destined, once taking root, to endure

<sup>1</sup> For a fuller discussion of the runes as used by Cynewulf see Cook's edition of the *Christ*, 151 ff., or Trautmann's *Kynewulf, Bonner Beiträge*, i, 43-70, also Gollancz' edition of the *Christ*, 173.

<sup>2</sup> *Quae de se Cynewulfus tradiderit*, Halle, *Universität-Programm*.

for many years. In a most interesting article on "The Autobiographical Element in the Cynewulfian Rune Passages" <sup>1</sup> C. F. Brown has shown that the runic signatures themselves are not autobiographical in nature, and that the specific information which Cynewulf has left us of his life is extremely meagre. Except in the most general sense all that Cynewulf tells us of himself is to be found in the *Elene*, lines 1237-1257. These lines may be translated as follows: "Thus have I spun my lay with craft of word, and wrought it wondrously, aged and nigh unto death by fault of this failing house; at times I mused upon it and sifted my thought in the dungeon of night. I knew not clearly of the rood aright till wisdom with ample power imparted wider counsel in the thoughts of my heart. I was stained by my deeds of evil, shackled in sin, harried by sorrow, bound in bitterness, compassed about with trouble, till that in majesty the King of might granted me knowledge to console old age, till that he meted out to me His radiant grace, instilled it in my heart, revealed its glory, made it more ample, loosed my body, and undid the bolts of my breast, and taught me song-craft, which in the world I have used with will and gladness. Full often had I pondered on the glorious cross, nor once alone, ere I unriddled all the marvel of that glorious tree. I found the tale of that victor-token in books, to make it known in writings in due course of time."

In this passage we learn all that Cynewulf specifically tells us of his life—his conversion to a life of religious contemplation, his learning which he employs

<sup>1</sup> *Englische Studien*, xxxviii, 196.

in searching out and piecing together the true tale of the cross which he has just narrated, his poetic powers which find their spring in religious thought, and finally old age pressing hard upon him with sorrow and decay. Brown's<sup>1</sup> statement, however, that probably not overmuch weight is to be laid upon Cynewulf's confession of early sin must be questioned. It is by no means certain that this is a theological commonplace.

These facts are all that are to be had from the *Elene*. Those interpretations of the rune passage which make the allusion to the receipt of treasure and appled gold, the meadhall and war-horse of the *Elene*, apply to Cynewulf himself, did so only by emending the original text in order to get a translation not so convincing as that which Brown<sup>2</sup> proposes. With Bradley's article<sup>3</sup> upon the so-called First Riddle to be discussed later, and the above-mentioned article by Brown upon the autobiographical element in the rune passages, the theory which made the early life of Cynewulf the life of a wandering minstrel vanishes from the scene.

The identity of the poet remains undetermined to the present day. Our absolute lack of knowledge of the external circumstances of his life, and the fact that the name of Cynewulf is no uncommon one, have made the task of identifying him doubly hard. The religious nature of his poetry, and the fact itself of his learning, argues a connexion with the church, and attempts have been made to identify him definitely

<sup>1</sup> *Englische Studien*, xxxviii, 219.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 203 ff.

<sup>3</sup> *Academy* for March 24, 1888.



with three ecclesiastics of the same or a similar name, whose lives fell in or near the conjectured period in which the Cynewulfian poetry was written. These are Cenwulf, Abbot of Peterborough and Bishop of Winchester, died 1006; Cynewulf, Bishop of Lindisfarne, died (*circ.*) 783; and Cynulf, one of the four priests in the company of Tidfrith, Bishop of Dunwich, who at Clovesho, October 12, 803, signed his name, after that of the bishop, to a decree forbidding laymen to be elected to the lordship of monasteries.

The identification with Cenwulf of Winchester first suggested by Kemble,<sup>1</sup> and later adopted by Thorpe, Ettmüller, and Earle, may be set aside as one hardly deserving serious consideration. Two arguments are strong against it. In the first place the two names are separate and distinct names not to be confused as variants of a single form.<sup>2</sup> In the second place the time is much later than the age at which our poet must have lived. In the runic passages of the *Juliana* and the *Elene* the author's name is spelled Cynewulf. In the runic passages of the *Christ* and the *Fates of the Apostles* the *e* is omitted, and the name appears as Cynwulf. This affords a not unimportant clue to an approximate date for these poems. Sievers<sup>3</sup> points out that the older form of the name would have been Cyniwulf, the change from an *i* to a later *e* coming approximately about the middle of the eighth century. Again, about the end of the eighth century or

<sup>1</sup> *Archaeologia*, xxviii, 362.

<sup>2</sup> Sievers, *Anglia*, xiii, 20.

<sup>3</sup> *Anglia*, xiii, 11-15.

beginning of the ninth, instead of Cyni- or Cyne- we find a movement toward the form Cyn- (e disappearing before h, l, r, w, and s), though all three forms are found. On the basis of this evidence it would seem that the *Juliana* and the *Elene* could not have been written before the middle of the eighth century, nor the *Fates of the Apostles* and *Christ* before 800. On the other hand, that we may not rely too confidently on the spelling of his name as an index to the date and order of composition of the various poems is shown by the fact that in the personal passages in the *Elene* the poet expressly states that he is old "and ready to depart by reason of this failing house (the body)," which would seem to place the *Elene* later in his lifetime. At any rate it has been made clear that any identification which places the death of Cynewulf in the eleventh century may be quickly rejected.

The second theory which identifies the poet with Cynewulf, Bishop of Lindisfarne, an identification suggested by Dietrich<sup>1</sup> and followed by Grein and more recently by Trautmann,<sup>2</sup> unfortunately does not admit of definite proof. One argument that Cook regards as quite conclusive<sup>3</sup> weighs strongly against the theory. We know that the Bishop of Lindisfarne left his charge in 779 or 780 and died some three years later. If with Cook,<sup>4</sup> therefore, we take the dates of the *Christ* and the *Fates of the Apostles* to have been later

<sup>1</sup> *De Cruce Ruthw.*, 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Kynewulf*, Trautmann, *Bonner Beiträge*, i.

<sup>3</sup> *The Christ of Cynewulf*, Cook, *Intro.*, 73.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, *Intro.*, 69.

than 783, there is no possibility of their having been written by Cynewulf of Lindisfarne. Cook <sup>1</sup> finds another and still stronger argument against the identification in the correspondence of lines 1277-1321 of the *Elene*, lines which in that poem immediately succeed the runic passage, with the description of the Day of Judgment given by Alcuin in his *De Fide Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis*, Bk. 3, ch. 21.<sup>2</sup> The correspondence of ideas is so close as in Cook's opinion to postulate a dependence of Cynewulf upon this source; and as the *De Fide* must have been written after 800, being dedicated to Charlemagne, the date of the *Elene* would seem to be determined as early in the ninth century. The belief of Cook, however, that the similarity of the passages in the *Elene* and the *De Fide* would tend to show a dependence of Cynewulf upon Alcuin and therefore establish the date of the *Elene* as later than 800, was attacked by Trautmann <sup>3</sup> on the ground that Cynewulf and Alcuin might in the passages in question have borrowed from a common source. That this was in all probability the case is proved by C. F. Brown in his article on "Cynewulf and Alcuin."<sup>4</sup> He discovers a source for the Alcuin passage in a sermon by St. Eligius, Bishop of Noyon. With a portion of this sermon Alcuin had combined fragments from Augustine's *Enchiridion*. Brown also proves that the ideas of the judgment day which Cook takes to be peculiar to the *Elene*

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia*, xv, 7-20.

<sup>2</sup> Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, ci, 53.

<sup>3</sup> *Anglia Beiblatt*, xi, 324.

<sup>4</sup> *Mod. Lang. Ass. Pub.*, xviii, 308-334.

passage and to Alcuin were current in the writings of the earlier church fathers. Since there is evidence that Cynewulf was familiar with the patristic writings, Brown concludes that he may well have drawn upon them in the *Elene* passage. This argument, therefore, for placing the *Elene* in the ninth century may be dismissed.

Trautmann relies for one of his strongest bits of evidence toward proving Cynewulf Bishop of Lindisfarne upon a particular translation of a certain sentence in the runic passage of the *Christ* which seems to me unwarranted. The passage is as follows—

*U(nne) was longe  
L(ond) flodum bilocen, lif-wynna dael,*

which he translates as follows—"Vergönnt war mir lange der besitz des (eines) flutumschlossnen landes," and adds to this "Das flutumschlossne land ist die insel Lindisfarena Ee, der bischöfliche sitz jenes Cynewulf."<sup>1</sup> This interpretation one will be little inclined to follow, I think, even if one accept Trautmann's interpretation of the U and L runes. The thought in the personal passage at this point is not specific but general. The poet is considering the transitory nature of *all* earthly benefits and possessions. As they were formerly overwhelmed by the waters of the flood, so at the last day they shall burn in the fire of judgment. This is his thought as I understand the passage, and not a particular reference to an estate of his own surrounded by water. Therefore, while there is a slight possibility that, if the date of the later Cynewulfian poems

<sup>1</sup> *Kynewulf*, Trautmann, *Bonner Beiträge*, 94.



could in some way be shown to fall before 783, our author may be one with the Bishop of Lindisfarne, as Trautmann so positively states him to be, the facts at present before us are not sufficient to furnish definite proof in the matter.

The third theory of the identity of Cynewulf, which would make him Cynulf, the priest accompanying Tidfrith, bishop of Dunwich, at Clovesho in 803, has been proposed by Cook.<sup>1</sup> The date would certainly fit the accepted dates of the Cynewulf poems more nearly than either of the earlier identifications. As a theory, however, it must be said that if there is little definitely against it, there is also little definitely for it. It throws no clear light on the question of the person of Cynewulf. The theory of Cook is an interesting possibility, but it yet remains for it to be proved anything more than this.

Yet in spite of the mists that veil the identity of Cynewulf to a sympathetic reader of his poems, he seems less an unknown singer of the eighth century than an intimate friend. So strong is the personal element in all he writes and so winning its appeal. We find in him combined a passionate poet of the singing heart, in whom the colour<sup>2</sup> and fragrance of the world find instant response, and one who can put all this away to dream in ecstatic vision of the joys of wider and fuller life hereafter. His theology taught him to expect

<sup>1</sup> *The Christ of Cynewulf*, Cook, Intro., 73.

<sup>2</sup> Notice Cynewulf's love of colour as shown by a fairly wide use of colour adjectives, and particularly his love for contrast between light and darkness, with all that it symbolized. See "Colour in Old English Poetry," by W. E. Mead, *Mod. Lang. Ass. Pub.*, xiv, 169.

rigorous judgment for men according to their works, and it is with trembling and fear that he awaits the reward of his deeds. How vividly we feel the sincerity and simplicity of his heart! "How great a need have I of gentle friends upon my way when I seek out alone my long home, that unknown dwelling-place." This same thought comes to Everyman when summoned of Death to appear before God, and he exclaims—

*Alas ! I may well wepe with syhes depe :  
Now have I no maner of company  
To help me in my journey, and me to kepe.*

The personal note in the religious strains of Cynewulf, the sense of weakness and penitence and aspiration, are echoed centuries later in the poems of Donne and Herbert, of Christina Rossetti and Newman; and the devotional element which here and there brings to English verse so wistful and so tender cadences finds its source on English soil in him.

Few who have realized the transient nature of all the beauties of the world have loved them so well. His verse reflects his keen delight in outdoor sights and sounds, the gleam of the sea, the tender green of earth, sunrise and sunset and the beauty of the stars, or the sound of the harp and the gleeman's voice, and the flash and colour of gold and jewels. His love of nature is intimate and vital, giving us vivid etchings of land and sea in a thousand moods, descriptions which in truth of portrayal are not surpassed by Chaucer. The sea atmosphere of his poems, the raging of wind and wave smiting against

headlands as in the *Christ*, or the gentle, smiling grandeur of the sea stretching from the sandy shore to the horizon, as in the *Elene*, the sinking of the sun under the wave and the gathering of dusk, the hurry and gay bustle of an embarkation and the glad arrival at the haven—how well he knew to paint these scenes ! Few lines are sometimes needed to give us a vividness and intensity of feeling which bear the stamp of truth.

No less a master of description is he in portrayal of the more vehement and impetuous forces of life. The pomp and lust and fury of war, the shock of battle in the *Elene*, where shield clashes upon shield, and above, unwavering and relentless, the eagle soars in expectant flight, all scenes of bloodshed and cruelty and martyrdom, the tumult of surging waters and the hurtling might of flame, all are sketched with brief insistent power. In choosing to write upon the Last Judgment in the third section of his *Christ* Cynewulf assigned himself a task which might well give pause to a poet of highest genius. Yet he does not fail. In almost every instance where intensity and dramatic force are to be obtained by artless means Cynewulf obtains these in ample measure. To him the fires of the Judgment Day are real flames that should consume earth, while the stars sank from their stations, and he needed no canons of art to aid him in their portrayal. As he saw them in his heart so he painted them. Simple, naïve, direct, his dramatic power increases with the grandeur of his subject and the intensity of his feeling, and not even Dante's painting of the flame-red towers of the city of Dis or the

slow remorseless fall of the flakes of fire surpass Cynewulf in the sweep and splendour and majesty of his Day of Judgment.

It will be easily seen, however, that the freshness of outlook upon life, keen enjoyment of beauty in all its manifestations, and power of vivid, forceful portrayal have a more important effect in the poetry of Cynewulf than the mere adornment of a particular passage or the vivifying of single scenes. It affects intimately the entire tissue of his work. In all the signed poems of Cynewulf he was working after certain models, and in the case of the poems *Juliana* and *Elene*, where his material is drawn from the more or less formal sources of the saints' legends so dear to the heart of the early church, there was more than a slight danger that a rehandling of this material, without great genius, would descend into a mere translation, or such a reworking of the legend as would better fit it to make its appeal to the social and religious spirit of the day. As a matter of fact Cynewulf's treatment of his material is in each case something more than either. It is a new poem upon a borrowed theme, fresh, vital, and sincere. This is by no means to say that Cynewulf's method of poetic architecture is free from criticism. As Cook<sup>1</sup> points out, the perspective and symmetry in the *Christ* are marred by frequent repetitions, irrelevancies, and anticipations, and the same faults may be found in the other poems. But granting all these things, one must after all feel that in view of the traditional scholastic methods of the school in which he was bred and in comparison with

<sup>1</sup> *The Christ of Cynewulf*, Cook, *Intro.*, 91.



the so-called Caedmonian poetry, sincere and dramatic as in part it is, we may only marvel that in this early poet we find to so full a degree the tender, wistful, passionate strains of the poetry of a later civilization. Such is the nature of this unknown voice singing in the mists of Anglo-Saxon England.

### THE SIGNED POEMS OF CYNEWULF

#### JULIANA

Of the signed poems of Cynewulf the *Juliana*, a poem in the Exeter Book of 731 lines, marred by two breaks in the manuscript between lines 288 and 289, and again between 558 and 559, is probably the earliest in date of composition, though Wülker<sup>1</sup> is disposed to date it after the *Christ*. The facts which claim for the *Juliana* an early place in Cynewulf's writings are many. The style is that of a writer who has not yet mastered narrative verse, and the vivacity of treatment which marks the *Elene* and *Andreas* is almost completely lacking. Less influence is felt of that love of nature which gives us in his later poems flashing bits of fresh and artless description. There is one reference to the sea only and that is slight; the splendid sea scenes of the *Elene* and the *Christ* are lacking. In short, the style and manner are the style and manner of one using a power not yet brought to full fruition. Moreover, the personal passage at the end of the poem in which his name is signed gives us no hint of his age. In striking contrast are the runic

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der englischen Literatur*, 41.

passages in the *Elene* and the *Fates*. In the first the voice of the poet is avowedly the voice of an aged man, one for whom the joy of life and youthful gleam have passed away. In the *Fates* also, though there is no specific reference to the age of Cynewulf, a certain note of weariness and experience of life would seem to urge against so early a date as Wülker assigns it.<sup>1</sup> Trautmann,<sup>2</sup> though unwilling to trust too much to the value of internal evidence, is inclined to regard the *Juliana* as an early poem, many other critics giving it the earliest place.

Mention of St. Juliana is first made in the *Martyrologium Vetustissimum* ascribed to St. Jerome (d. 420), and the *Martyrologium Romanum Vetustius seu Parvum*, dating supposedly about the end of the seventh century. Both these notices, however, are slight.<sup>3</sup> Bede in his *Martyrology*<sup>4</sup> gives the story at greater length, in most details agreeing with the *Acta St. Julianae* of Bolland. In the Bollandist collection of the *Acta Sanctorum* under date of February 16, Vol. II., two lives of St. Juliana are found. The one, by an unknown author and edited from eleven manuscripts by Bolland himself, may be taken as the nearest to the source of Cynewulf. From the fact that this version of the legend gives no account of the translation

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der englischen Literatur*.

<sup>2</sup> "Ist es zwar meist bedenklich aus stil, wortgebrauch, versbau, behandlung der quelle, etc. auf frühere oder spätere zu schliessen, so fühl ich mich doch gestimmt die *Juliana* für ein früheres werk des dichters zu halten." *Bonner Beiträge, Kynewulf*, 113.

<sup>3</sup> See *Juliana*, edited by W. Strunk, *Introd.*, 24.

<sup>4</sup> *Migne Patrologia Lat.*, xciv, 843.

of St. Juliana to Cumae, supposed to have taken place between 568 and 600, Bolland would date this form of the story no later than the early sixth century.<sup>1</sup>

The story of St. Juliana as given in the fifth and sixth century prose form of the *Acta Sanctorum*, which we have taken to be the closest to the source of Cynewulf's poem, may be given in a few words. In the reign of Maximian (308-14) Juliana, a maiden of Nicomedia, daughter of Africanus, a persecutor of the Christians, was wooed by Eleusius, a Roman prefect. Rejecting his suit because he refused to embrace the Christian faith, she suffered persecution at the hand of her suitor by repeated imprisonments, scourgings, fire, breaking upon the wheel, and immersion in molten lead. So great was her faith and fortitude that she was enabled by divine aid to endure these persecutions, to confound the evil spirit that came to her prison to tempt her, and received power to convert many bystanders who witnessed her tortures. Her martyrdom was finally consummated by decollation, and her body translated after death by a certain Sephonia to Puteoli, where a tomb is built for her one mile from the sea. Eleusius, setting sail soon thereafter for his suburban villa, was caught in a great tempest and drowned with twenty-four of his men.

Between the legend of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the poem of Cynewulf a number of discrepancies exist. Some of these may be explained by the poet's voluntary omission of pagan references, or expansion

<sup>1</sup> For a complete discussion of various forms of the legend see J. Garnett, *Mod. Lang. Ass. Pub.*, xiv, 279 ff.

of Christian sentiments, according as he found them adverse or favourable to the Christian colouring of the poem. In matters of fact or number, where a voluntary change would seem purposeless and unnatural, the correspondence is closer. Thus for example the bath into which Juliana is thrown is represented by Cynewulf as being filled with boiling lead, being thus in agreement with the *Acta Sanctorum*. Likewise, after the pouring forth of the lead from the vessel, the number of bystanders slain is given both in the Latin and Anglo-Saxon as seventy-five. There is a discrepancy, however, in the number of those drowned of the company which had set sail with the prefect Eleusius after the death of Juliana. The *Acta Sanctorum* gives the number as twenty-four, Cynewulf as thirty-four. Reference to the translation of Juliana's body to Puteoli is also omitted in Cynewulf.

It is in those portions of the legend that lend themselves to expansion or easy omission that the greatest difference is found. And an examination of these passages reveals with what skill Cynewulf has used these means to add to the gentleness and beauty of Juliana's character or to emphasize the spirit of the Christian faith. Thus at the very beginning of the *Acta Sanctorum* legend Juliana is convicted of something very closely approximating deceit. Being unwilling to marry Eleusius she puts her unwillingness on the ground of ambition : " Unless thou hold the dignity of a prefect I am in no wise able to be joined to thee." Whereupon Eleusius takes measures to achieve her wish. With fresh *naïveté* the Latin tells us that " he gave a gift to



the Emperor Maximian and succeeded the other prefect who was then ruling," apparently a proceeding of much simplicity. When Juliana learned that her demand, perhaps considered an impossible one, had been fulfilled, and when Eleusius again pressed for her hand, she was obliged to change her ground. This time she gives her real reason, and demands his conversion to the Christian faith as a prerequisite to the marriage. Cynewulf, feeling undoubtedly that this double dealing was a blemish upon the poem, omits all reference to the prefecture, and makes belief in the true God her only demand of her suitor. Moreover, as the poem proceeds, the language of Juliana is modified by Cynewulf in such a manner as to bring into softer outline a certain coarseness of nature ascribed to her by the Latin legend. Likewise the fact that Juliana's father is a persecutor of the Christians, and the lukewarm character of her mother's faith, who while abhorring the worship of Mars consorted neither with Christians nor pagans, is omitted from the Anglo-Saxon poem. Nor does Africanus, the father of Juliana, swear by "the merciful gods, Apollo and Diana," as in the Latin text. In the opening lines of his poem Cynewulf makes a noteworthy expansion in his description of the wicked deeds and character of the Roman emperor Maximian. That which the Latin passes over with "*persecutoris Christianae religionis*" is given in Anglo-Saxon in much detail. He speaks of Maximian as "the profane king, the heathen war-lord, who throughout the world stirred up persecution, slew Christian men, destroyed churches, and poured out the holy blood of righteous wor-

shippers of God upon the grassy plain. His kingdom was broad, powerful, and mighty over the nations, almost over all the spacious earth. Among the cities, went, as he bade, his mighty thanes; oft they committed violence, misled in their deeds, they who despised the law of the Lord in their sinful might. Deeds of hatred they wrought in that they exalted idolatry, slew holy men, destroyed those learned in the Scriptures, burned chosen men and persecuted the champions of God with spear and fire." Since his close following of detail shows that some manuscript was before Cynewulf as he wrote, and that he was not merely reproducing the general outlines of a remembered legend, it is evident either that the version he used was not that given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, but one similar to it in general detail offering some hint for the apparent expansion, or that Cynewulf has given freedom to his muse in one of the interpolated passages more frequent in his later work. The latter would seem the more likely of belief.

The reflection of Anglo-Saxon life is less vivid in the poem than in the other signed Cynewulfian poems. Certain bits of local colour, however, here and there creep into the text. Before entering upon their conference Africanus and Eleusius lean their spears together, quite in the fashion of Anglo-Saxon warriors. The usual martial epithets applied to divinity and those of Christian faith in the poetry of the period are here used. God is "the Protector of Warriors," etc., Christian men are "the thanes of God," Satan is "the accursed foe," and his followers are his thanes. In short, the whole war

of good and evil is reproduced in the military terms of Anglo-Saxon England. Also reference is made at the end of the poem to the drinking of ale and the giving of treasure in the mead-hall. In the one mention of the sea which the poem contains it is called the swan-road, one of the more usual kennings of the sea in Anglo-Saxon verse, alternating in usage with whale-path, whale-road, sea-monster's home, fishes' bath, etc.

On the whole, therefore, it may be said that while Cynewulf's poem *Juliana* does not correspond exactly with the prose version of the legend given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, which is, however, the nearest in detail to the Cynewulfian form of the story, it is unlikely that any version of the legend will be found corresponding exactly to Cynewulf's poem. His work was not intended to be a translation in the strict sense of the term, but such a rehandling of the material of the legend as would give a new poetic rendering of the story, a reweaving into a new artistic whole of such threads as Cynewulf chose to pluck from the source or sources before him.

### THE CHRIST

The *Christ* is found at the beginning of the Exeter manuscript in fifteen sections of varying length and style, certain of them being devotional, others homiletic, and still others almost epic in tone. These sections were considered by Thorpe to be separate poems and were so printed. The first section is incomplete, the first leaf being numbered

8a. Later Dietrich<sup>1</sup> came to the opinion that we may regard all these short poems as parts of a long poem upon the threefold coming of Christ, and divided into sections as follows: 1-440, The Coming of Christ to Earth or the Nativity; 440-779, The Coming of Christ into Glory or the Ascension; 779, The Second Coming of Christ or the Last Judgment. This view, while probably untenable in the matter of division, was important in that it postulated for the first time the unity of these various sections and the attribution of them to a single author. As the runic signature of Cynewulf occurs in the section included in lines 779-866, it afforded ground for the supposition that he may be regarded as the author of this single poem, the *Christ*. Dietrich's theory was received with interest by the leading critics of his time, but his views did not pass unchallenged. The discussion of the unity of the *Christ* was rendered a matter of more doubt and difficulty by the fact that lines 779-866 have been regarded by certain students of the poem as ending section II, and by others as beginning section III. Inasmuch as it is in these lines that the runic signature occurs, if one were to argue for the Cynewulfian authorship of that portion of the poem only which may be considered as including the signature, it is easily seen that different views of the relationship of these lines to the second and third sections of the poem at once involves the whole subject of Cynewulf's authorship in much confusion. Sievers<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, lx, 193-214.

<sup>2</sup> "Rythmik des Alliterationsverses," *Paul und Braune's Beiträge*, xii, 455-6.



in 1887, apparently, however, with some doubt, regarded section III as being that portion of the poem included in lines 779-1693, and since in the matter of versification he found differences existing between section I-779 and section 779-1693, he leans toward the view that, if the entire poem be attributed to Cynewulf, at least sections I and II must be regarded as being written at another period than section III, the first two sections having metrical characteristics in common with the *Juliana*, while the third section would apparently fall in the same period as the *Elene*. Cremer,<sup>1</sup> dividing with Sievers, finds linguistic difference between sections I-II and section III, and inclines therefore, on the basis of the runic passage, to assign section III to Cynewulf and I-II to another poet. Mather,<sup>2</sup> in reviewing Cremer's dissertation in 1892, divides at 779 and concludes: "There is no good reason for doubting that the three parts of the *Christ* are by Cynewulf." In 1896, in an essay entitled "Der sogenannte Crist," Trautmann<sup>3</sup> assigns lines 779-866 to section II, and supports by many arguments the view that there is no reason for supposing I and III to be by the same hand as II, but that II on the ground of metre, language, and signature may be assigned to Cynewulf. Blackburn,<sup>4</sup> arguing also against the unity of the *Christ*, agrees with Trautmann in giving only section II to Cynewulf.

<sup>1</sup> *Metrische und Sprachliche Untersuchung*, 47-8, Bonn, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, vii, 97-107.

<sup>3</sup> *Anglia*, xviii, 382 ff.

<sup>4</sup> *Anglia*, xix, 89-98.

A careful and conservative consideration of the problems centering around the *Christ*, as well as a strong argument for the unity of that poem and the attributions of all three sections to Cynewulf, is to be found in Cook's introduction to his edition.<sup>1</sup> He leans toward Sievers' theory that some time elapsed between the completion of section II and III, and thinks with Cremer that section II may have been originally intended to complete the poem, but does not regard either of these theories as incompatible with the assumption that section III was later added by Cynewulf himself. He supports the inclusion of the runic signature of lines 779-866 in section II by pointing out the fact that these lines 779-866 are related to the preceding portion of section II by common dependence upon one source. Dietrich had pointed out<sup>2</sup> that a source of section II was found in Gregory the Great's homily on the Ascension, No. 29 in his homilies on the Gospels.<sup>3</sup> But in assigning these lines 779 ff. to section III Dietrich had apparently overlooked the fact that by so doing he was breaking in upon the unity of his second section, since lines 782-796 and 850-866 are plainly based also upon the same homily of Gregory.<sup>4</sup> This point tends to strengthen the view, therefore, that the rune signature of Cynewulf, included in lines 779-866, was at the end of section II and not at the beginning of section III. Cook

<sup>1</sup> *The Christ of Cynewulf*.

<sup>2</sup> *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, ix, 204.

<sup>3</sup> Migne, lxxvi, 1218-9 (*Sancti Gregorii Magni Homiliarum in Evangelica*, Lib. ii, Homil. xxix).

<sup>4</sup> For an analysis of the relation of section II to Gregory's homily, also to a hymn of Bede, see Cook, 115.

then proceeds to show a close relation between section II and the other two sections. Gregory is not only the principal source of II, but a subsidiary source of III. Part II contains a number of allusions to the Nativity and the Last Judgment. Many features of the Last Judgment are common to II and III. The motive of the Harrowing of Hell is found in all three parts. In certain theological views the three parts of the poem are consistent, and there are various verbal and material resemblances between the three parts. The chain of evidence thus forged<sup>1</sup> is no slight one. In a review<sup>2</sup> of Cook's edition, however, while acknowledging Cook's achievement in the discovery of the sources of parts I and III of the *Christ*, Trautmann takes occasion once again to state his view that the three sections of the *Christ* are in reality three separate and distinct poems.

It is but natural in a poem of so widely varying poetic spirit as the *Christ*—a poem in which lyric and devotional passages alternate with those of homiletic or epic nature—that the dependence of the Anglo-Saxon poem upon its sources would be less close and consecutive than in the case of poems based upon legends, as were the *Juliana* and *Elene*. And in each section of the poem this is found to be true. While in a certain sense, however, the *Christ* is a mosaic, to which the better known liturgical writings of Cynewulf's day have all contributed their mite, each part of the poem has one main definite original. In the case of section I Cook gives as the original a series of twelve antiphons

<sup>1</sup> For complete statement see Cook, *Intro.*, 21 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia Beiblatt* xi, 321-329.

comprising the seven Greater Antiphons of the Roman Church for Advent, four other antiphons sometimes used with the Greater Antiphons, and a double antiphon for Lauds on Trinity Sunday.<sup>1</sup> The short devotional sections of the first part of Cynewulf's *Christ* (lines 1-440) all breathe the spirit of Advent and, while in no sense translations of the antiphons mentioned, may in each case be shown to be a variation upon the theme of a particular one of these Advent Antiphons.<sup>2</sup>

The source of the second portion of the *Christ* (lines 440-866), or the Ascension, is, as shown by Dietrich,<sup>3</sup> to be found in Gregory the Great's homily upon the Ascension. Here again we find Cynewulf influenced by the spirit rather than the letter of his original, and while Cook's analysis shows a clear logical dependence of the Anglo-Saxon upon its original, and while certain lines and sections are demonstrably based upon corresponding lines in

<sup>1</sup> For a list of these antiphons with translations and table of correspondences with the text of the Anglo-Saxon, see Cook, 71.

<sup>2</sup> A somewhat more detailed examination of the sources of sections I and II of the *Christ* by Johannes Bourauel is to be found in *Bonner Beiträge*, xi, 65 ff. He sums up his conclusions as follows: "Als sichere ergebnisse zu der Quellenfrage des Crist stelle ich folgende auf.

(a) Crist I beruht auf dem Lectionale, Graduale, Antiphonarium, Missale, und Hymnarium der Gregorianischen Liturgie. (b) Erweiterungen und Ausschmückungen sind der hl. Schrift, den kirchen Vätern und den christlichen Dichtern, besonders Sedulius, Fortunatus, Gregorius und Ambrosius entnommen. (c) Die Quellen zu Crist I und II waren sämtlich Lateinische.

<sup>3</sup> *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, ix, 204.



the Gregory homily, the treatment on the whole is quite free.

This may be said also of the third section of the poem (lines 866–1640) or Last Judgment. While the poetic imagination and fervour of Cynewulf is perhaps more discernible here than in either of the other parts of the *Christ*, Cook pointed out in 1889<sup>1</sup> that one main source of the Last Judgment is to be found in an alphabetic hymn beginning “Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini,” cited by Bede in his *De Arte Metrica*.<sup>2</sup>

From the tender devotional spirit of the Nativity to the flaming, imaginative pictures of the Judgment Day is a change finding, it is true, an inspiration in the differing character of the two subjects. But the cause of the change lies even deeper than this. The poet’s imagination has been kindled and his visualizing power has enabled him to give us in his mind-pictures the sweep and force and colour we might more naturally look to find upon a Renaissance canvas. It is the triumph of law, of absolute, unwavering justice. Through the flames in which the world is crumbling into nothingness the eye may yet spell the letters upon the tables of Sinai. It is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that the creed that postulated the fire of Doomsday was as actual to Cynewulf as the Ptolemaic astronomy. Yet it is worth remembering, when we find that in the Ascension and Judgment Day he gives us neither a mere abstract representation

<sup>1</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, IV, 342.

<sup>2</sup> For copy of this hymn and analysis of its relation to section III, see Cook, 171.

of an idea which appealed to his imagination, nor a scholastic restatement of theological dogma. The dream of Judgment Day envelopes an accepted revelation of truth, and the vision and supernal light spring as naturally from his belief as flower from seed. All the affairs of life and death have their origin in choice, and it is choice that Cynewulf stresses in the Ascension and Doomsday. "Every one of men," he says, "while he dwelleth here in life may choose the deceits of hell or the splendours of heaven, the gleaming light or the loathsome night, the spell of glory or the vengeance of darkness, joy with the Lord or tumult with devils, torment with the fiends or bliss with the angels, or life or death as may be dearer to him to accomplish so long as flesh and spirit dwell together upon earth." It is this element of personal choice which reconciles the first and second coming of the Christ, which harmonizes the dusky flames of Doomsday with the tender radiance of the Star of Bethlehem.

#### ELENE

The *Elene*, a poem of 1321 lines, containing the runic signature of Cynewulf woven into the text between lines 1258 and 1270, is found in the Vercelli manuscript, folios 121a to 133b. The question of the probable date of this poem has been already discussed, and Cook's theory of its dependence in certain lines upon Alcuin's *De Trinitate*, and the arguments of Trautmann and Brown against this theory, have been stated.<sup>1</sup> Aside from this question it can at least be said that from the stand-

<sup>1</sup> Page 15.

point of style and handling of material one would be inclined to assign this poem to a period of ripened genius, a view supported by the personal passage and its reference to old age. It is a late poem then, perhaps the latest poem of Cynewulf. Nowhere is the poet's love of active life shown to greater advantage. The account of Elene's sea journey is the finest sea scene in Cynewulf's signed poetry, and in two other descriptions, Constantine's battle against the heathen, and the preparations for embarkation upon the sea voyage, the poet's powers of vivid narration show to equal advantage.

The source of the *Elene* is usually given as the *Vita Quiriaci* contained in the *Acta Sanctorum* collection under the date of May 4. In this life is given an account of St. Helena's journey to Jerusalem, and her discovery of the cross and the nails used at the Crucifixion. That this is the original which Cynewulf used in the composition of his poem, however, is by no means certain. Glöde,<sup>1</sup> after a careful examination of the discrepancies existing between the Anglo-Saxon poem and the Latin life of Quiriacus, decides that while Cynewulf was in all probability reproducing *some* Latin version, the *Vita Quiriaci* is to be taken merely as a similar form of the legend, and not that particular version which Cynewulf had before him.

The legend of Constantine's vision and the discovery of the true Cross by St. Helena, mother of Constantine, is one section of a vast body of legendary literature connected with the cross which

<sup>1</sup> *Cynewulf's Elene und ihre Quelle*, Rostock, 1885, also *Anglia*, ix, 271-318.

sprang up in the early Christian centuries and flourished through the Middle Ages. Most of these legends are concerned either with the history of the wood of the cross before Christ, or the fate of the cross itself after the Crucifixion. An early hint of the origin of the wood of the cross in the Garden of Paradise is given us in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, Pt. II, chap. 3, where Seth relates how he had been sent by Adam, who was ill, to beg for the oil of the Tree of Mercy in the Garden of Paradise. The Archangel Michael refused the oil, but prophesied the redemption of men. From this kernel there later grew up a body of legends of the cross varying in many details, but tracing the history of the wood of the cross back to the Tree of Knowledge.<sup>1</sup> A complete form of this legend was given in the *Invention of the Holy Cross* in the *Golden Legend*. According to this version of the story Seth is given by Michael a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, with the prophecy that when the branch bore fruit Adam should be healed. Seth, coming and finding his father dead, planted the tree upon his grave, where it throve until the time of Solomon. The Queen of Sheba on her visit to Solomon worshipped it, prophesying the Crucifixion, and for this reason Solomon had it buried deep under ground. Here the Pool Bethesda welled forth, receiving virtue from the buried wood, and many miracles were wrought there. When the time of the Passion drew near, it rose and floated on the surface of the water, and

<sup>1</sup> For a number of these legends of the cross see *Legend of the Holy Rood*, ed. R. Morris, E.E.T.S., 46.



of it was made the cross. According to a twelfth century form of the legend<sup>1</sup> the rod of Moses sprang from this same branch. It was later planted, and grew to the tree of which the cross is made.<sup>2</sup>

Early in the Christian era traditions also grew up that the cross was composed of three or four distinct species of wood, a belief possibly suggested first by the words of Isaiah lx. 13: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious." Thus Bede speaks of the cross as being formed of four kinds of wood, cypress, cedar, pine and box; the main shaft being of cypress as far as the tablet, and pine above it, the tablet of box. As to the use of the box, however, he seems uncertain. "Crux Domini de quatuor lignis facta est, quae vocantur cypressus, cedrus, pinus et buxus. Sed buxus non fuit in cruce, nisi tabula de illo ligno supra frontem Christi fuit, in qua conscripserunt Judaei titulum: Hic est Rex Judæorum. Cypressus fuit in terra usque ad tabulam, cedrus in transversum, pinus sursum."<sup>3</sup>

The legend of the discovery or invention of the cross by St. Helena arises within a century after the event is said to have taken place. Eusebius first tells us in his *Life of Constantine*<sup>4</sup> of the vision

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Holy Rood-Tree*, ed. A. S. Napier, E.E.T.S., 103, original series.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Dream of the Rood*, however, there is naturally no attempt made to identify the wood of the cross in any of the ways mentioned above, as the cross wood legend is of later date.

<sup>3</sup> *Patrologia Latina*, xciv, 555.

<sup>4</sup> Chap. xxviii.

which the Emperor saw when praying to the true God that He would reveal himself unto him. "About noon, when the day was already beginning to decline, he saw with his own eyes the trophy of a cross of light in the heavens, above the sun, and bearing the inscription: 'Conquer by this.'" Whereupon, moved by the vision, he ordered a standard to be made in the likeness of his dream for use in battle, and was instructed in the Scriptures. The sequel to this vision, which has to do with the journey of Helena to Jerusalem and the discovery there of the cross and nails, is narrated in the ecclesiastical histories of Socrates and Sozomen. Socrates narrates<sup>1</sup> that Helena "was divinely directed by dreams" to go to Jerusalem, and there, under a statue which had been erected to Venus in a temple built in her honour, discovered the cross and nails. Sozomen<sup>2</sup> gives practically the same account, save that Helena instead of being prompted by dreams had gone to Jerusalem in order to offer prayer. Moreover, in the account of Sozomen, the information of the whereabouts of the cross is obtained from one of the Hebrews, who had it by tradition from his forefathers. This detail is reproduced in the *Vita Quiriaci* of the *Acta Sanctorum* and in *Elene*. Similar versions of the invention are given by Rufinus<sup>3</sup> and Theodoret.<sup>4</sup>

The succeeding history of the cross is variously given. According to general tradition part of it was left by Helena in Jerusalem, in a church built upon the site of the discovery, where the former

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Eccles.*, i, 17.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Eccles.*, ii, 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. Eccles.*, i, 7.

<sup>4</sup> *Hist. Eccles.*, i, 18.

temple of Venus had stood; and a portion was sent to Constantinople. This was divided by Constantine, and part placed in the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme in Rome. The portion of the cross left in Jerusalem was carried off by Chosroes II, after the taking of Jerusalem in 614. It was recovered by Heraclius in 628, brought back to Jerusalem and its restoration commemorated later by the Exaltation of the Cross<sup>1</sup> on September 14. After the capture of the city by the Saracens in 637 all trace of it was lost. The fragment brought by Helena to Constantinople is later supposed to have been moved to the Sainte Chapelle in Paris.

The *Elene* abounds in the more usual motifs of the saints' legends of which it is a type. The character of Helena herself, as was also the case with Juliana, is consciously elevated by her struggle, given at times in wearisome detail and repetition, against unbelief and stubbornness of heart. The introduction of Satan, bewailing the devastation wrought in his domain by the conversion of Judas to the cause of Elene, is a conventional device for enhancing the glory of the heroine. It may be compared with the somewhat cruder struggle between Juliana and Satan's emissary, which, beginning in dialectic debate, ended in a physical chastisement administered by the maid of Nicomedia. All such means for the creation of an atmosphere of miracle and wonder, or for revealing the close

<sup>1</sup> See the account of the carrying off of the cross by Chosroes, and its recapture by Heraclius in Caxton's *Golden Legend* "Of the Exaltation of the Holy Crosse."

relation of human life to the powers of heaven and hell, Cynewulf accepted without question. It is in the two interpolated descriptive passages that we are suddenly transferred from the more unreal atmosphere surrounding these events, as portrayed in the Latin legend, to the vital air of the real world. The many touches here and there which render the poem essentially Anglo-Saxon serve to accomplish this, and with careful reading one recognizes with what consummate skill the poet has used the old and the new, the borrowed theme and the imaginative vision which clothes it in new beauty.

#### THE FATES OF THE APOSTLES

The *Fates of the Apostles*, a short poem of 122 lines, containing the runic signature of Cynewulf in the last 27 lines, is found in the Vercelli manuscript. As has been already stated, the poem which was known as the *Fates of the Apostles*, in the early editions of that manuscript, had only 95 lines and contained no signature; but in 1888 a further fragment of 27 lines with the Cynewulf runes was discovered by Napier, following in the codex immediately after the *Fates of the Apostles* and apparently belonging to it. This gives us our fourth signed Cynewulfian poem.

This short poem is a mere recounting, in a few lines, of the work and manner of death of each of the twelve apostles. There is no opportunity for poetic imagery or expression save in the personal passage, where the familiar reflections upon death



and appeals for sympathy and prayer usual to the Cynewulf signature are found. No immediate source for the poem is yet known, though Krapp points out in his edition of the *Andreas* and *Fates of the Apostles*<sup>1</sup> that, while the poem differs slightly from the *Martyrology* of Bede and the *Breviarium Apostolorum*, it may well have been compiled from such Latin lists as these were based upon.

Since so slight a poem upon a theme so lacking in unity offers no opportunity to the poet for the attainment of poetic effect, it is somewhat surprising that Cynewulf should have been careful to mark it definitely as his by affixing his signature. Moreover, it seems strange that the opening lines of the poem should be: "Lo! travel-worn, with weary heart, I wrought this lay, made gleaning far and wide." To begin by telling us of the difficulties of writing a poem which he was about to set forth is certainly not as usual as if such a statement came after the telling of his story. As a matter of fact, this is exactly what does occur in the *Elene*, where, at the end of the legend proper and the beginning of the personal passage, Cynewulf tells us: "Thus have I spun my lay with craft of word and wrought it wondrously, aged and nigh unto death by fault of this mouldering house."

Moreover, the statement in the *Fates* seems to carry with it the implication of more thought and labour than would seem to be represented in so short a poem, though the references to "wide gleaning," and to sources employed are explained

<sup>1</sup> *Andreas and Fates of the Apostles*, ed. G. P. Krapp, 1906, Introd., 30-32.

by Krapp as being merely "conventional poetic formulæ." This may perhaps be so. But it is evident that if with reasonable probability a dependence of this short poem upon the *Andreas* could be assumed, all of these difficulties would vanish at once. Therefore, in discussing the *Andreas*, we shall have occasion to return again to the consideration of the *Fates* in its relation to that poem.

### POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CYNEWULF

#### ANDREAS

The *Andreas*, a poem of 1722 lines, is found in the Vercelli Codex, folios 29b to 52b. As was first pointed out by Grimm, who was disposed to assign the *Andreas* to another poet than the author of *Elene*, possibly to Aldhelm, the general source of the poem is to be found in the *πράξεις Ἀνδρέου καὶ Ματθαίου*,<sup>1</sup> though Bourauel,<sup>2</sup> after careful investigation, concludes that both Latin and Greek manuscripts may have been used by the poet. The events of the poem, which are more varied in nature, and somewhat nearer in character to the tone of the *HelDENepos* than is usually the case in the poems of Cynewulf, have to do with the journey of St. Andrew to Mermedonia, or the land of the Ethiopians, and his fortunes there. It is revealed to him in a vision that he must journey to the land of the Mermedonians, where Matthew lies in prison, and deliver him. Having been ferried across the seas by Almighty God and two angels in the guise of ship-

<sup>1</sup> Tischendorf, *Acta Apostolorum Apocrypha*.

<sup>2</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, xl, 65 ff.

men, he is left sleeping upon the seashore with his followers about him. Awaking and recognizing by whose divine help he had been brought thither, he repaired to the town near at hand where Matthew lay in prison. At this point begins that portion of the narrative which deals successively with the freeing of Matthew, and the long martyrdom of Andrew by various cruel tortures, his final victory and conversion of the people, and at length his triumphant departure, when his former persecutors "brought the stirring warrior unto his ship at the headlands of the sea, and stood upon the sea-strand weeping after him so long as they might behold that Joy of princes across the seapath." Few poems in Anglo-Saxon are more readable than this, a fact largely due to the changing incidents, many images, and swift, varied movement, to which Stopford Brooke calls attention.<sup>1</sup>

The *Andreas* has always been the poem about which, in the Cynewulf controversies, the bitterest struggle has been waged. Fritzsche's views upon this poem,<sup>2</sup> while not absolutely convincing, went far to shake belief in its Cynewulfian authorship, though Fritzsche was inclined to assign it to an imitator of Cynewulf. Dietrich,<sup>3</sup> on the other hand, had thrown the weight of his opinion in favour of the authorship of Cynewulf. In 1885 Wülker<sup>4</sup> was disposed to accept the conclusions of Fritzsche, and regarded the theory that Cyne-

<sup>1</sup> *History of Early English Literature*, 413.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia*, ii, 441 ff.

<sup>3</sup> *Commentatio de Aetate Kynewulfi*.

<sup>4</sup> *Grundriss*, 189.

wulf was the author of *Andreas* as very improbable, and Sievers<sup>1</sup> was led to the same opinion by linguistic evidence.

With Napier's discovery of the rune passage of the *Fates of the Apostles*, the whole question of the authorship of the *Andreas* was reopened with new vigour. The runic passage seemed to determine the question of the authorship of the *Fates*; would it not be possible to prove the *Fates of the Apostles* an epilogue to the *Andreas* and so secure Cynewulf's own testimony that both poems were his? This was the line upon which the controversy began anew and along which it has since proceeded. Sarrazin, whose studies had led him to the view that Cynewulf was also the author of *Beowulf*, was quick to take up the argument from the new standpoint,<sup>2</sup> being particularly desirous of proving *Andreas* to be Cynewulf's, since in its style and language it was nearer to *Beowulf* than was any other of the Cynewulfian poems, and would afford, therefore, a link of great strength in his chain of argument, if it could be assigned with any degree of probability to Cynewulf. His view was that there was no inconsistency in the fact that, if the *Fates* were joined to the *Andreas*, Matthew and Andrew would be twice treated in the course of the poem. For he argues that, since the *Andreas* had to do with Andrew's work of conversion among the Mermedonians, and ended with his departure back to Achaia, it was but natural that the poet should feel a need

<sup>1</sup> *Paul und Braune's Beiträge*, x, 209 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia*, xii, 375.



to bring his poem to a final ending by a few words about the death of these two apostles ; and that, having determined upon this, it was but natural again that he should include in a few words the fates of the other Apostles.<sup>1</sup> Also the argument, brought forth by Wülker, that, were the *Fates* an epilogue to the *Andreas*, it is likely that Andrew and Matthew would have been treated together in the *Fates*, and not separated as is the case, is refuted by Sarrazin, who points out that in a martyrology, such as this practically is, the accepted order in which the passions of the Apostles are usually treated would naturally be followed, and that in this accepted order Matthew and Andrew are never found together.

In the following year Sievers, in considering the relation of the two poems,<sup>2</sup> holds the view that not only does the *Fates* not constitute an epilogue to the *Andreas*, but that it is even doubtful whether the runic passage discovered by Napier belongs to the *Fates*. He closes his essay by the statement of his view that the *Andreas* is not by Cynewulf, and that in this negative is to be found one of the few certain results of investigation in the Cynewulf problem. Sievers finds his main support for the theory that Napier's runic passage does not belong to the *Fates* in the fact of what he calls the double ending of the *Fates*. From line 88 to 95, that is, the last eight verses of the original *Fates*, the meaning runs as follows : " And now I pray that man, whosoever hath joy in the course of this lay, that

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia*, xii, 379.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia*, xiii, 1-25.

he entreat that holy band for me in my affliction, for health and peace and succour. How great a need have I of gentle friends upon my way, when I seek out alone my long home, that unknown dwelling place, and leave behind the body, this bit of earth, to be a spoil and solace unto worms." Immediately after this begins the acrostic passage with Cynewulf's signature, and line 108 begins again: "May that man who hath pleasure in the course of this lay be mindful thereof, and for me seek aid and comfort. For I shall fare far hence alone, unto an alien land; set out upon a journey, I myself know not whither, out of this world. Unknown are those courts, that land and realm," etc. In the close proximity of two passages so similar, not only in thought but in actual word and phrase, Sievers finds a serious objection to the theory that the acrostic passage is a part of the *Fates*. He would regard it as having been composed as a signature to some other poem, and as afterwards misplaced, and offers the suggestion that possibly the diagonal flaw which mars the runic passage in the manuscript may have been an intentional blot or erasure by the scribe, who realized that he had misplaced this portion of another poem and wished to cancel it. This view was contested later by Wülker on the ground that the blemish was not an intentional blot or erasure, but the result of the action of some strong reagent.

Some years later Trautmann again<sup>1</sup> entered

<sup>1</sup> Trautmann in his article, "Zur Kenntniss des Altgermanischen Verses," *Anglia Beiblatt*, v, 87-96, had said (p. 93), "Auch der Andreas kann nicht von Cynewulf gedichtet

the lists with his article entitled "Der Andreas doch von Cynewulf"<sup>1</sup> and asserts the *Andreas* to be Cynewulf's. In the double ending, which Sievers had used as an argument against joining Napier's rune passage to the 95 lines of the *Fates*, he finds evidence for making this juncture, as he considers that by the repetition the two sections are more closely linked or bound together. Again in Sievers' argument that it was unlikely that Cynewulf would have 34 lines of personal ending to a poem of 87 lines long, a proportion well over a third, while in *Juliana* this section constituted approximately only one-twentieth of the total poem, and in the *Elene* one-sixteenth, Trautmann finds another support for his own view. Join the *Fates* and *Andreas*, and this discrepancy disappears! He restates the view that the narrative of the fates of the twelve Apostles constitutes a most natural ending for a poem dealing with the heroic achievements of two of their number. He also regards it as unlikely that Cynewulf would have taken trouble to mark so slight a poem as the *Fates* by an elaborate runic signature, and finally brings forward an argument for the joining of *Andreas* and the *Fates* by pointing out that in the phrase *þysses giddes begang*—which I have translated "The course of this lay"—*begang* has an implication of long or broad extent, since it is usually found with such words

sein, da der versbau neben manchem übereinstimmenden auch manches enthält, was zu Cynewulf's art nicht stimmt."

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia Beiblatt*, vi, 17-23.

as sea and time. As Krapp points out,<sup>1</sup> however, in such phrases the word *begang* secures its implication of wide extent from the words dependent upon it.

Bourauel<sup>2</sup> attempts to connect the two poems by making the expression *bās fitte* of the *Fates* refer back to the *Andreas* by translating it as accusative plural, "these sections," instead of accusative singular. He would divide the two combined poems into three sections, each beginning with the exclamation *Hwaet!* These sections in his opinion are *Andreas* 1—1477, *Andreas* 1478—1722, and *Fates* 1—end. In answer to this argument it need only be said that such an interpretation of *bās fitte* is possible, but there is no other single reference in the *Fates* which would indicate that the expression is plural in significance. And under these circumstances the natural interpretation would be to consider it as singular referring to the poem in which it occurs.

These are the main arguments which have been brought forward on this question. Gollancz, in his edition of the *Christ* in 1892, also suggested the epilogue relation of the *Fates* to the *Andreas*, but Stopford Brooke<sup>3</sup> regards the suggestion with suspicion, because of its very attractiveness, unless more definite evidence be secured. That the question of the relationship of these two poems is still far from determined is easily seen. Fritzsche

<sup>1</sup> *Andreas and Fates of the Apostles*, ed. G. P. Krapp, *Introd.*, 44.

<sup>2</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, xl, 129.

<sup>3</sup> *History of Early English Literature*, Note D, 488.



and Ramhorst,<sup>1</sup> working along generally similar lines, came to opposite conclusions regarding the *Andreas*; Sarrazin and Trautmann in certain cases use the same arguments on opposite sides of the question, Sarrazin regarding them as supporting his view, and Trautmann finding in them only a strength for his own position.

If no definite conclusion may be drawn in the matter, however, at least it may be said that it is almost certain that Napier's runic passage does belong to the *Fates*, and that there is some probability that the *Fates* is an epilogue to the *Andreas*, and therefore both poems signed poems of Cynewulf. The unlikelihood that Cynewulf should have taken the trouble to sign with an acrostic and a personal passage of 34 lines a poem of 87 lines, and particularly a poem which Brooke calls "as marrowless as a bleached bone,"<sup>2</sup> the relation of the subjects of the two poems, their position in the manuscript and the fact that nothing there argues against the unity of the two, and the fact that any apparent inconsistencies between the two poems vanish when closely tested—all these things would seem, on the whole, to favour the supposition that the *Fates of the Apostles* does constitute an epilogue to the *Andreas*, and that this long combined poem was signed by Cynewulf with the runic signature on fol. 54a of the Vercelli manuscript.

In assuming some degree of probability that the *Andreas* may be Cynewulf's, however, we join

<sup>1</sup> *Das Alteng. Gedicht vom hlg. Andreas*, Diss., Berlin, 1885.

<sup>2</sup> *History of Early English Literature*, Note D, 487.

to his certain poems one which differs somewhat in style from any of them. There is not the tranquillity of mood which allows the author to take a quiet satisfaction in the narration of legends which may in their course contain much tedious matter. Rather there is a conscious striving after effect, a search for colour in the narrative, which gives a slight effect of strain to the style. Moreover, there is an evident attempt to reproduce as clearly as may be the heroic atmosphere of the Saga. That it is a conscious striving for effect, rather than a quiet putting forth of those powers of the imagination which make for force, is shown by the fact that, even at its highest points, the narrative of the *Andreas* lacks the brilliant surety of the imaginative pictures in the *Christ*, as well as the quiet power of the better portions of the *Elene*. Yet while the effect of all this is to produce in the *Andreas* a poem with somewhat greater tension of style than in the signed poems of Cynewulf, there are some excellent situations, and a sincerity of feeling throughout. And in the description of the storm during Andrew's voyage we find that feeling for the sea which we have noticed in this connexion elsewhere in Cynewulf. "The sea was stirred; the hornfish played, gliding through the deep, and above circled the grey sea-mew, greedy of prey. The sun was darkened and the wind arose; waves broke and seas ran high; the rigging moaned. Billows swept them and water-terror rose with might." In this passage speaks a man whose knowledge of the sea was won in wintry nights and days of tempest, and the description of the storm-

tossed ship here given us shows that same truth of observation which drew for us the vivid picture of Elene's ship scudding before a brisk wind toward its Grecian haven.

### GUTHLAC

The *Guthlac*, a poem of 1353 lines, the ending of which has been lost, is found in the Exeter Book, fols. 33a—52b, immediately following the *Christ*. It differs in subject matter from the *Juliana* and *Elene* in that it deals with the life of an English hermit saint, Guthlac of the Fens, nearly contemporary with Cynewulf himself. The main source of the poem was a Latin life of the saint by Felix of Croyland.<sup>1</sup> Born of noble parents, and distinguished at birth by a supernatural portent, Guthlac in his youth apparently led a godless life, given over to crime and violence. Suddenly resolving to forsake his manner of living, he entered a monastery for two years, at the end of which time he decided to become a hermit, and withdrew with two chosen companions to the island of Croyland in the Fens. Here he remained until his death in 714. In this lonely dwelling Guthlac was repeatedly tried by temptation, and assault of fiends, but received strength to overcome these trials. He was often visited and encouraged by St. Bartholomew, and the very birds and beasts of the wood became his friends. The Anglo-Saxon poem, in a quaint and lovely passage, pictures his relations with these wild things of the forest. "The tribe of forest birds

<sup>1</sup> *Acta Sanctorum*, vol. ii for April, 37 ff.

with their notes proclaimed the coming of the holy man unto his home. Oft he held out food to them, and they were wont to fly in hunger round about his hand, in great desire, rejoicing in his succour. So that kindly soul, severed from mankind's delights, served the Lord, having joy in wild things, after he forsook the world."

As the fame of Guthlac spread abroad in the land many men came to him for counsel and advice. Through jealousy Beccel, one of the monks who had accompanied him to Croyland, resolved to poison him, but, being taxed with his resolve by the saint, became his devoted servant until his death. On his deathbed Guthlac sends this attendant to his sister Pega, whom he had not seen in years, with directions for his burial and a promise of their union in Heaven. "Haste thou, therefore, and say unto my sister, that dearest woman, that I have journeyed forth upon a long way, unto the radiant joy, unto my eternal home. And say thou also unto her in my words, that I denied myself the light of her face all the days of my life in the world, for that I yearned that we twain might meet again in Heavenly glory, in that unending joy, before the face of the Eternal Judge, all free of sin. There shall our love abide for ever." Upon the burial place of Guthlac was later founded the Abbey of Croyland.

The entire question of the attribution of *Guthlac* to Cynewulf is somewhat complicated by the fact that we are apparently dealing here not with a single poem, but with two poems upon the life of Guthlac, known by scholars as *Guthlac A* and



*Guthlac B.* The A section of the poem extends over lines 1—790, the B section from 791 to the end. Dietrich had regarded the two parts of *Guthlac* as constituting a single poem, and, because of similarities in it to the authentic work of Cynewulf, was disposed to attribute the entire poem to him. Rieger,<sup>1</sup> recognizing the two-fold form of the poem, was of the opinion that both portions could be assigned to Cynewulf. Charitius, however, in a careful examination of both sections of the poem<sup>2</sup> from the standpoint of verse measure, compounds, and the phraseology as a whole, came to the following conclusions: That section B of *Guthlac* followed closely the Latin life of the hermit saint; that a number of echoes of certain passages in the *Christ* favour the conjecture that *Guthlac B* stands near the *Christ* in order of composition; that section A of the poem was known to the author of section B, but was earlier in time; and that section B should be attributed to Cynewulf. Charitius would date *Guthlac A*, as well as the Latin life of Felix, between 730 and 740, a date he obtains by bringing the founding of the Abbey of Croyland in 715 into relation with the passage in *Guthlac A*, lines 124 ff. "With temptation was he tried within the times of men who still remember, who even now revere him for his ghostly wonders, and cherish the glory of his wisdom."

Lefèvre,<sup>3</sup> in his examination of the metrics of *Guthlac*, makes a three-fold division of the poem,

<sup>1</sup> Zacher's *Zeitschrift*, i, 325-6.

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia*, II, 265-308.

<sup>3</sup> *Anglia*, vi, 181-240.

namely, verses 1-500, 501-790, and 791 to the end. He is of the opinion that all three sections are the work of a single author, and that in this author we must recognize Cynewulf. He regards the third section, however, as being later in date of composition than sections I and II, conjecturing that Cynewulf may have finished verses 1-750 as a complete whole, turned to other work, and later returned to continue the story of Guthlac in the vivid portrayal of his sickness and death. Holtbuer<sup>1</sup> on the other hand, in his article "Der Genitiv bei Cynewulf," is convinced on grounds of language that no portion of *Guthlac* can be assigned to Cynewulf.

In 1892 Mather,<sup>2</sup> reviewing the Cynewulf question from a metrical point of view, sums up his views of the two portions of *Guthlac* as follows: "There is no strong reason for excluding *Guthlac B* from the Cynewulfian poems; on the other hand the evidence in its favour is not wholly convincing. If it be admitted provisionally it would fall into the third or *Christ III* group. *Guthlac A* is certainly not by Cynewulf, and as certainly not by the author of *Guthlac B*. Its metrical use appears quite unique." Ten Brink<sup>3</sup> assigns both A and B to Cynewulf, and Trautmann<sup>4</sup> believes that *Guthlac B* can be attributed to him with some degree of probability. Forstmann<sup>5</sup> brings forward argu-

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia*, viii, 1-40.

<sup>2</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, vii, 193-213.

<sup>3</sup> *English Literature*, Appendix B.

<sup>4</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, i, 42.

<sup>5</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, xii, 1-40.

ments to show that *Guthlac A* has no dependence upon the Latin life which forms the basis of *Guthlac B*.

From these varying opinions one or two facts at least are clear. It is quite evident that a division must be made in the entire poem of *Guthlac*. All the tests applied to the poem have served to emphasize an apparent difference in authorship between the two sections obtained by dividing the poem at line 790. Secondly, in comparing this poem with the authentic work of Cynewulf, the majority of critics have been willing to acknowledge some degree of probability that the second section, or *Guthlac's* death, may be Cynewulf's. But as to *Guthlac A* they are divided. Some would believe it to be by Cynewulf, as Dietrich, Rieger, Lefèvre, Ten Brink; while others, as Charitius, Wülker, Mather, Trautmann, are against such an attribution. Wülker,<sup>1</sup> who thinks that *Guthlac B*, being incomplete, may possibly have had originally the runic signature of Cynewulf, is inclined to place this second section of *Guthlac* immediately before *Juliana* in order of composition.

The difference in style between *Guthlac A* and *Guthlac B* may be noticed by a casual reader. The author of the B section has more control of his material, more skill in the selection of those points in his narrative which he may stress to advantage, and more dramatic feeling than we find in the first 790 lines. In those lines which portray the death of *Guthlac* we feel that poetic sincerity and pleasing gentleness of phrase which one comes to associate

<sup>1</sup> *Grundriss*, 183.

with the typically Cynewulfian passages in the signed poems. Yet if this poem be Cynewulf's, it shows beyond doubt a prentice hand. It is true that the reference to the sea journey is in the usual manner of Cynewulf, and it is an interesting fact that the legends of *Juliana*, *Elene* and *Andreas* also contain descriptions of a sea journey near the close. But on the whole it may be truly said that there is a more sharply defined Anglo-Saxon atmosphere in the legends of *Juliana* and *Andreas*, which are laid far from England, than in the description of the life and death of Guthlac, an English saint.

### THE PHOENIX

We come now to two shorter poems, the *Phoenix* and the *Dream of the Rood*, which, because of their simple beauty, we should be glad to be able to attribute to Cynewulf. Evidence which would allow such a definite attribution is not, however, at hand, and the question, as always in the case of the doubtful poems, resolves itself into a question of probability. The *Phoenix*, a poem of 677 lines, is found in the Exeter Book fols. 55b to 65b. Like the *Guthlac* and *Dream of the Rood* it contains no signature, and the only evidence for or against Cynewulf's authorship is such as has resulted from the repeated tests applied to the poem on grounds of style, metre, language, and grammatical usage. It should be noted, however, that the poem has an unusual ending, in that the last eleven lines are



composed of both Latin and Anglo-Saxon phrases, the Anglo-Saxon forming the first half of the line, and the Latin the second. Moreover by the alliteration, these two halves are closely bound together. Kemble and Thorpe, who held the view that Cynewulf might be regarded as the author of both the Exeter Book and the Vercelli manuscript, naturally assign the *Phoenix* to him. Dietrich, Rieger, and Ten Brink also regarded this poem as Cynewulf's.

It is an interesting fact that, in the main, those who have attempted, by metrical tests, to find evidence for or against the theory of the Cynewulfian authorship of this poem have been forced to decide against that theory. Cremer <sup>1</sup> in 1888 found little correspondence in metrical usage between the *Phoenix* and the authentic poems of Cynewulf, and on that ground did not favour the view that this poem may be assigned to him. Mather, <sup>2</sup> on metrical grounds, is also very decided in his denial of this poem to Cynewulf. He finds the poem unique in its use of double alliteration, and says, "We need have no hesitation in denying the *Phoenix* to Cynewulf. The interesting point of this conclusion is that there must have been, contemporary or nearly so with Cynewulf, another poet of equal or greater skill than he, the author of the *Phoenix*, the most artistic poem in the Anglo-Saxon language." Trautmann also <sup>3</sup> in his *Zur Kenntnis des Altgermanischen Verses* after declaring on metrical grounds against Cynewulf's authorship

<sup>1</sup> *Metrische und sprachliche Untersuchung*. Bonn, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, vii, 207.

<sup>3</sup> *Anglia Beiblatt*, v, 87-96.

of *Andreas*, an opinion which he later withdrew, remarks: "Still less is it possible to attribute to him the *Phoenix* and the *Riddles*."

On ground of style and adaptation of the source Gäbler<sup>1</sup> is inclined to assign the poem to Cynewulf. The results of his investigation, however, are on the whole negative, simply proving that there is no urgent argument against this assignment. Wülker,<sup>2</sup> accepting the results of Gäbler's study of the poem, remarks that the view of the Cynewulfian authorship of the *Phoenix* may be looked upon as probable, "so far as it may be made probable with the means at hand," though he would not go so far as to include the poem in a list of Cynewulf's work.<sup>3</sup> Sarrazin<sup>4</sup> assigns the *Phoenix* to Cynewulf, and Trautmann,<sup>5</sup> who had previously on metrical grounds denied the poem to Cynewulf, now thinks that it may be assigned to him with some degree of probability, though not so much as in the case of *Guthlac B*. Fulton,<sup>6</sup> after an examination of the metre, style, and grammar of the poem, concludes that there is much in the poem which argues against Cynewulf's hand, and that Gäbler has produced no strong evidence in favour of his theory. Taking into account also that there is no runic signature, "presumably attached to all, since attached to at least four of his poems," he decided against the inclusion of the *Phoenix* among Cynewulf's authentic poems. In general, however,

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia*, iii, 488-526. <sup>2</sup> *Grundriss*, 185.

<sup>3</sup> *Geschichte der englischen Literatur*.

<sup>4</sup> *Anglia*, ix, 544. <sup>5</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, i, 42.

<sup>6</sup> *Mod. Lang. Notes*, xi, 146-169.

it may be said that, while the question does not submit itself to definite conclusions, the weight of critical opinion leans toward the side of the probability of Cynewulf's having written the *Phoenix*, and that its time of composition would fall between the *Christ* and the *Elene*. Another fact, however, that becomes evident from a study of the poem, is that in its metrical construction it differs widely from any signed poem of Cynewulf.

The source of the Anglo-Saxon *Phoenix* is the Latin poem of Lactantius upon the Happy Land and the Phoenix who dwells there. The poem opens with a description of this land of joy and delight. "That plain is full of beauty, blest with joys, with the fairest fragrance of the earth; single in its loveliness." Here dwells the Phoenix, for a thousand years not tasting of death. The life of the bird is traced through the course of the day. In the early morning "black night creepeth wanly away; then strong of flight, exulting in his pinions, beneath the sky the fowl gazeth eagerly upon the mountain-stream, over the water, when the gleam of Heaven may come up gliding from the east over the spacious sea." The Phoenix bathes in the sea-cold springs, and the sound of its singing during the day is "sweeter than all song-craft." "Thus it singeth and caroleth till the sun is sinking in the southern sky. Then is it silent and listeneth, boweth its head boldly, sage of thought, and shaketh its pinions thrice, fain of flight. The fowl is hushed." After a thousand years, accompanied by a retinue of all other birds, the Phoenix journeys to the Syrian land, where it builds its

funeral pyre and is consumed. But from the ashes creeps a worm, and from the worm grows an eaglet, and from the eaglet a Phoenix again as before, which, returning to its native grove, buries the relics of its former body. "So the blessed fowl, after his time of death, cometh unto his old abode, his beauteous home."

The author of the Anglo-Saxon poem follows his original closely, at times expanding, in particular where the text allows him an opportunity to introduce the note of joy in nature so beloved of the Cynewulfian school. After line 380, however, the author leaves his original in order to adapt the subject to the purpose for which he had chosen it. The Phoenix was commonly treated by the early church fathers as a symbol of the resurrection and of immortality. So it is used in the writings of Ambrose, and so the author of the *Phoenix* employs the theme. The latter half of the poem is simply an interpretation of the fable of the first half in terms of Christian faith.

It must be acknowledged that we feel nowhere in the poem the personal note which is found in all the signed poems, unless, as Stopford Brooke suggests, we find it in a passage adapted from Job,<sup>1</sup> but on the other hand, as has been often noted, the description of the fire of Doomsday in the *Phoenix* shows the same spirit and feeling as Cynewulf's handling of that theme in the *Christ* and *Elene*. The merit of this poem, however, lies in the quiet idyllic beauty of its portrayal of the Happy Land. The intrinsic

<sup>1</sup> *Phoenix*, 552 ff.



charm of the version of Lactantius has been freed from the somewhat stately rhythm of the Latin measures, and the result in the hand of the Anglo-Saxon poet is a simplicity of presentation greatly enhancing the beauty of the legend with which it is so entirely in keeping.

There occurs in this poem a passage worth noting perhaps in connexion with the section in the runic passage of the *Christ*, which Trautmann, as already mentioned,<sup>1</sup> strives to make specific in connotation, and which he makes refer to the island of Lindisfarne, the seat of the Bishop of Lindisfarne. This entire passage in the *Christ*, lines 805-14, would read as follows: "Long time was our portion of life's joys compassed about by ocean floods, our possessions on earth. Then shall treasure burn in the fiery blast; brightly shall rage the swift, red flame, darting in wrath over the wide world. Plains shall perish and castles crumble away. Then shall the fire be fleet; greediest of spirits, which shall devour ancient treasure ruthlessly, which men possessed in olden days while still was pride on earth." It is most interesting now to turn to a reflection of this same idea in lines 41-9 of the *Phoenix*. That passage is as follows: "As of old the turmoil of the waters, the sea-flood, covered all the world, the compass of the earth, yet that noble plain stood all unhurt, firm held against the waters surging, blessed and uninjured of the tossing waves, through the grace of God: so it shall bide in blossoming until the coming of the fire of the judgment of God, when the chambers of death, the shadowy sepulchres of

<sup>1</sup> Page 16.

men, shall be opened." The same sequence of ideas is suggested again, though not so strongly, in the *Christ*, lines 984-86: "As of old waters flowed, the driving seas, then in that bath of fire the sea-fish shall burn, sundered from the deep." This close parallel of thought in the two passages from the *Christ* and the *Phoenix* is interesting not only from the fact that it makes Trautmann's interpretation of the *Christ* passage still further doubtful, but also in the suggestion it implies that since one of the two passages occurs in a runic signature of Cynewulf, thus identifying the thought closely with himself, we may possibly in the second passage in the *Phoenix* have some fugitive evidence of his hand at work.

#### DREAM OF THE ROOD

*The Dream of the Rood*, a short poem of 156 lines, is found in the Vercelli manuscript, fol. 104b-106a, between the *Andreas* and the *Elene*. It is in one way the most interesting of all the poems which have been attributed to Cynewulf, because of its connexion with the Ruthwell Cross, near Dumfries, on the Scottish border.<sup>1</sup> This connexion consists in the fact that upon the Ruthwell Cross are sculptured in runic characters passages which are identical with portions of the *Dream of the Rood*. This identity was first made known by Kemble in 1842.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a detailed description of the cross and consideration of the runic passage upon it, see Kemble's article "On Anglo-Saxon Runes," *Archaeologia*, xxviii, 349 ff. Also *Old Northern Runic Monuments*, by George Stephens, i, 405-448.

<sup>2</sup> *Archaeologia*, xxx, 31-39.

In its simplicity the *Dream of the Rood* is one of the most beautiful of Anglo-Saxon religious poems. The poet tells of a vision which came to him "at midnight, when mortal men abode in sleep." It seemed to him that he beheld the Cross entwined with light, adorned with gems and gold, rising in the air. It was given to him, stained as he was with sin and guilt, to see the Tree shining with radiant light. In this portion of the *Dream* the influence of Constantine's vision of the Cross is very apparent. The Cross flamed with changing colour and was now decked with jewels, now wet with blood. As he gazed upon it the Cross addressed him, telling how first it was hewn down as a forest tree upon the edge of the wood, and was borne away by men and set upon a hill. The Crucifixion is then related in an entirely heroic vein, the deposition and burial are described, and the poem ends with passages of a personal nature which strongly resemble those of the *Christ* and *Elene*, and with the motives of the Harrowing of Hell and the triumphal return of Christ to Heaven.

It was suggested by Daniel Haigh in 1856 that the *Dream of the Rood* must have been composed by Caedmon. He supported this view by dating the Ruthwell Cross about 665. Having set the Ruthwell inscriptions at this early date, conjecturing the *Dream of the Rood* to be a later reworking of a poem of which the Ruthwell inscriptions formed part, Haigh then suggested that Caedmon was the only religious poet in England at that date worthy the name, and therefore naturally to be looked upon as the author of the religious fragments upon the Ruth-

well Cross. This view of Haigh's was supported by Stephens in 1866 in his *Old Northern Runic Monuments*.<sup>1</sup> Stephens strengthens the case for Caedmon's authorship by his interpretation of a nearly obliterated runic passage on the rune side of the top stone of the cross. According to his conjecture, the runes there formed the words "Cadmon me fawed," that is, "Cadmon made me." He further supports the theory of Caedmonian authorship by calling attention to the long epic lines found in the *Dream*, which are found also in the so-called Caedmonian paraphrases and in *Judith*, and concludes that both *Judith* and the *Dream of the Rood* are by Caedmon. These arguments, however, fail to hold. In the first place, Haigh's date of 665 for the Ruthwell Cross was merely a conjectured date, and according to expert opinion the cross must be placed after 800.<sup>2</sup> Secondly, no trace of the name Caedmon is to be found upon the cross.<sup>3</sup> The language of the inscription upon the cross "lacks some of the marks of antiquity," is probably later than the *Dream of the Rood* instead of earlier, and is to be placed at least as late as the tenth century.<sup>4</sup> Without reference, therefore, to the whole vexed question of Caedmonian authorship, any claims for the attribution of the *Dream of the Rood* to him may be dismissed at once.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i, 419.

<sup>2</sup> Cook's "Notes on the Ruthwell Cross," *Mod. Lang. Pub.*, xvii, 367-390.

<sup>3</sup> *Die Nordhumbrischen Runensteine*, 12. Vietor.

<sup>4</sup> Cook's "Notes on the Ruthwell Cross," *Mod. Lang. Pub.*, vii, 390.



The second theory of the authorship of the *Dream of the Rood* connects it with the name of Cynewulf. Kemble and Thorpe, who were inclined to attribute all the poetry of the Vercelli manuscript to Cynewulf, favoured this view, neither of them making, however, any close examination of the poem to support their theory. Dietrich<sup>1</sup> first brought together a number of reasons for attributing the poem to Cynewulf. He strove to connect the *Elene* with the *Dream*, since the theme of both was the Cross, and conjectured that the poet was inspired to write of the invention of the Cross by the influence of the vision which he narrates in the *Dream*. He called attention to a similarity in tone between the personal passages in the *Juliana*, *Christ* and *Elene*, and certain passages of a personal nature in the *Dream*. The diction of the poem he finds also to correspond with that of the authentic Cynewulfian poems, and concludes, therefore, that the *Dream* was written by Cynewulf towards the end of his life.<sup>2</sup>

Dietrich's views were supported by Rieger,<sup>3</sup> who also strives to show a connexion between the *Dream* and the *Elene*. Ten Brink<sup>4</sup> also argues for Cynewulf's authorship of the *Dream*, making it his first poem. He connects it with the conversion of Cynewulf, and conjectures that all the rest of his poems are later than the *Dream*, the *Elene* being last of all. Wülker, in 1885,<sup>5</sup> brings one or two important criti-

<sup>1</sup> *Disputatio de Cruce Ruthwellensi*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. note of age in *Dream*, lines 122 ff.

<sup>3</sup> Zacher's *Zeitschrift*, i, 313 ff.

<sup>4</sup> *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, xxiii, *Anzeiger*, 53-70.

<sup>5</sup> *Grundriss*, 194-5.

cisms to bear upon the view of Rieger, Dietrich and ten Brink. If with Rieger we hold the opinion that the *Dream*, the first of Cynewulf's poems, was followed immediately by the *Elene* with which it is vitally connected, and then by his other poems, Wülker points out that we have an order of composition quite at variance with normal development of literary merit, since the *Juliana*, *Guthlac*, and *Christ*<sup>1</sup> were less important poems. Again, if with ten Brink and Dietrich we take the *Dream* as the first of the poems and the *Elene* as last, and regard the *Elene* as springing from the inspiration of the vision related in the *Dream*, it is curious that Cynewulf should only at the end of his career have turned to the writing of a poem the inspiration for which is considered to come from the early poem. Moreover, certain verses (124 ff.) in the *Dream* are of such a tone as to suggest a date for its composition late in the life of the poet. Ebert,<sup>2</sup> because of certain discrepancies between the *Elene* and on grounds of diction, denies the *Dream* to Cynewulf.

Stopford Brooke<sup>3</sup> finds little that would argue for Cynewulf's authorship in those portions of the *Dream* written in the long epic line of the Caedmonian school, but regards the introduction and the close, which are in the short epic line, as having characteristics of Cynewulf's verse. He holds the view, therefore, that there may have been an old

<sup>1</sup> In this criticism of the *Christ* one can hardly agree with Wülker.

<sup>2</sup> *Berichte der kgl. Sächs. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften*, 10 Mal, 1884, Phil. hist. klasse, xxxvi, 81-93.

<sup>3</sup> *History of Early English Literature*, 438.

poem upon the Crucifixion in the manner of the Caedmonian school which was retold by Cynewulf in the form of a dream. Trautmann<sup>1</sup> thinks that the *Dream* cannot be attributed to Cynewulf with any degree of probability. Cook<sup>2</sup> is inclined upon the whole to attribute the poem to Cynewulf. "Making all due allowances," he says, "for the weakness of certain arguments, both pro and con, the balance of probability seems to incline decidedly in favour of Cynewulfian authorship."

It must be admitted, I think, that the problem of the authorship of the *Dream* has been confused, rather than rendered clear, by the attempt made by Dietrich and others to find a specific allusion to the *Dream* in the personal passage of the *Elene* (lines 1251-56). The passage runs as follows: "Full often had I pondered on that glorious cross, nor once alone, ere I unriddled all the marvel of that radiant tree. I found the tale of that victor token in books, to make it known in writings in due course of time." Here is certainly no specific allusion either to a previous writing by him on the subject of the cross, or to a vision. It is hardly possible to regard this passage seriously as a reference to the *Dream*, or as anything more than a general statement of the fact that the poet had often pondered as to the fate of the cross,<sup>3</sup> and, after searching

<sup>1</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, i, 40.

<sup>2</sup> *The Dream of the Rood*, Clarendon Press Series, 1905. Introd. 40.

<sup>3</sup> For a discussion of the cross in Anglo-Saxon England see the monograph on "The Cross in the Life and Literature of the Anglo-Saxons," by W. O. Stever, *Yale Studies*, xxiii.

through books and writings, had at last thoroughly familiarized himself with the story of the invention of the Cross which he has just related in the body of the *Elene*.

The question of the authorship of the *Dream* must after all rest upon these general facts: that the diction of the *Dream* is on the whole thoroughly Cynewulfian; that Cynewulf had written another poem upon the Cross, in which he handled the Constantine vision with evident appreciation of its beauty; that the personal passages of the *Christ* and *Elene* are remarkably similar in tone to certain lines at the beginning and the end of the *Dream*; and that the narrative of the Crucifixion here given has many parallels in section III of the *Christ*. These facts tend to make the theory of Cynewulfian authorship probable.

### THE RIDDLES

It was for some time regarded as definitely shown that Cynewulf was the author of the *Riddles*. Of late years, however, the opinion of conservative scholars has gone counter to this belief. The reason for this change in view can be briefly shown.

The *Riddles*, ninety-five in number, are found in the Exeter manuscript in three sections, namely, upon folios 100*b*-105*a*, 122*b*-123*a*, and 124*a*-130*b*. They were first ascribed to Cynewulf by Leo, an attribution which resulted naturally from his interpretation of the so-called *First Riddle*. Since the name Wulf occurs a number of times in this poem, Leo at once jumped to the conclusion that



it might be explained as a charade, and, having succeeded to his own satisfaction in twisting the first and second syllables of Cynewulf's name from certain words in the poem, added them to the Wulf, and announced the discovery of Cynewulf's signature in the *First Riddle*. Therefore, since the *Riddles* seemed to him a single collection, this signature naturally applied to the entire number of *Riddles*. Curiously enough, far-fetched as Leo's interpretation of the *First Riddle* seems to conservative critics to-day, it was at once hailed as a remarkable discovery, and was accepted by Dietrich, Rieger, Sweet, Ten Brink, Grein and many others. Moreover, since Dietrich<sup>1</sup> interpreted the last riddle to mean "The Wandering Minstrel," this was at once treated as a light upon Cynewulf's own life, and added to the meagre stock of autobiographic material left us by him; and, in connexion with incorrect references from the personal passage in the *Elene*, served to establish a belief, destined to endure for many years, that Cynewulf was in his early life himself a wandering minstrel. Aside from the question of the interpretation of the riddle, the weakness of such reasoning is at once manifest. The eighty-sixth riddle, in which was a play upon the word *lupus*, was also taken by Dietrich as referring to Cynewulf, and supporting Leo's theory of the Cynewulfian authorship of the *Riddles*.

It was in 1883 that an attack was first brought against Leo's explanation of the so-called *First Riddle*, and an attempt made to offer a better

<sup>1</sup> *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, xi, 448-490, and xii, 232-252.

interpretation. This was in Trautmann's article, "Cynewulf und die Rätsel,"<sup>1</sup> in which he succeeds in completely overthrowing Leo's theory, and himself offers as an interpretation "The Riddle." He derives likewise the same meaning from the last riddle, which Dietrich had interpreted as "The Wandering Minstrel." Discussion arose anew over Trautmann's interpretations, though in general they were accepted. In 1888, however, criticism upon the riddle cycle assumed an entirely new aspect. In his review of vol. ii. of Morley's *English Writers*,<sup>2</sup> Bradley went at some length into the question of the *Riddles*. Morley, rejecting both Leo's and Trautmann's interpretation, had given a religious meaning to the "first" and the Latin riddle. The "first" he had explained as referring to the "Christian preacher," and "The Devil" represented by Wulf. Before discussing Morley's interpretation, Bradley says :<sup>3</sup> "I may as well state my own view, which is that the so-called riddle is not a riddle at all, but a fragment of a dramatic soliloquy, like *Deor* and *The Wife's Complaint*, to the latter of which it bears, both in motive and in treatment, a strong resemblance." He takes as established by the grammar that the speaker is a woman, probably a captive in a foreign land, that Wulf is her lover and Eadwacer her "tyrant husband." Bradley adds : "Whether the subject of the poem be drawn from history or Teutonic legend, or whether it be purely the invention of the poet, there seems to be no

<sup>1</sup> *Anglia*, vi, *Anzeiger*, 158-169.

<sup>2</sup> *The Academy*, March 24, 1888, 197.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 198.

evidence to determine." He then gives his proposed translation of the poem, which is as follows :—

Is to my people as though one gave them a present.  
Will they give him food if he should come to want ?

It is otherwise with us !

Wulf is on an island, I on another ;  
The island is closely surrounded by fen.  
On yonder isle are fierce and cruel men ;  
Will they give him food if he should come to want ?

It is otherwise with us !

I waited for my Wulf with far-wandering longings  
When it was rainy weather and I sat tearful.  
When the brave warrior encircled me with his arms  
It was joy to me, yet was it also pain.  
O Wulf ! my Wulf ! it was my longings after thee  
That made me sick—it was thy seldom coming—  
It was a sorrowful heart, not the want of food !  
Dost thou hear Eadwacer ? The cowardly (?) whelp of us

two

Shall Wulf carry off to the wood.

Easily can that be broken asunder which never was united,  
The song of us two together.

Bradley's view attracted wide attention, and the belief gradually spread that here was indeed no riddle but a fragment of a poem of lament.

In 1902 a careful study of the poem was made by W. W. Lawrence<sup>1</sup> and W. H. Schofield.<sup>2</sup> In the first article, entitled "The First Riddle of Cynewulf," Lawrence propounds the theory that this poem is a translation from old Norse. He calls attention to the short lines 3, 8, 17, and 19, and points out that these hint at a strophic structure in the poem, something that in Anglo-Saxon is exceedingly rare. The repetition of lines 2 and 3

<sup>1</sup> *Mod. Lang. Pub.*, xvii, 245-261.

<sup>2</sup> *Mod. Lang. Pub.*, xvii, 262-295.

in lines 7 and 8, especially in a poem so short in number of lines, seem to point to their use as a refrain. In diction Lawrence finds support for his theory in the fact that a number of troublesome words or phrases in the Anglo-Saxon poem may be explained on the ground of kinship to a Norse idiom. The faulty alliteration seems to be also an argument of some weight in favour of the theory that the poem is a translation. In strophic structure, refrain, language, and faulty alliteration, therefore, he finds support for his view.

Lawrence's study is supplemented by Schofield's article entitled "Signy's Lament." His purpose is to accept the general conclusions of Lawrence, and to show specifically that not only is this poem a translation from the Norse, but that it can be shown to be connected with the story of Siegmund and Signy from the *Volsungasaga*. The narrative of Signy's revenge as told in the story of the Volsungs certainly shows a remarkable similarity to a number of points in the poem under discussion. Volsung, the Hunnish King, had ten sons and one daughter, Signy. This daughter was betrothed and married to Siggeir, King of Gautland. Siggeir, angered by Siegmund at the time of the marriage, returns to Gautland, accompanied by Signy, before the marriage feast is celebrated; but invites Volsung, his sons, and followers to a feast in Gautland three months following. When they arrive there they are treacherously set upon by Siggeir and his people, and all slain save the ten sons of Volsung. They are placed in the stocks to die, and nine of them are devoured by a



she-wolf in nine successive nights, Siegmund alone remaining. He escapes by Signy's help and takes up his dwelling in a forest. Signy devotes her life to avenging the treacherous wrong done her house. She has two sons by Siggeir, and, when they are old enough, sends them to Siegmund that he may test their courage and try if they be fit instruments to aid him in his vengeance. Being found unworthy, both are slain. As a last resort Signy goes to Siegmund's stronghold in the guise of a witch, receives shelter for the night, and, when her time is come, has a son, by Siegmund, who is named Sinfjötli. When old enough he is tested and trained by Siegmund, and coming to full age is fit to aid Siegmund to his revenge.<sup>1</sup> They leave their hiding-place, come to Siggeir's palace and set fire to it in the night. All within perish and with them Signy, who, having gained her revenge, refuses longer life. "So much have I done to accomplish revenge that it is now nowise possible for me to live; I will die gladly with Siggeir the King, though I married him by compulsion." Such is the story of the revenge of the Volsungs.

It will be seen how closely this story dovetails into the poetic fragment formerly looked upon as a riddle. Signy is the speaker in the poem and, as Schofield points out, the term *Wulf* is correctly applied to Siegmund, both as head of the Wolfings and as an outlaw. Read in connexion with this narrative there is a clear meaning in the lines:

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Beowulf*, lines 875 ff, where, in the Lay of Siegmund, the exploits of Siegmund and Siegmund's nephew Sinfjötli, there spoken of as Fitela, are chanted.

When the brave warrior encircled me with his arms  
It was joy to me, yet was it also hateful;

and the killing of the unworthy offspring of Siggeir and Signy would seem to be referred to in the lines :

The cowardly whelp of us two  
Shall Wulf carry off to the wood.

The unhappy marriage of Siggeir and Signy could well be hinted at in the final lines of the poem :

Easily can that be broken asunder which never was united,  
The song of us two together.

There is one difficulty with this explanation of Schofield's, however, which cannot be lightly passed over. In the sixteenth line of the poem is the name Eadwacer, evidently applied to the husband of Signy. There is no possible connexion between Eadwacer or Odoacer of the *Hildebrandslied* and Siggeir. Schofield has regarded this word not as a proper name but as a corruption of an old Norse form *auðvagr*, meaning "very vigilant one." Such an explanation is regarded by Bradley<sup>1</sup> as impossible. After reviewing Schofield's arguments Bradley concludes: "I think, therefore, that Dr. Schofield is wrong in giving to the poem of 'Wulf' the new title of 'Signy's Lament,' although the imagined speaker is a lady whose circumstances closely resemble those of Signy." Bradley believes that the husband of the heroine of the poem was not Siggeir, but was in truth the Odoacer of the *Hildebrandslied*, admitting, however,

<sup>1</sup> *Athenaeum*, 1902, li, 758.

that the story of Wulf and Odoacer may have come to England through a Scandinavian channel.

It is at this point that criticism on the poem of Wulf rests at the present time. The investigations of Lawrence and Schofield, while bringing forward a most interesting conjecture, have not proved their point beyond dispute. But since Bradley's article in 1888, it may be regarded as practically shown that we have here to do with a poem of lament, something in a way analogous to the *Wife's Complaint*, and not with a riddle; and since the theory of Cynewulf's authorship of the *Riddles* rested upon the belief that this poem was the first riddle of the collection, and that in it Cynewulf had in charade fashion given us his signature, with this foundation gone, the whole case up to the present time for the attribution of the *Riddles* to Cynewulf likewise falls to the ground.

#### OTHER POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CYNEWULF

Of the other poems which have from time to time been attributed to Cynewulf not one has a serious claim to consideration as his work. Sarrazin has argued for the Cynewulfian authorship of *Beowulf*,<sup>1</sup> a view so far from conservative as to be hardly worth challenging. A number of supporters have arisen here and there for the theory that the *Harrowing of Hell*, and the *Physiologus*, three poems upon the panther, partridge and whale, are by Cynewulf. It must be admitted that the motif of the Harrowing of Hell is a not unpleasing one to Cynewulf, and that

<sup>1</sup> *Beowulfstudien*.

certain slight parallels, parallels in the main inherent in the subject, could be drawn between that poem and certain passages in the authentic poems. A certain connexion might also be urged between the allegorical poem on the Phoenix and the poems of the *Physiologus*, so much so that Trautmann<sup>1</sup> includes both these poems among those that may with some probability be ascribed to Cynewulf. It may be said, however, that in the case of no one of the poems mentioned is the evidence or likelihood in favour of Cynewulf's hand strong enough to warrant serious consideration. In summing up, therefore, it may be said that the authentic work of Cynewulf consists of the four signed poems; that there is some probability that the *Fates of the Apostles* constitutes an epilogue to *Andreas* and that the *Andreas* therefore is Cynewulf's; that there is a possibility that *Guthlac B* and the *Phoenix* may be by him. Of the other poems treated it may be said that to a greater or less degree they are in the manner of Cynewulf.

#### THE CHURCH IN ANGLO-SAXON ENGLAND

While but few traces remain of the Anglo-Saxon paganism which was supplanted by Christianity, those few traces would seem to point to the fact that it was entirely Teutonic in tradition. To what extent the worship of the Teutonic gods flourished in England is a matter difficult to determine. A number of local names such as Ednesbury

<sup>1</sup> *Bonner Beiträge*, i, 42.



or Woden's borough, Wampool or Woden's pool would seem to point to the fact that Odin or Wotan, originally the Germanic wind-god, also god of war and god of the dead, must have had some considerable cult on English soil. But few references are found to the other gods of the Teutonic hierarchy, and though we know from Bede that temples existed to heathen gods, he does not mention the name of the gods to whom they had been reared. Wyrd, a dim impersonation of the Fate which is more powerful than all the gods in ruling man's destiny, seems to have been a potent force in the religion of the Saxon invaders of Britain, and references to this power linger on in Christian poetry. With the Teutonic paganism there came to England also much of Teutonic mythology, and though a great part of this is not touched upon in the body of Anglo-Saxon literature which remains to us, still mention of Weyland, Walter of Aquitaine and Odoacer, Siegmund, and Sinfjötli show that in the main the saga literature of the Teutonic continental peoples must have found its way to English shores.

With the conversion of England to Christianity however, the Pagan element disappeared. The completeness in many cases of the conversion to the new from the older faith, is well illustrated by an incident, narrated by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*, in connexion with the baptism in 627 of Eadwine of Northumbria to the Christian faith. Eadwine had granted to Paulinus license to preach the Gospel, and had himself accepted Christianity. When he inquired of Coifi, his pagan

high priest, who should first profane the altars and temples of the older gods, the latter answered : “ ‘ I ; for who can more properly than myself destroy those things which I worshipped through ignorance, for an example to all others, through the wisdom which has been given me by the true God ? ’ Then immediately in contempt of his former superstitions, he desired the King to furnish him with arms and a stallion, and mounting the same he set out to destroy the idols ; for it was not lawful before for the high priest either to carry arms, or to ride on any but a mare. Having, therefore, girt a sword about him, with a spear in his hand, he mounted the king’s stallion and proceeded to the idols. The multitude beholding it concluded he was distracted ; but he lost no time, for as soon as he drew near the temple he profaned the same, casting into it the spear which he held ; and rejoicing in the knowledge of the worship of the true God, he commanded his companions to destroy the temple, with all its enclosures, by fire. This place where the idols were is still shown, not far from York, to the eastward beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmundingham, where the high priest, by the inspiration of the true God, profaned and destroyed the altars which he had himself consecrated.” In this spirit was Christianity received into Northumbria.

The actual conversion of England to Christianity dates from Augustine’s mission in 596. For two centuries previous to this the Church in England, so far as it was established at all, had done little more than hold its own. Under Roman occupancy of the island Christianity had naturally prospered

there in proportion as it was received by the Romans of the Continent, and by the Roman emperor. It exerted little influence, however, upon the Teutonic invaders of Britain, and little progress was made until in 597 Augustine and his forty Benedictine monks, sent out by Gregory the Great, landed upon the shores of Kent. Ethelbert of Kent was at once baptised, numbers of his subjects following the example set them, and from this most auspicious beginning Kent always remained a centre from which Christian influence spread abroad through England. As Ethelbert in an informal way exercised a kind of overlordship over all kings south of Northumbria, the rapid spread of the Christian faith was facilitated. The conversion of Eadwine in 627 by Paulinus added Northumbria to those kingdoms which had already accepted the new belief; but with the overthrow of Eadwine in 633 by Penda of Mercia, who had already brought the West Saxons under his sway, the cause of Christianity in Northumbria seemed threatened. The battle of Heavenfield, however, in 635, placed Oswald, nephew of Eadwine, upon the throne. Having been converted to Christianity in his youth at the Monastery of Iona, he sent thither for a missionary who might proclaim the true faith to his subjects. Aidan was accordingly sent to Northumbria, and by his humble life of piety and his wayside preaching many were converted.

Though the Christian faith was thus gradually spreading through every kingdom, the Church as a whole was yet quite disorganized. The dispute between the Celtic and Roman Church as to the

reckoning of Easter was settled in favour of the Roman usage by the Synod of Whitby in 664. But many disputes on minor matters arose, and a lack of harmony made organization imperative. With the appointment by the Pope of Theodore of Tarsus to be Archbishop of Canterbury, this organization was begun and carried out. The Church was welded into a single whole, synods instituted, bishops appointed, and the parochial system strengthened over against that of monasticism. The result was the establishment of a single unified Church through all the English kingdoms.

Yet even in these early years a process of decay, "running quicksilver-like through all her veins," was to be observed in the life of the Church. Simony and plurality of benefices, immorality in monastic life, episcopal neglect and clerical avarice spread more and more. Even as early as Bede these evils were forcing themselves upon the attention of those sincerely interested in the welfare of the English Church, and in the letter of Bede to Ecgberct, Archbishop of York, he takes the opportunity afforded him bitterly to arraign those given over to these practices. He speaks of those bishops who have about them no men of any religion or continence, "*Sed potius illos qui risui, jocis, fabulis, commensationibus et ebrietatibus, ceterisque vitæ remissioris illecebris subigantur, et qui magis cotidie ventrem dapibus, quam mentem sacrificiis coelestibus pascant.*" The lax life of the monasteries is deplored by Bede, and Ecgberct is exhorted to "oversee most diligently what right and what wrong is being done in every monastery of your



parish." The same state of affairs is hinted at in a most interesting passage in *Guthlac A*. There the fiends tormented and taunted Guthlac by raising him into the upper air and bestowing the gift of sight upon him "so that he saw before his eyes all the bearing of the cloistered men, under the sway of holy shepherds, who have passed their lives in vain delight with idle wealth, and gathered treasure and splendid raiment as is the way of youth when fear of old age does not bridle it." This passage confirms the complaint of Bede that as a result of the corruption of Church life the young men of the kingdom were not being trained up to the service of their land, but rather to a life of wickedness, shame, and luxury. There can be no doubt that the history of the secular clergy in England, in the eighth and ninth centuries, furnished many examples of profligacy and neglect, and that in many instances those within the monastic orders indulged in lives closely bordering on the secular, and characterized by hard drinking and riotousness. It was this state of affairs which called forth the efforts of Dunstan toward reform in the tenth century.

This side of clerical life must not, however, be over-emphasized. The Church included within its fold, both in parochial work and within the monastic establishments, many sincere and humble men, such men as Aidan had been, whose purity of character and earnestness of life left their stamp upon all who came within their influence. If there was weakness, there was also strength, and it is this fact that is emphasized by Guthlac in his con-

temptuous reply to the fiends who had assailed the Church of God. "Ye made it my reproach that laxly I condoned the easy rules and brutish hearts of young men in God's temples. Thus would ye bring the praise of holy men to scorn! Ye sought the weaker out; the better ye judged not according to their deeds."

The movement of conversion in England had been marked from its beginning by Benedictine influence—an influence which narrowed the breach between secular and clerical life. It was in their moulding of secular life as instructors of the children of the nobility as well as those pledged to their own order, as innovators in agriculture and the rude engineering of the day, as sponsors of order and peace and established government, that their main service consisted. But in the turbulent centuries of early England it was within the arms of the Church that absolute peace and safety were to be found, and for many, to become identified either with the secular clergy or a monastic order symbolized the attainment of a secure refuge from the distractions and disasters of general social life. The monasteries in particular have always been most flourishing in periods of great social unrest. And emphasizing as it did the antagonism between the life of the flesh and the life of the spirit, in its ascetic idealism bidding that the one be crushed and the other exalted, the Church became naturally the sponsor of art and letters in the Middle Ages. It is not necessary to mention the part played by Bede in the founding of the School of York, and the spread of its influ-

ence to the Continent in the teaching of Alcuin, nor to emphasize the firm marriage of learning with theology in the early English Church. The Church of the East and the Church of the West in the Middle Ages were one in this regard.

It is, therefore, but natural to find the poetry of Cynewulf, the poetry that is perhaps most representative of the best in Anglo-Saxon England, so intimately related to the religious life of his day. Even before the Danish invasions life on English shores was an unquiet one. The struggles between Mercia and Wessex in the latter half of the eighth century were felt beyond those kingdoms, and it is within the quiet borders of the church that we should naturally look to see art and letters fostered, and invocations chanted, however faintly, to the Muses. There, safely sheltered from the din and strife of the outer world, one might picture on the parchment page all the various phases of that outer life. The moving pen caught the tramp of marching feet, and the changing echoes of war and revel, joy and sorrow ; but in a softer key and attuned to the still religious atmosphere of that cloistered life, where

*Through one window men beheld the Spring,  
And through another saw the summer glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.*





THE SIGNED POEMS OF CYNEWULF



## ELENE

IN the circle of years, in the span of time, two hundred and three and thirty winters were numbered for the world, since the all-wielding God, the Glory of kings, the Light of the righteous, was born in the image of man on earth. That was the sixth year of the sway of Constantine, since he, a battle-lord, was exalted to be king in the land of the dwellers of Rome. And he was a valiant bearer of the shield, protector of peoples, showing mildness to men ; and the kingdom of that prince prospered under heaven. He was a just king, the battle-warden of men ; and God established glory and might upon him, that through all the earth he became a solace to many men, an avenger of nations, when he lifted his weapon against the foe.

Battle was brought against him, the thunder of war ; the hordes of the Huns and the Hrethgoths assembled a host ; fierce-hearted the Franks went forth, the people of Hugas. They were warsome men, harnessed for battle. Spears shone and wreathen mail ; with shout and ringing shield they flew their battle flags

Then were the heroes assembled, openly gathered together—and the throng of folk fared forth. The wolf of the weald chanted his song of battle, hid not his war-runes ; the dewy-feathered eagle screamed as he followed the foe. Straight through the cities that mighty battle-throng hasted away to war, in hosts as many as the King of the Huns might summon to the fray, of warriors round about. That horde went out, with chosen bands confirmed their forces—till in a strange land on the Danube's rim, stark of heart, those spear-men tarried nigh to the water's surging, with the noise of multitude. For they would fain subdue the kingdom of the dwellers of Rome and waste it with their numbers.

Then was the coming of the Huns known unto the dwellers of the cities ; and Caesar bade most speedily, with flight of arrows, to muster unto battle against these fearsome foes, to lead men out to strife under the heavens. Soon were the warriors, cunning in victory, the men of Rome, all harnessed with their weapons for the combat, though they had lesser band unto the battle than rode round about the strong-handed King of Huns. Then shields resounded ; war-wood rang ; with a mighty throng, a host, the king went out to battle ; over them the raven shrilled his note, dusky and greedy of carnage. The troop was all astir ; hornbearers leaped, heralds shouted, horses trod the earth. The army gathered promptly for the fray. Then was



the king adread, smitten of terror, as he surveyed those foreign hordes, the host of the Huns and Hrethgoths, that at the Roman kingdom's end, on the edge of the water, gathered their force, a countless throng. Heart-sorrow smote the Roman ruler; of his kingdom had he little hope, for his dearth of men. Too little strength of warriors, of trusty fighting men, had he to battle against that overnight of stalwart spoilers. Then camped the army, earls about their prince, nigh unto the flowing stream for the time of the coming night, after they learned the journey of their foes. And unto Caesar himself in his slumber, as he slept among his train, strong in triumph, a vision was shown. Unto him it seemed a radiant warrior came, in the image of a man, gleaming and bright of hue, more fair than he had seen early or late under the heavens. He started up from slumber and donned his helmet crested with the boar. And straightway the herald, beauteous messenger of glory, spake unto him and named him by name, and the shadow of night vanished away.

"O Constantine, the King of angels, Wielder of fates, Lord of hosts, bids proffer thee a compact. Be not thou adread though foreign hordes threaten terror against thee and heavy war. But look thou unto heaven, unto the Warden of glory; there shalt thou find support, the token of triumph."

Swift was he unto the bidding of that holy angel, unbound his inmost heart and gazed on

high, as the herald bade him, the faithful weaver of peace. He beheld the radiant Tree of glory above the dome of clouds, bright with gems, adorned with gold ; its jewels gleamed. The shining cross was written round about with characters of radiance and light : " In this sign shalt thou overwhelm the foe in bitter need, and stay the loathsome host."

Then the light vanished away, together with the holy herald journeyed up on high unto the company of the pure. But the king, the Prince of men, was the blither and knew the less of sorrow in his soul by that fair vision.

## II

Then Constantine, shelter of princes and giver of treasure to men, war-lord of legions, glorious king, bade shape a like symbol speedily, even as he beheld the beacon, revealed to him in the heavens, the cross of Christ. He bade at break of day, at early dawn, to wake the warriors and the weapon-storm, to raise the battle standard and carry on before him that holy tree, into the throng of foes to bear God's beacon. Trumpets sang aloud before the hosts, the raven had joy of the work ; the dewy-feathered eagle scanned the march, the strife of savage men ; the wolf, comrade of the wood, lifted up his howl. The terror of battle was come.

Then was a breaking of shields and grind-

ing of warriors, hard hand-swing and melting of squadrons, when first they met the arrow-storm. With strong hand the cruel foe dealt forth a shower of darts and spears, their battle-adders, over the yellow shield into the host of the hated. But stout of heart they strode, pressed on as occasion offered, burst through the hedge of shields, drove home the sword and ruthless hastened on. Then was the ensign lifted up, the battle sign before the troops ; they sang a song of triumph. Golden helmets and lances gleamed over the battle-plain. The pagan peoples perished, without quarter sank in death. And straight they fled away, this Hunnish folk, as the king of the dwellers of Rome, urging the strife, bade that holy tree be lifted up. The heroes were scattered afar. Some the battle took ; some held their lives hardly on the army's march ; some half quick, half dead, fled away into fastnesses, sheltered themselves behind the stony cliffs, held the land round about the Danube ; and some were drowned in the flowing stream, at the end of life.

But the band of the brave rejoiced, and until the evening from the dawn of day, they pursued after those foreign hordes ; ash-spears flew, their battle-adders. And the numbers of the loathed shield-men were lessened. From that spot but little of the Hunnish army ever returned again home. Thus was it seen that the Almighty King had sped the hand of Constantine in that day's work, glorious honour, a

kingdom under the clouds, by the tree of the cross. Then the helm of hosts departed unto his home again, exultant in spoil, honoured in battle, now that the fight was won. The king strong in battle, a shelter for warriors, went with a throng of thanes to seek his cities, to deck his shield with gems. Straight the warden of war-men summoned the wisest to council, whoso had learned craft of wisdom in olden writings, and held all the rede of mortal men in the thoughts of their hearts. Strong in victory, the elder of the folk began to ask through all the ample host, if there of old or young any man might truly say to him or tell in speech, what god it was, giver of bounty, "whose beacon this might be, which so brightly was shown to me, most shining of symbols, and which shielded my people and sped my fortune in the fight against my foes, and gave me glory through that beauteous tree." And none might give him answer; none knew to speak aright of that victor-tree. But the wisest spake before that countless throng, that it was a token of the King of heaven, thereof could be no doubting. When they learned that, whoso had been instructed in baptism, they were light of heart, they had joy of soul, though they were few of number, that they might proclaim before Caesar the grace of the gospel, how that the Helm of spirits, the Splendour of kings, exalted in the glory of the Trinity, was born; how that the very Son of God, before the multitudes was hung upon the tree, in



bitter pangs, and how He ransomed mortal men, spirits sad of soul, from the thralldom of fiends, and granted them grace, by that same symbol which had been revealed unto his gaze, a token of triumph against the onrush of nations ; and how that on the third day the Glory of men, the Lord of all human kind, arose from death, from out the grave, and ascended into heaven. Thus, wise in spiritual mysteries, they spake unto the victorious king according as they had been taught by Silvester. And the prince received baptism at their hands, and from that time forth walked in the will of his Lord during the days of his life.

### III

Then was the giver of treasure well pleased, the king hardened to war, and a new gladness was come upon his soul ; unto him the Warden of heaven's realm was become the greatest of comforts and the highest of hopes. He began eagerly in spiritual grace to fulfil the law of the Lord by day and night ; in very sooth this treasure-giver of men, famed with the ashen spear, nimble in war, applied himself unto the service of God. And the prince, the protector of peoples, bold in battle and swift with the spear, found through teachers of lore, in the Books of God, the spot where the Wielder of the heavens had been lifted up in jealous

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hatred upon the holy tree, amid the tumult of the throng, what time that olden foe misled with cunning lies the people, seduced the Jewish race, till that they crucified the Lord of hosts, even God himself. Wherefore in abasement shall they suffer curse forever and forever. And the praise of Christ was in the soul of the emperor, and he was steadfastly minded of the radiant cross and bade his mother fare through all the ways of earth, with a multitude of folk, unto the Jewish land, with a band of warriors eagerly seek out where the holy rood of glory, the cross of the noble king, was buried in the earth. Nor was Elene slow unto this journey, nor despised the word of her giver of joy, her son; but swift was the woman to the willing voyage as the helm of hosts had bidden her, the lord of mailed men. Most speedily a band of earls began to hasten down unto the deep water. Along the sea's margin stood harnessed ocean-steeds, fettered sea-stallions floating on the sound. Then was the lady's journey easy to be known, when she sought out the tossing floods with all her train. There stood many a goodly man on the ocean's rim. Now and again they hastened over the border-paths, one troop behind another; they loaded those stallions of the waves with battle-sarks, with shield and lance and fighting men in burnies, with man and maid.

Then they let their high-flanked coursers of the deep drive foaming over the sea-beast's

home. Oft in the ocean tumult the ship's side felt the swinging blows of the billows ; the sea roared. Never before or since did I hear that queen led fairer band over the watery ways, on the ocean-stream. Then might he have seen, whoso beheld that journey, sea-ships plunge through the billowy paths, and scud under bellying sails, steeds of the ocean stride, and wave-ships skim. Blithe were the winsome-hearted warriors ; the queen had joy of the journey. And when the ring-stemmed ships glided unto their haven in the Grecian land, over the ocean floods, they left their vessels, much tossed of the tides, their old sea-homes, fast at anchor to await upon the waves the destiny of the band, when the battle-queen with her force of warriors might seek them out again over the eastern ways. There might be seen upon an earl woven burnie and proven sword, excellent battle-dress, many a visored helm and fair boar-crest. There were warriors of the ashen spear, fighting men about their victor-queen, ready to take their warsome way. Those stalwart men of battle, heralds of Caesar, heroes of war harnessed in armour, fared onward gladsomely into the Grecian land, and there was seen among that army-host full many a treasure gem in setting of gold, the gift of their lord. And in her heart, eager in soul, the blessed Elene was steadfastly heedful of her prince's will, that over the battle plains with proven band of wielders of the linden shield, with troop of spearmen, she should seek

the Jewish land. And so it fell that in a little space of time that myriad host of men, those war-famed earls, those warriors able with the ashen spear, came unto Jerusalem within the city, in mighty train round about their noble queen.

#### IV

Then the queen bade muster all the wisest of the city dwellers, far and wide throughout Judea, every one of men, to come unto a council, whoso most deeply knew to read aright the mysteries of God. Soon from the wide ways was come together no little band, men who had knowledge to expound aright the law of Moses. And the number of these men was three thousand, culled for learning. Then began that lovely lady to speak unto the Hebrew men :

“ Full well I know, through the prophet’s mystic words in the Books of God, that ye in former days were loved of the King of glory, dear unto God, and eager in deed. Alas ! of this wisdom all unwisely in wrath did ye reject Him, what time ye cursed Him who, by His glorious might, thought to redeem you from curse, from burning torment, and heavy need of thralldom. Filthily ye spat upon His face, who fashioned again the light of your eyes, healing again from blindness, by His princely spittle, and from unclean spirits of devils often set you free. Him did ye doom to death who



from death itself awakened many in the host of men, yea, of your very kin, unto their former life. Thus in your blind hearts did ye darken truth with lies, light with shadow, honour with enmity, and in the thoughts of your minds wove a wrong. For ye doomed that radiant Power and followed after error with darkened judgment unto this very day. Now go forth with speed and choose out men well versed in wisdom, with craft of word, who in knowledge have your law foremost before all things in their noble hearts, that they may speak to me in sooth, contrive an answer for every question that I may ask of them."

Then with rue and sorrow of heart, smitten of fear, these earls skilled of the law drew aside a little space, eagerly sought out wisdom of word, that they might give answer unto the queen whatsoever things she might seek of them whether of good or evil. Then in that multitude they found one thousand men, wise of heart; full well they knew of olden deeds among the Jews. And in a band they thronged about the spot, where bode in splendour on a kingly throne the kinswoman of Caesar, a brilliant battle-queen all graced with gold. And Elene lifted up her voice and spake before the earls:

"Hear now, O men of knowledge, holy runes, word and wisdom. Lo! ye have known the lore of the prophets, how that the Lord of life, the Wielder of might, should be born in the image of a child. Of Him Moses sang and

spake this word, the Warden of Israel : ‘ Unto you shall a Child be born in mystery, sublime of might, nor shall His mother conceive by love of man.’ Of him King David, aged counsellor, father of Solomon and lord of war-men, sang a noble hymn and spake this word : ‘ I have beheld aforetime the God of beginnings, the Victor-Lord. Upon my right hand was He, in my sight, the Wielder of might, the Shepherd of glory. Never will I turn away mine eyes from Him forever.’ So also Isaiah, the prophet, spake concerning you before men, pondering deeply in the spirit of the Lord : ‘ I raised up offspring and begat sons, unto whom I granted blessedness, holy comfort at heart ; but they scorned me and had me in hatred, nor was there wit of wisdom among them, nor any forethought. Yea, the weary herds which man each day beateth and driveth on, do know their Benefactor, nor any whit in vengeance of their wrongs have hatred of their friend, who granteth them fodder. But me the folk of Israel would not acknowledge, though I wrought many a marvel before them in the days of my life on earth.’

## V

“Lo ! we have gleaned it from the holy books that God, the Lord, gave bright renown to you, fulness of might ; and unto Moses spake how ye should hearken unto heaven’s King and keep His counsels. Soon did it irk you and ye

strove against the Righteous One, disdained the radiant Shaper of the world, the Lord of lords, and followed after error against the will of God. Now fare ye quickly forth, find yet again whatsoever men by craft of wisdom may best have knowledge of the ancient writings, your code of law, that with roomy heart they may give me answer."

Then those high-hearted men, sorrowful of soul, went forth in company as the queen had charged them; and they found five hundred men exceeding wise, culled of their own people, who had most craft of learning in remembrance, wisdom in heart. And after a little space these wardens of the city were mustered again unto the hall. And the lady gazed upon them every one and spake:

"Oft have ye wrought vain deeds, ye wretched exiles, slighted the sacred writings, your fathers' counsels, but never more than now that ye disdained the healing of your blindness and strove against the truth that in Bethlehem was born the Child of God, the one-begotten King, the Prince of princes. And though ye knew the law, the word of the prophets, yet would ye not acknowledge the truth, ye workers of sin."

And of one mind they all made answer:

"Lo, we have learned the Hebraic law, which in days of old our fathers knew, at the ark of the covenant of God, nor know we well wherefore thus heavily, O Lady, thou art become wrathful against us. The sin we know not

which we have sinned in this folk-land, nor the wrong that ever we wrought against thee."

Then Elene lifted up her voice and openly addressed the earls; before the host the lady spake aloud:

"Do ye now go swiftly forth, search out apart what men among you have greatest might of wisdom and craft of mind, that without fraud they may confidently make known to me each thing whatsoever I may seek of them."

Then they went forth from the council as the queen, mighty over cities, had given bidding, and sorrowful in soul pondered eagerly, sought out with cunning thought what sin it was which they had accomplished against Caesar, among that folk, for which the queen rebuked them. Before the earls there spake a counsellor exceeding wise, crafty of word, whose name was Judas:

"Full well I ween that she will ask of that tree of triumph, whereon all free of fault suffered the Wielder of peoples, the very Son of God, whom our fathers hung in hatred, unstained of sin, upon the lofty cross in olden days—that was a fearsome thought! Now is there heavy need that firmly we fix our hearts not to avow that death, nor where the holy rood was hidden after the battle-storm, lest that the ancient writings of wisdom be put away and our father's counsels forsaken. No long time shall the race and worship of Israel have power upon the earth if this be known. In this same wise in days of old my father's



father, shrewd in counsel, able in victory, who was called Zaccheus, spake unto my father . . . his son, turned him from the things of the world and spake this word :

“ ‘ If ever it befall thee in the days of thy life that thou hear men sagely question of the holy rood, rouse up dispute about that victor-tree whereon the King of truth was hung, Warden of heaven’s realm and Prince of peace, then do thou quickly speak, my beloved son, ere death carry thee away ; never shall the Hebrew people, wise of heart, have dominion or wield it over men ; but the realm and the glory shall flourish of those . . . who, fulfilled of joy, forever shall honour and adore the crucified King.’ ”

## VI

“ And stoutly I made answer unto my father, the aged counsellor : ‘ How could it befall in earth’s domain that our fathers seized upon the Holy One, with wrathful hearts, unto His death, if then they wist that He was Christ indeed, King of the heavens, very Son of God, Redeemer of Souls ? ’ Then to me mine elder gave answer, wise of heart my father spake : ‘ Take thought, my son, of the high power of God, the Saviour’s name. It may not be uttered by any mortal, nor may any man on the paths of earth spy it out. Never did I seek after those counsels which this people followed, but ever I held asunder from their sin,

nor wrought a shame upon my spirit. Often and eagerly I roused up strife against that wrong, when learned scribes sat round about in council, and sought in heart how they might crucify the Son of God, the Helm of men, the Lord of every creature, of angels and of mortal men, the noblest Prince. Yet might these vain and miscreant men in no wise work His death, as they had hope, beset Him sore with bitter pangs, though for some little space of time He rendered up His spirit on the cross, the Victor Son of God. Then was the Lord of heaven lifted up from off the tree, the Glory of glories ; three nights' time He bode within the grave, in thralldom of darkness, and on the third day the Light of light arose to life and showed Himself unto His thanes, true Prince of Victory, in splendour shining. And after a space of time thy brother received the bath of baptism, bright belief ; for that he loved the Lord, Stephen was stoned with stones. Yet did he not render again evil for evil, but patient under his affliction plead for his olden foes, made supplication of the King of Glory that He charge it not to their chastisement, this woeful deed, that they in jealous hatred reft of life one free of fault, unstained of sin, at the prompting of Saul, who in cruel malice had doomed to death and destruction many of the folk of Christ. But the Lord had mercy upon him so that he became a comfort unto many peoples, when the Lord of creation gave him a new name ; and henceforth he was called St. Paul,

nor was any other of the teachers of the law ever better than he, of man or maid begotten in the world, even though he bade that Stephen be slain with stones upon the mount.

“‘So, my beloved, mayest thou perceive how the Ruler of all hath compassion upon us, though many times we work evil against Him and wounds of sin, if we do penance for our baleful deeds and cease again from sin. Thenceforward I and my beloved father believed in sooth . . . that the God of glory and the Guide of life, suffered grievous anguish for the heavy need of mortal men. Wherefore I admonish thee, my dearest son, by secret precept, that thou render not reviling words, nor hate, nor blasphemy, nor sullen strife, against the Child of God. So shalt thou merit that eternal life, fairest reward of victory, granted thee in heaven. Thus did my father in the olden days counsel me, still a lad ungrown, and sage of speech imparted words of wisdom. His name was Simon.’ Now ye know full well what it seemeth best that ye make known, if this queen question of the rood ; now ye know my mind and the thoughts of my heart.”

Then the wisest in that throng of men spake unto him :

“Never have we heard any other man among this people, no other thane save thee alone, divulge in such wise of so secret things. Do as it seemeth good to thee, O wise in ancient learning, if thou be questioned in the

host of men. He hath need of wisdom, of wary word and clever counsels, whoso may give answer to that noble lady before this gathered host."

## VII

Then words grew many ; men pondered either side, some this, some that, and mused and meditated. And there came a band of thanes unto that council throng ; criers called aloud, heralds of Caesar : " The queen bid-deth you, O men, unto the royal hall, that ye proclaim aright your council judgment. And there is need of wisdom when ye are met together, high rede of heart." And they were ready, sad of soul, those elders of the people, as they were bidden by that hard command, and went unto the court to prove the power of craft.

Then the lady spake unto the Hebrew men and questioned them, who were weary of heart, concerning the ancient writings, how prophets sang aforetime in the world, holy of heart, of the Son of God ; and where the Prince had suffered, the very Son of God, for the love of souls. But they were stark, harder than stones ; nor would they tell that mystery aright, nor make answer unto her of what she asked, but with wrath of heart steadfastly they made strife against each word where-with she questioned them, and said that never before or since, in the days of their life, had



they heard a whit of such a thing. And Elene lifted up her voice and spake to them in wrath: "I say unto you in sooth, nor shall it ever be a lie in the days of life, that if ye continue longer in these falsehoods, a fire shall seize upon you on the mountain, hottest of singeing fires, and the hurtling flame shall feed upon your bodies, that for you this falsehood shall be turned to bitter death. Nor may ye prove the word which long time with your lies ye veil in a shroud of sin, nor may ye cover up the deed nor mask its secret might."

Then did they think to die, they had dread of the fire and the ending of life, and they named one of their own stock, skilled of counsel, whose name was Judas, and him they rendered up unto the queen, and spake him wondrous wise. "He may reveal thee truth, unveil the mystery of fate, the code of law from the beginning even unto the end, according as thou dost question him. For he is of noble kin on earth, wise of word-craft, a prophet's son, and he hath courage in counsel. It is his quality that he hath wise rejoinders and craft of heart. And he shall make known to thee before this host of men, in ample might, the gift of wisdom even as thy soul craveth."

Then she let each man go unto his own place in peace and held only Judas alone as hostage; and she bade him that he discover rightly unto her concerning the holy rood, which long lay hidden. And Elene called

him aside and had speech of him in secret, that glorious queen: "Two fates are prepared for thee, or life or death, as may be dearer unto thee to choose. Wherefore do thou straight reveal which thou wilt have to be thy lot." And Judas spake unto her—he might not turn away that sorrow neither avert the anger of the queen, for he was in her power:

"How may it be with that man, who in waste places, weary and meatless, thrall'd of hunger, treadeth the moor land; and unto his gaze appeareth a loaf and a stone, both together, hard and soft, that he taketh the stone to stay his hunger and heedeth not the loaf, turneth unto dearth and forsaketh plenty, despiseth the better when he hath the bounty of both?"

## VIII

And unto him the blessed Elene gave answer freely before men: "If thou in the kingdom of heaven wilt have a dwelling-place with angels and life on earth, the guerdon of victory, say unto me straightway where the holy rood of the King of glory hideth beneath the ground, which ye, for the sin of that death, for a space of time have hidden away from men."

Then Judas spake and his soul was sad, his heart burned within him; yea, on either hand was woe, whether in mind he thus gave

over hope of the kingdom of heaven and this present realm under the clouds, or whether he discovered unto her the cross.

“How may I find that which chanced so long ago in the circle of winters, for two hundred or more in number have flitted by in the passing of time? I may not reckon the account nor know the number. Many a good and prudent man who went before us hath vanished away, many a man of judgment. I was born long after in my youth, in later days a stripling lad; and that which I know not I may not know, nor come upon it in my heart, which befell so long ago.”

And Elene gave answer unto him: “How doth it chance among this people that ye have such store of legend in remembrance, of all heroic deeds even as the Trojans waged them in their war? Farther away in the circle of years was that famous strife of olden time than this sublime event. Full well do ye know to reckon swiftly the number of all those done to death in slaughter, the tale of spearmen slain, fallen beneath their shields. Ye have set down in your writings the graves under the rocky cliff, the place and the count of winters.”

Judas spake, smitten of sorrow: “For need, my lady, are we greatly mindful of that battle-work, and we have set down in our writings the shock of war and the bearing of nations, but never by the mouth of any man have we heard this spoken, save in this present here.”

And now to him the noble queen gave answer : " Overmuch dost thou resist the truth and justice regarding the rood of life, thou who aforetime, by a little space, didst speak truth of that victor-tree unto thine own people and now thou turnest unto a lie."

And again Judas had speech of her, and said that he spake in trouble and great doubt, and thought to suffer grievous ill. And straight Caesar's kinsmaid spake unto him :

" Lo ! we have heard it, by the holy Books made known to man, that the noble Child of the King, the Spirit-son of God, was hanged on Calvary. Now, ere bitter death pluck thee away for thy sins, thou shalt fully uncloak thy wisdom, even as the writings say, regarding that space of ground, where the spot Calvary may be, that I may cleanse it, according to the will of Christ, to be an help to men, that the holy God, the mighty King, the glorious Lord of hosts, the Comforter of souls, may fulfil my craving and the thought of my heart."

But Judas made steadfast answer unto her : " Neither do I know the place nor the field nor the affair a whit." And Elene spake with wrathful heart : " I swear by the Creator's Son, the crucified God, that thou shalt die of hunger before thine own people except thou leave these lies and clearly set forth truth." And she bade her company lead him away and thrust him, still alive, in his guilt, into a dry pit—nor did her slaves



delay—and there, bereft of blessings, he abode in sorrow in that gloomy place for the space of seven nights, thrall'd of hunger and covered with bonds, and on the seventh day his strength was gone, and weary and anhung'ered, abased in woe, he began to wail aloud.

“I entreat you by the God of heaven, that ye let me forth from this place of torment, who am vanquished by my craving need. Gladly will I disclose the holy rood now that I may not longer hide it for my hunger. Too cruel is this thralldom, harsh this heavy need, too grievous this affliction in the dole of days. Longer I may not endure, nor be secret of the tree of life. Aforetime I was filled with folly, and now myself avow too late the truth.”

## IX

And when the queen, who wielded it over warriors, perceived the bearing of the man, forthwith she bade them loose him from his bondage, from thralling durance, from out his narrow pit. Most speedily they did her will, heedfully drew him from his dungeon even as the queen had bidden. Stout of heart they strode unto that place upon the mount where the Lord was crucified aforetime upon the cross, the Warden of heaven's realm, the Child of God ; yet brought full low by hunger he knew not clearly where the holy rood, by the Devil's art, bode in its resting place,

buried under the earth, pent in its grave, long veiled from men.

And after a time with strange authority he lifted up his voice and spake in Hebrew :

“ O Saviour Lord, Thou who hast dominion of doom, who in the strength of Thy glory didst fashion heaven and earth and the tossing waves, the wide bosom of the sea and all creation ; Thou who with Thine hands didst mete out all the compass of the earth and sky above ; Thou Thyself dost sit, the Wielder of victories, above the noble order of the angels ; and round about Thee on the ethereal air, robed with light, flit the mighty angel hosts. The spirits of men may not mount upward in the body from the ways of earth, with that radiant throng, heralds of glory. These didst Thou shape and didst elect them to Thy service, holy, of heavenly essence. And of that order six are called unto eternal joy ; with six pinions of feathers are they set about and graced, they shine in splendour. And four are there that ever in flight before the face of the eternal Judge observe most beauteous service, without ceasing sing in glory with silver voice the praise of heaven’s King, loveliest of strains, hymning with clear voices these words—their name is called Cherubim—‘ Holy is the holy God of archangels, the Lord of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of His glory and all His high-majesty set round with splendour.’ And two are there among them, a victor-race,

whom man nameth with the name Seraphim. They must needs hold in holiness the plain of Paradise, the tree of life, with sword of flame. Sharp-edged the blade, stippled with wondrous signs, shaketh and changeth colour, in their steadfast grasp. For Thou, Lord God, dost wield the world for ever, and Thou didst cast out from the upper skies the shameful scathers, workers of sin, heedless of heart. And that weary crew must needs sink into the dark dwellings of Hell, into a death of torment. There in the surging flame they needs must undergo the pangs of death, girt round about with darkness, in the dragon's clutch. For Thy dominion he disdained, wherefore in grievous curse, foulest of the foul, an outlaw, he shall endure and suffer servitude. And there the Prince of sin may not despise Thy word but he is fast in throes of torment, and fettered in anguish. And if it be Thy will, O Lord of angels, that He reign, who hung upon the cross, and by Mary was born upon earth in the likeness of a child, the Prince of angels—and were He not Thy Son, unstained of sin, He had not wrought so many wondrous truths in the kingdom of earth in the allotted days, nor hadst Thou waked Him thus gloriously from death before mankind, O Lord of nations, were He not Thy Son in glory by the radiant Maid—now, O Father of angels, reveal Thy beacon unto us. And even as Thou didst incline Thine ear unto the prayer of Moses, that holy man, when Thou, O God

of might, didst show to him at that holy tide the bones of Joseph under the steep hill, so now, O Lord of hosts, if it be Thy will, I do entreat Thee by that noble man that Thou, O Shaper of souls, lay open unto me that golden treasure that long was hid from man. Do Thou, O Lord of life, let rise from the winsome plain, under the compass of the sky, a wavering smoke. So shall I better trust in Thee, the more steadfastly stablish my fervent hope, my heart, upon the crucified Christ, that He is in very sooth the Saviour of souls, Eternal and Almighty, the King of Israel, ever without beginning, and without an end, reigning over the eternal dwellings of glory in heaven above."

## X

Then, like smoke from that place, there rose a mist beneath the heavens, and the heart of the man was lifted up, and, wise and blessed, he clapped his hands towards the skies. Prudent of thought Judas spake :  
" Now in my stubborn heart have I beheld that Thou art indeed the Healer of the world. Unto Thee, O Lord of hosts, reigning in glory, be eternal thanks, that Thou in Thy majesty hast disclosed to me, weary of soul and sinful, the secrets of Fate. Now, O Son of God, do I entreat Thee, Thou Giver of joy to men, knowing full well that Thou wast manifested and begotten the Glory of all kings, that Thou



be not longer mindful of my sins, O Lord, which all too often I have sinned against Thee. Let me, O God of might, be numbered with the number of Thy kingdom, have part with holy men, and dwell in that radiant city where my brother is, magnified in glory, for that Stephen held covenant with Thee, though he was stoned with stones. He hath the reward of battle, unending bliss ; and the wonders that he wrought are written in the books of the Writings." Then, full fain of heart, with steadfast strength he began to delve for the tree of glory in the earth under its covering of turf, until after a space of twenty feet he found three crosses, concealed under the shelving cliff, hid in a prison of darkness ; there he discovered them together in their gloomy grave, strewn with sand, even as the impious race of Jews had wrapped them o'er with earth in olden days. They roused up hate against the Son of God, as they had never done had they not given ear unto the counsels of the Prince of sin.

Then was his heart gladdened within him ; his soul inspired by that holy rood, his spirit lifted up when he beheld the glorious beacon in the earth. With his hands he grasped the blessed cross of glory, and, with that host, he drew it forth from its grave in the earth. And the far-travellers and they of princely rank journeyed unto the town. Before the knee of Elene, plainly to be seen, these valiant men and proud set the three victor-trees.

And the queen had joy of the work in her heart, and questioned them on which cross it was that the Son of God, the Giver of hope to man, was crucified.

“Lo! we have heard it in the holy books clearly set forth that there were twain who suffered with Him; and He Himself was third upon the rood. Then were the skies veiled in darkness in that grievous hour. If thou dost know, say on which cross of these three the Prince of angels, Lord of glory, endured woe.”

Nor might Judas, for he wist not well, make known unto her fully of that rood of triumph, whereon the Saviour, the Victor Son of God, was lifted up; and he bade them set up the crosses in the midst of that mighty town with tumult, and tarry there till that the Almighty King should manifest, before the multitude, a marvel regarding the tree of glory. And the triumphant throng, with musing hearts, lifted up a song and sat them down about the three crosses until the ninth hour, when they gained new delight won by glorious deed. For there came a multitude unto that place, no little folk; and they carried nigh at hand, upon a bier, with a throng of men, one dead, a youth whose soul was fled. It was the ninth hour. Then Judas was glad of heart, and he bade them set the dead and soulless man, the body reft of life, upon the ground, and he, proclaimer of justice, wise of heart, musing deeply, lifted up two of the

crosses over that house devoted unto death. But it was dead, even as aforetime ; the body fast upon its bier ; the limbs were chill, girt round about with grievous doom.

Then the third was lifted up in holiness. The body bode till that the rood of the celestial Prince, the cross of heaven's King, true victor-token, was raised above him. Then straight he rose, endowed with spirit, body and soul together. Then was praise fairly offered up by that folk. They glorified the Father and gave reverence unto the very Son of God. His be glory and the everlasting thanks of every creature !

## XI

Then was the marvel which the Lord of hosts, the Guide of life, wrought to the defence of human-kind graven upon the hearts of that folk as well should be. But the lying demon, the devil from Hell, the foul fiend musing evil, beat upward through the air and cried aloud :

“ Lo ! what one of men is this, who in olden strife smiteth my train, prolongeth ancient hate, despoileth my possessions. This is enduring conflict. Guilty souls may no longer bide within my realms, but now is come an alien soul, whom I thought fast in sin, and he hath reft from me every right and all my treasure. No fair lot is this. The Saviour  
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who was born in Nazareth hath done me many a mischief, many a deed of cruel hate. For when He was grown from childhood He drew unto Himself all my ancient holdings; nor might my portion thrive. His realm is wide throughout the earth; my rede is minished under heaven. No need have I to scorn the cross with mocking laughter. Lo! the Redeemer hath barred me in once more within my straitened home, with grievous curse. By Judas aforetime I grew full of hope; now once again am I brought low, empty of good, out-cast and friendless, through a second Judas. But by my deeds of evil I know full well to find return again out of the house of hell. I shall rouse up against thee another king and he shall smite thee, and leave thy counsels and follow after my ways, and shall thrust thee into swartest and worst of torturing terrors, that thou, visited of pain, shalt strive with fervour against the crucified King, unto whom aforetime thou didst hearken."

But the wise-hearted Judas, brave man of war, gave answer unto him, for the Holy Ghost was bestowed upon him in fulness, a flaming love and wisdom springing from warrior's craft; and he spake this word of judgment:

"Thou needest not so sturdily to stir up strife, renew distress, ever heedful of sin, thou lord of death, for that the mighty King, He who hath wakened many from the dead, hath cast thee down into the nether pit, into the gulf



of torment, thou worker of evil, reft of honour. Be well assured that in thy folly thou didst renounce the love of God, brightest of beacons and a beauteous joy, and in the surging fire, compassed about by torment, didst dwell since then, withered of the flame ; and there shalt thou forever without an end, perverse of heart, suffer curse and fierce affliction."

And Elene hearkened how the friend and the foe, vile and glorious, sinful and dowered with bliss, urged strife on either hand. She was the gladder when she heard that hellish scather, the Prince of sin, brought low, and wondered at the knowledge of the man that he in so little space of time was grown so full of faith, that he, so unenlightened aforetime, was endowed with so great wisdom. And she gave thanks to God, unto the King of glory, that her will of these two things had come to pass through the Son of God, both in beholding the cross of triumph, and in the faith which she perceived full well was a radiant gift in the heart of that man.

## XII

Then was known throughout that folk-land, the glorious tidings, wide heralded among the people to the grudge of many men who would fain obscure the law of God. It was published through every town, so far as the seas compass them round about, in every city, that the cross of Christ, long buried in

the earth, was found again, fairest of triumph-tokens of all those which early or late were lifted up in holiness under the heavens, but a grievous mischance unto the Jews, those men forlorn, bitterest of destinies for that they might not turn it away before the world, this joy of Christian men.

And straight throughout her host of earls the lady bade heralds hasten unto the journey, for they must needs seek out the lord of the dwellers of Rome, over the deep sea-water; unto that hero say this best of blithesome news, that, by the loving-kindness of God, the cross of victory was come to light, found within the earth, where long ago it was hid to work a harm to holy men, and to the Christian folk.

Then the heart of the king was gladdened within him at that fair word, his soul had joy. Nor in that city did it fail of men, in golden raiment, making query of the tidings brought from far. The greatest of comforts in the world was his, a laughing heart, at the gracious news which these warrior-heralds brought him over the eastern ways, how the war-men with their victor-queen had made safe journey over the swan-road, unto the Grecian land. And Caesar bade them make ready once again unto the journey with all speed. Nor did the warriors tarry when they heard the answer, the word of their lord. He charged them greet the lady Elene if they, stalwart-hearted heroes famed in war, should endure the ocean

waves and make safe voyage unto the holy city. And eke he charged them that they give her bidding to build a church upon the hillside, a temple of God, that they both might profit thereby ; that it might be according to the will of Christ on Calvary, and an help to man, there where the holy rood was come upon, more bright and beauteous than any tree of those the dwellers in the world have known upon the ways of earth.

And this she wrought, when those well-loved men over the ocean floods brought her many a winning word from out the west. Then the queen bade seek out apart men dowered with skill, whoso knew to work cunningly in stone, to rear a temple unto God on that spot of ground. And, as the Warden of spirits admonished her from heaven, she charged them grace the cross with gold and gems, with fairest precious stones ; set it round about with cunning skill, and fasten it with bolt and bar in a chest of silver. There since that day the cross of life hath rested, best of trees of triumph, not to be broken in its excellence. There it shall ever be a ready succour unto those afflicted of any torment, any sorrow or strife ; and by that holy sign they shall soon find help and grace from God.

Likewise, after the appointed time, Judas received the bath of baptism, and, being made pure, was faithful unto Christ, dear to the Warden of life. And belief endured constant in his heart, for the Spirit of comfort

abode in the breast of that man, and prompted him unto repentance. He chose the better lot, the bliss of glory, and withstood the worse, the worship of devils ; he gave over godlessness, the rites of sin. And the eternal King, Lord God, Wielder of might, showed mercy upon him.

### XIII

Then was he baptized who oft aforetime despised<sup>1</sup> the light ; his heart was roused unto the better life, and turned unto glory. Lo ! Fate ordained that thus in the kingdom of the world he should be faithful, dear unto God and acceptable to Christ. And all this was published abroad when Elene charged them that they bring to the holy city, unto the council, Eusebius, Bishop of Rome, wise in the musings of men, to be a stay unto them, and to set Judas in the priesthood in Jerusalem, to be bishop in that city over the peoples, well chosen unto God's temple by the Spirit's grace ; and in her wisdom afterward she named him anew and called his name Cyriacus. And the name of the man from this time forth, throughout the cities, was changed unto this better name, "the law of God."

But the heart of Elene was greatly busied in the glorious matter of the nails which pierced the Saviour's feet and hands, where-with the King of heaven, the mighty Lord, was

<sup>1</sup> Supplying *forhygcōde*.



fastened on the rood. Of them the Christian queen made query, and charged Cyriacus that once again, by spirit's might, he accomplish her will in that deed of wonder, reveal it in his glorious grace ; and unto the bishop she spake this word, and fearlessly addressed him :

"Thou didst discover unto me aright, O Shield of warriors, the beauteous cross of heaven's King, on which was hung by heathen hands the Saviour of souls, very Son of God, Redeemer of men. Yet doth desire of the nails of the cross admonish me in heart. I would have thee find them, where they are buried in the earth, deeply entombed and wrapped about with darkness. Ever my heart doth sorrow, waiteth in rue and resteth never, ere that Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts, Redeemer of man in holiness from heaven, accomplish my will unto me by the attaining of these nails. Now in all lowliness, O best of heralds, straightway send thy prayers upward to the radiant heaven unto the Lord of splendour ; entreat that Glory of warriors that the Almighty King reveal to thee that treasure in the earth where it lieth buried, hidden, dark to men."

Then the bishop of that folk, with kindled soul, made strong his heart, and gladsomely went forth with much people praising God ; and eagerly he bowed down his face on Calvary, hid not his secret thoughts, but cried aloud to God with spirits' might, with all humility, that the Lord of angels, in his new need, might

show to him that unknown fact, where in that space of ground most confidently he might ween to find the nails. Then as they gazed, the Father, the Spirit of comfort, showed forth a token in the likeness of fire ascending up where the glorious nails, by secret fraud, after the evil counsels of men, were hidden in the earth. For there came a swift, flickering flame, brighter than the sun. The folk beheld a marvel revealed unto their sovereign queen, where the nails gleamed in radiance from the darkness out of their narrow tomb under the earth, even as stars of heaven or gems of gold. And that people had joy of heart, an exultant throng, and of one mind gave praise to God, though they had lived long time in ways of error, by the devil's evil might turned away from Christ. And thus they spake :

“ Now do we behold the victor-token, the wondrous sign of God, that we aforetime withstood with lies. Now is the way of Fate revealed and come to light. Glory be to the God of heaven on high.”

And once again the bishop of that folk was made glad of heart, who was inclined unto repentance by the Son of God. Reverently he lifted up the nails and brought them unto his honoured queen. And even as the noble lady bade him, Cyriacus had accomplished all the craving of the woman. And there rose a sound of weeping ; hot, welling tears flowed down their faces, no whit for woe the tear-drops fell upon the wire-wrought nails.

Full gloriously was the will of the queen fulfilled. With radiant faith she set them on her knee, exultant in her joy, adored the offering that was brought to her to soothe her sorrow. She thanked God, the Lord of triumph, that now indeed she beheld the truth that oft had been prophesied aforetime, even from the beginning of the world, to be a comfort unto men. And she was filled with grace of wisdom, and the holy, heavenly Spirit abode with her, and held ward over her breast and noble heart. Thus the Almighty Victor-Child of God from that time forth did cherish her.

## XIV

Then eagerly with mystic yearning she began to seek out righteousness, a way to glory. And lo ! the Lord of hosts, Father in heaven, Almighty King, did lend her help that in the world the queen might win her will. That prophecy was sung of old by men of wisdom from its beginning, as it then befell in each regard. Then with grace of spirit, eagerly, the queen of that folk sought with careful pains unto what purpose best and most meetly she might devote the nails, to the advantage of mortal men, and what might be the will of God. And she charged them that straightway they bring to her a man of exceeding wisdom, one sage of heart with skill of judgment, who had wise counsel ; and she made question of that

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man what in his heart he deemed it best to do, and dutifully she did according to his prompting. And confidently he spake to her :

“Meet it is, O fairest queen, that thou hold fast in thy heart the word of God, his holy runes, and eagerly accomplish the King’s behest, now that God, the Saviour of men, hath granted thee weal of soul, and craft of judgment. Do thou bid these nails be fastened unto the bridle of the noblest king of earth, of castled power, to be a bit unto his steed. Far-famed throughout the earth to many men shall that bridle be, when by its power he may overwhelm in strife each hostile force, when warring, sworded men battle on either hand, where foe with foe strive for victory. He shall have speed of battle, victory in strife, peace over all, rest after war, who before him reineth this bridle over his charger white, when chosen warriors, famed in fight, bear shield and sword into the storm of spears. And this to any one of men shall be an unvanquished weapon in battle against the woe of war. The prophet, sage of heart, did sing of it, his mind, his mood of wisdom, deep inspired. And he spake this word :

“It shall befall, full widely known, that the king’s charger in the press of heroes shall be adorned with bit and bridle-rings. And that symbol shall be called holy unto God, and he shall have valiant heart and battle-glory who reineth that steed.”

And quickly Elene brought all this to pass



before the earls. She bade adorn the bridle of the prince, ring-giving lord of men, and she sent unto her son in offering this blameless gift over the ocean-stream. Then she mustered together unto the holy city, within the town, whatsoever men she knew to be the best among the Jews of that race of people. And the queen began to teach the band of well-beloved that they cherish steadfastly the love of God, peace among themselves and loving-kindness, without sin in the days of their life; and that they do according to the counsels of their teacher, and Christian ways even as Cyriacus, wise in the lore of books, should bid them.

And that bishopric was fairly founded. Oft from afar came unto him the halt, the lame of limb, the feeble, those that limped, smitten of bloody wounds, lepers and blind men, the lowly and the sad of heart, and there they found healing at the bishop's hands and eternal weal. And Elene bestowed upon him gifts of treasure, when she was made ready unto her journey back to her native land; and she charged all those who worshipped God in that kingdom, both man and maid, that they ever observe with soul and strength, in the thoughts of their hearts, that glorious day whereon the holy rood was found, fairest of all trees which have grown from out the earth with increase of leaves.

Then was the time of spring over and gone save for six nights ere the coming of summer upon the calends of May. May the doors of

hell be locked, heaven's gates unbarred, the eternal realm of angels and everlasting joy be opened wide, and may his lot fall with Mary, for every one of men, whoso holdeth in his heart the most lovely feast of the cross under the heaven, which Almighty God, Ruler of all, hath sheltered with his arm. Finit.

## XV

Thus have I spun my lay with craft of word and wrought it wondrously, aged and nigh unto death by fault of this mouldering house ; at times I mused upon it and sifted my thoughts in the dungeon of night. I knew not clearly of that rood aright, ere wisdom in ample power imparted wider counsel in the thought of my heart. I was stained by my deeds of evil, shackled in sin, harried by sorrow, bound with bitterness, compassed about by trouble ere that in majesty the King of might granted me knowledge to console old age, ere that He meted out to me His radiant grace, instilled it in my heart, revealed its glory, made it more ample, loosed my body, undid the bolts of my breast and taught me song-craft, which in the world I have used with will and gladness. Full often had I pondered on that glorious cross, nor once alone, ere I unriddled all the marvel of that radiant tree. I found the tale of that victor-token in books, to make it known in writings in due course of time. But  
**C** ever until that day was strife, the *hero*

dying beat upon by waves of woe, though he gained treasure in the mead-hall and  
**Y** appled gold. He mourned his *woe*,  
**N** *doomed to journey hence*, endured deep  
**E** sorrow, that narrow rune, when his *horse*  
 measured off before him the mile-paths,  
 raced proud of heart, and decked with  
**W** precious trappings. *Gladness* is  
 gone, and all delight ; youth is vanished  
 away and olden pride. Once the gleam  
**U** of youth was *ours*. But now those days  
 of yore after their appointed space of time  
 have fled, life's winsomeness hath waned  
**L** even as the *waters* flow away, the hurrying  
**F** floods. *Wealth* is fleeting for every-  
 one of men under the heavens. The  
 loveliness of earth departeth away under the  
 clouds, most like unto a wind when it riseth loud  
 in the ears of men, rangeth the clouds, fareth  
 in fury, and then all suddenly is barred in  
 silence in its narrow prison, constrained by  
 force.

So all this world vanisheth away, and a destroying flame shall seize on all those born therein, when God Himself with his angel-host cometh unto judgment. Then shall every one of men hear a just doom of his every deed by the mouth of his Judge ; and he shall give pledge for every vain word spoken aforetime, and all presumptuous thoughts. Then shall the folk be dealt into three parts unto the embrace of flame, every one of men of those who from the beginning have lived upon the spacious earth. And

the righteous shall be uppermost in flame, the band of the blessed, the throng of them that yearn for glory, high-hearted men; so may they suffer lightly, free from woe. He assigneth for them the flame of the fire, as may be gentlest and mildest unto them. But the wicked, sad of heart, soiled of sin, shall be among the middle throng in the hot, surging flame, compassed about with smoke. And the third part, the cursed scathing spoilers, the lying foes of man, the impious crew, shall be in the gripe of the gledes, in the bosom of the fire, fettered in flame, for their former deeds. Never again from that house of death shall they come unto the remembrance of God, the King of Glory, but these wrathful foes shall be cast out from that battle-wave of flame into the pit of hell. It shall fare in unlike wise with those other twain. For they may see God, the Prince of victory. They shall be seethed and sundered from sin, even as pure gold, that in the fire is cleansed of every blemish, in the furnace flame molten and purged. So shall each one of those men be shorn and freed of every evil, of deep iniquity, by the fire of judgment. Then may they know peace and lasting weal. And the Lord of angels shall be gracious unto them and blithesome, for that they forsook evil, the works of sin, and cried aloud in prayer unto the Son of God. Wherefore now they shall shine in beauty like unto the angels, and enjoy the heritage of the King of Glory forevermore. Amen.



## JULIANA

Lo ! we have heard warriors tell and valiant men rehearse what deeds befell in the days of Maximian, the profane king, the heathen warlord, who throughout the world roused up strife, slew Christian men, destroyed churches, and poured out the holy blood of righteous worshippers of God upon the grassy plain. His kingdom was wide, strong and mighty over the nations, almost over all the spacious earth. Among the cities went, as he bade, his mighty thanes, oft working violence, misled in their deeds, they who scorned the law of the Lord in their sinful might. Deeds of hate they wrought, in that they exalted idolatry, slew holy men, destroyed those learned in the Writings, burned chosen men, and harried the champions of God with spear and fire.

There was a rich man of noble lineage, a mighty prefect. And he did wield it over squadrons, and ever defended the land, and in the camp of Nicomedia held his treasure. Oft with zeal he prayed to heathen idols against the word of God. His name was called Eleusius and he had mighty and illustrious dominion. Then did his heart begin to lust after a maid

Juliana, and desire overcame him. But she in her heart cherished holy faith, and was greatly minded that she would preserve her purity unspotted of any sin for the love of Christ.

Then was the maid, after the will of her father, betrothed unto this rich man. Nor did he fully know her destiny, how she, young in heart, despised his friendship. For the fear of God was more in her thoughts than all the treasure that lay in the possession of that prince. Then was the wealthy one, this man rich in treasure, fain in his heart of the nuptials, that the maid should straightway be made ready unto him, the bride unto his home; yet she strove steadfastly against his love, although he possessed treasure in the treasure-chest, vast wealth of jewels throughout the world. All this she scorned, and thus spake in the assembly of men:

“I say unto thee that thou needest not more heavily afflict thyself. For if thou dost love and believe in the true God and observe His worship, then dost thou understand the spirit of God, and quickly, yea without wavering, will I yield unto thy will. Likewise I say to thee that if thou dost put thy trust in any lesser God through idolatry, and dost promise heathen tribute, then mayest thou not have me, nor by compulsion take me to wife. Nor ever through harsh anger shalt thou prepare such mighty pain of cruel torture that thou mayest turn me from these words.”

Then was the prince, stained with sinful

deeds, smitten with anger as he heard the maiden's words, and he bade fleet messengers summon swiftly to the council the sire of the holy maid, rough and blind of heart. Their words poured forth what time they leaned their spears together, these warriors. Heathen were they both, and sick with sin, father-in-law and son-in-law. Then spake the shepherd of the kingdom, the spear-bearer, with fierce heart unto the sire of the maid :

"Thy daughter hath shown me dishonour, for that she saith to me outright that of my love she recketh naught, or my affection. Most painful unto me in heart are these insults, that she so grievously before this people hath assailed me with censure, bidding me that with tribute I worship a strange God above that one whom formerly we knew, that I praise Him in my speech and honour Him in my heart, or gain her never."

Then waxed wroth the fierce sire of the maid, and he sware according to this word, and disclosed his heart :

"I do swear by the true gods that as ever I shall find mercy at their hands or favour at thine, O Prince, in the joyous cities, that if these words be true, thou dearest of men, which thou sayest unto me, that in no wise will I be sparing unto her ; but I will give her over to destruction, noble Prince, and into thy power. And do thou adjudge her unto death, if unto thee it shall seem fitting, or do thou leave unto her life, as may be dearer to thee."

Then went he to speak unto the damsel, resolute and wroth, smitten with anger, where he, illustrious, knew the young maid to keep her abode. Thus spake he unto her :

“Thou art my daughter, the dearest and sweetest in my heart, the only one upon earth, light of mine eyes, Juliana. Thou hast in thy folly, through thy vain hatred, undertaken a course against the judgment of the councillors. Overmuch dost thou oppose thy bridegroom with thine opinion, who is higher than thou, nobler in the land, richer in treasure. And as a friend he is kind. Therefore is it fitting that thou alone shouldest never put aside the affection of this man, his undying love.”

Then to him made answer the blessed Juliana, for steadfastly had she set her affection upon God :

“Never will I consent to the alliance of this prince until that he worship God more earnestly than he aforetime did, and love with sacrifices Him who created light, heaven, and earth, and the compass of the seas, and the circle of dwellings. Nor in any other wise may he bring me to his home. But with his treasure he shall seek out bridal love at the gift of another maid, nor here shall he ever obtain it.”

Then in anger wrathfully her father answered, and by no means did he offer her adornments :

“I shall bring it about, if my life endure, that if thou do not first leave off this folly, and



if that thou worship strange gods and forsake those who are dearer unto us, who stand for an help unto this people, that thou, quickly paying with thy life, shalt die in the clutch of beasts, unless thou wilt yield to submission and the union of this brave man. Great is that undertaking and terrible for one like thee, that thou despise our lord."

To him the blessed Juliana, wise and dear to God, gave answer: "Unto thee will I speak truth; as I live, I will not work a lie. In no wise do I fear me for thy judgments, neither are thy tortures grievous unto me, nor the terrors of death which thou with malice dost threaten against me; nor ever shalt thou work it by thy snares that thou turn me from the love of Christ."

Then was he furious, maddened and wrathful, savage and merciless, the sire against the maid; and he bade that they scourge her, constrain her with torture, afflict her with torments, and thus spake he:

"Turn thee in mind, and change these words which thou spakest in thy folly aforetime, when thou didst scorn the worship of our gods."

To him Juliana, undismayed in soul with understanding heart, gave answer:

"Never shalt thou teach me that I give tribute unto deception, to idols dumb and deaf, the foes of the spirit—to these worst of the disciples of torment. But I worship the Lord of heaven, of the earth and of glory, and

to Him alone do I entrust all things, that He may become my Guardian, my Helper and my Saviour against the foes of hell."

Then did Africanus, her father, in anger give over the maid to Eleusius, into the power of her enemies. He bade that at daybreak, after the coming of light, she be led to his judgment-seat. And the warriors marvelled at the beauty of the maid, all the people together. Then did the prince, her bridegroom, first greet her in joyous words:

"My sweetest sunlight, Juliana, what radiance thou hast, what generous grace and bloom of youth! Even yet if thou wilt make propitiation unto our gods, and seek protection at their merciful hands, favour at the hands of the holy ones, shall countless numbers of torments, cruelly contrived, be warded off from thee; of terrible injuries which are prepared if that thou wilt not sacrifice unto the true gods."

But unto him the noble maid gave answer: "Never shalt thou prevail with thy threats, neither prepare so many cruel torments, that I should love thy fellowship, except thou leave these lies, this worshipping of idols, and wisely understand the God of glory, the Creator of spirits, the Lord of mankind, in whose might all creatures abide forever without end."

Then merciless in heart he spake boastful words before that people, and waxed exceeding wroth, he the lord of the people. Then with hateful cruelty he bade that they stretch out the maid in nakedness and scourge her, free

of guilt, with scourges. Then did the warrior laugh, and spake insults :

“ This is the dominion in our strife taken in its beginning. Yet will I grant thee life, though thou spakest many a rash word aforetime, and didst overmuch resist to love the true gods. Unto thee in thy perversity shall afterwards be rewards of torture, except thou first be reconciled to them, and offer unto them acceptable sacrifice after thy wicked words, and establish thy peace. Let strife cease and hateful combat. But if thou longer after this, through thy folly, pursuest after delusions, then needs must I, compelled by enmity, punish thy blasphemy in the cruellest wise, thy bitter words of insult, when thou didst begin with blasphemy to strive against the happiest and the most merciful of those gods whom men know, and whom the people long have worshipped.”

But unafraid in heart the noble maid gave answer :

“ Neither do I fear me for thy judgments, accursed persecutor, nor for the evil of thy torments. But I have for my hope the Ruler of heaven, a merciful Protector, the Lord of might, who doth defend me against thy delusions, from the clutch of monsters which thou dost hold as gods. They are profitless of every good thing, empty, useless, and vain, nor in them may any man find comfort, or true peace ; although he seek unto himself friendship, never shall he find virtue among devils. But I have set my heart upon my

Lord, who in all might ruleth eternally. He is the Possessor of glory and of all victory ; He is the true King."

Then did it seem grievous unto the governor that in no wise might he turn the heart, the purpose of the maid. And he bade that they seize her by her hair, and hang her unto an high tree, where the sunbright damsel endured stripes, cruel torture six hours of that day ; and that cruel persecutor straightway bade that they take her down again and lead her unto prison. But the love of Christ was fast bound in her mind, and in her gentle heart a strength not to be broken.

## II

Then was the door of the prison fastened with a bolt, the work of the hammer. And within the holy maid endured faithful ; and ever in the prison, covered with darkness, in her heart she praised the King of glory, the Lord of heaven, the Saviour of men. And the Holy Ghost was a constant companion unto her. Then suddenly came into the prison the Enemy of mankind, skilled in evil ; and he had the form of an angel. Wise was he in afflictions, this enemy of the soul, this captive of hell, and unto the holy maid he said :

" Why sufferest thou who art most dear and precious to the King of glory, our God. This



judge hath prepared for thee the worst tortures, torment without end, if thou wilt not prudently sacrifice and make propitiation unto his gods. Be thou in haste when he bids thee be led outward hence, that thou make a sacrifice, an offering of victory, before that death come upon thee, death in the presence of the warriors. In this wise shalt thou survive the anger of this judge, O blessed maid ! ”

But straightway did she, acceptable unto Christ, in no wise dismayed, ask whence he was come. And the outcast made answer unto her :

“ I am an angel of God, come from above, His noble follower, sent unto thee in holiness from heaven. For thee cruel tortures, with woeful wounds, are prepared in punishment. The Lord bids thee, child of God, that thou avert them.”

Then was the maid stricken with terror for the fearful message which the minister, the Enemy of heaven, declared unto her. And steadfastly in her youth and innocence she began to strengthen her heart and call upon God :

“ Now, O Protector of man, Eternal and Almighty ! do I entreat Thee by that noble creation which Thou, the Father of angels, didst establish in the beginning, that Thou let me not turn aside from the praise of Thy grace, as this messenger who standeth before me, declareth unto me—a fearsome message.

Likewise, O Innocent One ! I do entreat Thee that Thou make known to me, O Thou Glory of kings, Thou God of splendour, who this flying minister may be, that he doth urge me away from Thee upon the down-hill road ! ”

Then unto her spake a glorious voice from the clouds, and uttered this word :

“ Do thou seize this vile one and hold him fast, till that he rightly declare unto thee his purpose, even from the beginning what his kinship may be.”

And the heart of the glorious maid was glad ; and she seized upon that devil. . . .

“ to deliver up to death the King of all kings. And I wrought that the warrior wounded the Lord of hosts, while the army gazed upon it, until that blood and water together fell to the ground. I stirred up Herod in heart that he gave order to behead John, for that he reproved with words his love of wife, his unrighteous wedlock. Also with malice I taught Simon, so that he began to strive against the chosen followers of Christ, and with shame assailed those holy men, saying that they were wizards. With sharp wiles I dared to delude Nero so that he bade the followers of Christ, Peter and Paul, be given over unto death. By my teachings did Pilate formerly hang upon the cross the Ruler of the heavens, the mighty Lord. In like wise also did I incite Hegias, so that in his folly he bade the holy Andrew to be hanged to an high tree,

and sent forth his spirit from the gallows, in a splendour of glory. Thus among my brothers I wrought many a deed of evil, of black sin, which I may not tell, nor fully relate nor know the countless number of my cruel, malicious thoughts."

Then by the grace of the Holy Ghost the blessed Juliana spake unto him :

" More fully yet, Enemy of man, shalt thou disclose thine errand ; who sent thee unto me ?"

And unto her the monster gave answer, dismayed, discovered, without hope of peace :

" Behold, my father, the king of the inhabitants of hell, sent me hither from that narrow home on this journey unto thee. And he in that abode of misery is more eager in every evil than I. When he sendeth us that we, through deceit, pervert the hearts of the righteous, and turn them from salvation, we are sad in heart, dismayed in mind. Nor is he a merciful lord unto us, but a terrible prince ; and if we have done no evil, then dare we not enter in unto his presence. But he sendeth forth his ministers of darkness throughout the spacious earth, and biddeth them that they stir up violence, and if we are to be found upon the earthly path, or are come upon far or near, that they bind us and scourge us in torments of fire. And if through corruptions we pervert not the souls of the righteous, the hearts of the holy, then suffer we the hardest and most grievous punishments through painful blows. Now mayest thou know truly in thy

heart that I was needs compelled unto this boldness, time and again afflicted, that I seek thee out."

Then still did the holy maid purpose to question the Enemy of man, the doer of evil, the contriver of sin: "Thou shalt more fully tell me, thou Enemy of souls, how thou, through sinful snares, dost work grievous harm unto the righteous, encompassed round about with malice."

Unto her the fiend replied, the faithless outcast: "I may easily make known unto thee the beginning of every evil, even unto the end, of those which I, on many a journey, have wrought with wounds of sin, that thou mayest thus more clearly know that this is truth and nowise false. For I hoped and deemed it certain in my heart that without difficulty I might, by my strength alone, turn thee from salvation, so that thou shouldest withstand the King of heaven, the Lord of victories, and bow thee down to lesser gods, and sacrifice unto the Prince of evil. Thus in varied forms do I pervert the mind of the righteous man. When I find him establish his heart upon the will of God, then am I at once ready so that against him I bring manifold vices of the mind, cruel thoughts and secret errors. Through a multitude of snares I make sweet unto him the pleasures of sin, wicked desires of the heart, so that quickly given over unto unrighteousness, he hearkeneth unto my teachings. And I grievously inflame him with sin, so that, burning, he ceaseth from



prayer and walketh insolently, nor may he steadfastly remain longer in the place of prayer, for the love of his sin. So I bring hateful error unto that man to whom I begrudge life and a clear belief. And he doth wilfully hearken unto my teachings, and commit sin, and afterward, bereft of virtue, he slippeth away. But if I meet any courageous man, a valiant champion of the Lord against the sting of my arrows, who will not flee far thence from the battle, but, bold in heart, lifteth his shield against me, his holy buckler, a spiritual armour; who will not desert his God but, bold in prayer, standeth at bay in his course, then must I flee away from that place, humiliated, cut off from joy, and in the embrace of fire lament my sorrows, that I might not in battle, by cunning of strength, overcome. But I shall wretchedly seek out another less powerful man, under the banners of a slower champion, whom I may arouse by my incitements and impede in the warfare. And though spiritually he purpose some good thing, I am at once ready to read his every secret thought, to observe how his heart is strengthened within him, and how his resistance is wrought. And through sins I open the gate of this wall; when the tower is pierced, the entrance laid open, then I send into his breast by my arrows bitter thoughts, through various desires of the heart, so that it seemeth better to him to accomplish sins and lusts of the body, contrary to the worship of

God. I am an eager teacher, that he may live after my evil fashions, turned openly from the law of Christ, corrupted in heart, for me to rule in the pit of sins. In this man I care more eagerly for the destruction of the spirit than of the flesh, which in a grave, hidden in the earth, shall become in the world a pleasure to the worm."

Then again the maid spake :

"Tell me, misshapen, unclean spirit, inciter of evils, how thou didst force thyself into the company of the more pure. Thou of old unfaithful didst strive and war with Christ, and didst plot against the holy. The pit of hell was digged below thee and there, driven by misery, for thy pride, thou didst seek out an abode. I deemed that thou wouldst be more wary and less bold in such an encounter against the righteous man, who through the King of glory hath oft withstood thy will."

And the miserable, accursed monster replied unto her and said :

"Do thou first tell me how thou bravely, by deep thought, became thus bold in combat beyond all womankind, so that thou hast thus firmly bound me with fetters, wholly powerless to resist. Thou didst put thy trust in the Eternal God sitting in glory, the Lord of mankind, as I establish my hope upon my father, the ruler of the dwellers in hell ; and when I am sent forth against the righteous man, that in evil deeds I may pervert his heart and turn his soul from salvation, at

times through resistance my will is denied to me, my hope at the hands of the holy, even as sorrow here came upon me in my journey. This I myself perceive, but all too late. Now shall I long, because of this evil-doing, suffer shame. Therefore, I entreat thee by the might of the Most High, by the grace of the King of heaven who suffered on the cross, the Prince of glory, that thou pity me in my distress, that I may not wholly perish miserably, though boldly and thus foolhardily I sought thee on this journey, when I aforetime expected no such plight as this."

Then the fair candle of splendour said unto that traitor :

" Thou shalt confess more deeds of evil, thou base spirit of hell, ere thou mayest go hence ; what many deeds of wickedness thou hast accomplished with thy dark delusions for an injury to the children of men."

And to her the Devil made answer :

" Now by thy utterance I know that, constrained by hatred, I must needs lay bare my heart as thou biddest me, and endure compulsion. This plight is full hard, this calamity measureless. I shall suffer and endure everything in thy judgment, disclose the dark deeds of evil which I long have wrought. Oft I took away sight, and blinded countless numbers of the children of men with evil thoughts ; and covered with a veil of mist, through a poisonous breath, and with dark showers, the light of the eye ; and I des-

troyed the feet of some with snares. Some I sent into the fire, unto the embrace of the flames, which was the last visible sign of their footsteps. Eke for some I wrought it that their bodies spurted blood, and they suddenly gave forth their life through an outpouring of the veins. Some by my might upon the sea were drowned in the waters, upon their course on the ocean-stream, under the raging flood. Some I gave over to the cross, so that they miserably laid down their lives upon the high gallows. Some I induced by my evil devices to commit strife, so that they suddenly renewed old quarrels, drunk with beer. I poured out to them discord from the cup, so that they in the wine-hall, through the clash of swords, gave forth their lives from the body, and, doomed to death, hasted away, visited with pains. Some whom I found without God's token, neglected and unblessed, these I boldly slew with various deaths at my hands with malice. I may not tell, although I sit a long summer day, all the sorrows that early and late by treachery I have wrought, since first the heavens were lifted up, and the path of the stars, and the earth established, and the first men, Adam and Eve, whom I deprived of life and taught them, so that they forsook the love of the Lord of hosts, eternal grace and the bright prosperity of home; and misery came upon them both forever, and on their children, darkest of evil deeds. Why should I recount more of endless evil? I have brought



forth all fierce crimes throughout the nations, which came to pass in the long ages from the beginning of the world, for mankind, for men on earth. No one of these there was who dared thus boldly, as thou hast now dared in thy holiness to touch me with thy hands ; no man thus courageous upon earth in holy might, no one of the patriarchs, nor of the prophets ; although the Lord of hosts, the King of glory, revealed unto them a spirit of wisdom and measureless grace, yet might I have approached unto them. No one of them so boldly covered me with bonds, or afflicted me with woes, before thou didst overcome and lay firm hold upon that great power, which my father, the enemy of mankind, gave unto me, when he, my prince, bade me go from out the darkness that I might make sweet unto thee sin. Then sorrow came upon me and heavy strife. After this sore distress I may not rejoice over this journey in the company of my fellows, when I miserably in my mournful home shall render up the penalty."

Then the prefect, that cruel man, bade that Juliana, pure in heart, be led out from that narrow abode to speech with the heathen, to his judgment-seat. And she in her holiness, inspired in heart, haled in the devil, the heathen one, in bonds. And in his grievous plight he began to lament his journey, bewail his torment, grieve for his fate, and he said unto her :

" I entreat thee, my lady Juliana, by the

grace of God, that thou work upon me no further insult or reproach before men, than thou hast already done, when thou overcamest the wisest in the prison-shades, the king of the dwellers in hell, in the city of fiends, who is our father, the lord of death. Behold, thou hast afflicted me with painful blows, and in truth I know that, before or since, never did I meet, in all the kingdoms of the world, a woman like to thee, of more courageous heart, or more perverse, of all the race of women. Clear is it to me that thou wouldest be in all things unashamed in thy wise heart."

Then the maid loosed the enemy of souls, after his time of punishment, to seek out darkness in the black abyss, in tormenting distress. And he, the announcer of evil, was wiser than to tell unto his fellows, the ministers of torment, how it befell him on his journey.

. . . . .

### III

. . . gladly praised Him in the heavens, and His holy work, and said truly that He alone had power of all victories throughout creation and of eternal blessedness. Then came an angel of God, gleaming with adornments, and pushed aside the fire and freed and protected her who was pure of wrong and guiltless, and cast aside the devouring flame, where the holy maid, princess of women, stood unharmed in

the midst. This for the rich man was a sorrow to endure (if he might change it before the world), and, stained with sin, he sought how he most sorely, through the most grievous torture, might contrive her death. Nor was the fiend too slow, who taught him that he should command to make, with wondrous art and noise of battle, an earthen vessel, set round about with forest-trees and wood ; and he cruelly bade them fill the earthen jar with lead, and bade a great fire to be kindled and this funeral pile to be inflamed. On all sides it was hedged about with brands ; the bath boiled with the heat. Then, stirred with anger, he bade that she, guiltless and without sin, be thrust into the surging of the lead. Then was the fire separated and set free ; the lead poured forth far and wide, hot and devouring, and men were stricken with terror, overtaken by its rush. There in number five and seventy of the heathen band burned by the blast of the flame.

But the holy maid still stood unharmed in beauty ; nor was the hem of her garment, nor her robe, nor her hair, nor skin, marked by the fire, nor her body, nor limbs. She stood in the flames wholly unharmed, and for all gave thanks to the Lord of Hosts. Then the judge grew savage and fierce at heart ; he began to tear his robe, he snarled and gnashed his teeth and raged in heart even as a wild beast ; he roared furiously and blasphemed his gods, because that they with all their

power might not withstand the will of a woman. But the maid of glory was resolute and unafraid, mindful of her powers and the will of her Lord. Then the judge, troubled in heart, bade that she, the pure of spirit, be put to death by the stroke of the sword ; that she, the chosen of Christ, should lose her head. But this death availed him not, when he knew further the event. Then was the hope of the maid renewed, and the heart of the damsel greatly cheered, when she heard men declare their hateful counsel, that at last the end of her days of strife should come and her life be set free. Full of evil he bade that the pure and chosen maid, the sinless one, be led away to death. Then straightway came the vile spirit of hell, base and wretched, and sang a song of misery, that accursed one whom she aforetime bound and scourged with torment ; and full of horrible enchantments he cried out before the host :

“ Reward it now with pain that she despised the power of our gods, and humbled me exceedingly, so that I became a traitor. Let her obtain generous rewards through the piercing sword. Avenge now your ancient hatred, ye who are visited with sin. That sorrow I remember, how I, fast in bonds, in one night endured numberless miseries and distress, measureless evil.”

Then gazed toward the monster the blessed maid Juliana ; she heard the devil of hell singing his misery, and the enemy of mankind



began to steal away in flight, to seek out torments, and thus he spake :

“ Woe is me, undone ! Now comes a mighty expectation that once more she will humiliate me in my wretchedness with evil miseries, even as she did aforetime.”

Then she was led nigh unto the border of the land, unto the place where they, in their cruelty, purposed in hatred to slay her. And she began to teach, and to encourage the people from their sins unto worship, and promised unto them comfort and a path to glory, and said :

“ Take thought upon the Joy of warriors, and the Splendour of glory, the Hope of the holy, the God of the angels of heaven. He is so worthy that the nations and all the race of angels worship Him in the skies, the Supreme Power. Help is to be had forever by those who will have it. Therefore, dear people, I will righteously teach you that ye make firm your house, lest the winds with their breath overthrow it. The strong wall shall more firmly withstand the blasts of the storm, the suggestions of sin. Do ye with love of peace and clear belief, stout of heart, set your foundations on the Living Stone. Hold in your hearts, in desire of mind, true faith, and peace among yourselves and holy counsels. Then will the Almighty Father grant you mercy, and ye shall have comfort from the God of might at your greatest need after your sorrows. And because ye know not your going hence,

nor the end of life, unto me it seemeth wise that ye wakefully keep watch against the bloody terrors of your foes, lest fighting against you they bar your way unto the city of God. And do ye entreat the Son of God that the Lord of Angels, the God of mankind, the Giver of victories, be merciful to me. Peace be unto you and true love forever."

Then by a blow of the sword her soul was separated from the body unto its eternal joy. And the sinful outrager Eleusius, dismayed in heart, put to sea with his train of warriors in a ship ; for a long time danced across the ocean stream on the swan-road. With terrible distresses Death seized on all that band before they came to land. Thirty-four of the race of men were deprived of life in the boiling sea, the servants with their lord ; bereft of joy and hopeless, they sought out hell. Nor might the thanes in that dark home, the band of retainers in the deep pit, look for their appointed treasure at the hands of their lord, so that they in the wine-hall, upon the beer-bench should receive rings and appled gold.

Far otherwise was the body of the holy maid borne with songs of praise and a great multitude unto its grave in the earth, so that a mighty throng brought it within the town. There since then, as the years passed by, has the praise of God been lifted up among that people, even unto this day.

There is to me great need that this holy maid grant me help, when the dearest of all

things shall depart from me, when the two brothers shall dissolve their kinship, their great love. My soul shall depart from my body, upon a journey, I myself know not whither, unto an unknown land. From this I shall seek out another realm, according to the things which formerly I wrought, and my deeds which are past.

**CYN** Sorrowfully shall *mankind* depart.

The King will be wroth, the Giver of victories, when, stained with sin, the

**EWU** *sheep* shall await in terror what the Judge shall will unto them according to their deeds, as a reward for life. The

**LF** *sea-floods* shall tremble and sorrowfully wait. I shall be mindful of all the pain, the wounds of sin, which recently or long ago, I wrought in the world; so that I weeping shall lament with tears. It was too late an hour when first I repented of my deeds of evil, while spirit and flesh journeyed on together unharmed upon the earth. Therefore have I need that the holy one plead for me with the King of kings. Great sorrow of heart doth admonish me of this need. And I pray every man of the race of men, who may recite this lay, that he eagerly, with earnestness of heart, be mindful of me, according to my name, and pray unto God that he, the Ruler of heaven, the Lord of might, grant me help in that day; the Father, the Spirit of comfort, the Judge of deeds, and the dear Son, in that dread hour, when the Trinity, sitting in unity of glory, for

the race of mankind throughout the bright universe, shall decree to every man a reward according to his works. And grant unto us, great God, Joy of mankind, that in that awful hour we find Thy face merciful unto us. Amen.

727-731



## CHRIST

### ADVENT

THOU art the wall-stone that of old the builders rejected. Well it seemeth that Thou become the head of the spacious hall, binding in firm embrace wide-running walls and flint unbroken ; that every eye throughout the world may marvel evermore, O Lord of glory ! In skilful craft show forth Thy handiwork, truth-firm, triumphant ; leave wall upon wall. The work hath need that the Craftsman come, the King himself, and repair that house which now lieth decayed under its roof. For He wrought the body and the limbs of clay ; and now the Lord of life shall free that wretched throng from foemen, the all-forlorn from fear as oft He did.

O Thou Ruler, Thou Just King, who holdest the keys, who openest life, vouchsafe us victory, and winsome way of life, withheld another man unless his work avail him. Verily in need we speak these words, entreating Him who shaped the race of man, that He choose not wrathfully to speak His doom on us, who here in sadness and in prison sit sorrowing all the glad journey of the sun. When on us the Lord of life shows forth His light, may He be

a shield unto our souls, clothe the frail mind with splendour and grant us worth whom He chose unto His glory, when we, downcast, deprived of native home, must turn aside unto this narrow land. Wherefore he may say, whoso speaketh truth, that He redeemed the race of man, that was gone astray.

The maid was young, a virgin without sin, whom He did choose to be His mother. Without man's love it came to pass the bride was great with child. In all the world, before or since, was never woman's guerdon like to that. That was a secret wonder of the Lord. Then ghostly grace spread over all the ways of earth, and many a thing was lightened by the Lord of life, enduring lore which formerly lay hid in shades of darkness, songs of the prophets, till the Ruler came, who in its path enlargeth every prayer of such as will but laud the name of their Creator with eagerness and wisdom.

O Thou Vision of peace ! Holy Jerusalem ! Choicest of kingly thrones, fortress of Christ ! Homeland of angels—and in thee forever rest the souls of the righteous alone, joying in glory. Within that dwelling-place shall be revealed no sign of sin ; from thee shall all transgression flee away, all strife and every curse. Thou art wondrous full of holy hope as thou art named. Lift up thine eyes ! The ample universe, the dome of heaven, regard thee round on every hand, how that the King of heaven in His journey seeketh

thee, Himself cometh and abideth in thee, as prophets sang of old, wisely foretold the birth of Christ, and to thy comfort spake, thou fairest among cities. Now that Child is come, born to cast down the works of the Hebrews. Bliss He bringeth thee, thy bonds unlooseth, for man endeavoureth, knoweth his heavy need—how that the wretched wight must wait upon mercy.

O Joy of women in the host of heaven ! Winsomest maid through all the borders of the world, of whom the ocean-dwellers ever have heard story ! Reveal to us that wonder which came upon thee from on high, how thou in childbirth didst conceive, yet knewest naught of human love after man's kind. Truly, we have never heard that such a thing befell in days of old as unto thee was granted in wondrous grace ; neither may we look for it to happen in any time to come. Verily, fair faith abode in thee, for that thou barest in thy bosom the Prince of glory, yet was thy radiant maidhood no whit stained. As all the children of men sow in sorrow, so again they reap ; they bring forth unto death. The blessed damsel spake, holy Mary, rich in triumph :

“ What is this wondering wherewith ye wonder, and this sorrowing that ye mourn with sorrow, Salem's daughters and sons ? Eagerly ye ask how I did keep my chastity, my maidhood, and yet became the mother

of the glorious Son of God. To men that wonder is not known, but in David's beloved kinsmaid Christ made known that all the sin of Eve is done away, the curse cast out, the lowlier sex lifted up. Now hope is come that both for man and maid amid celestial joy of angels, with the Father of truth, bliss may abide forever."

Hail Day-Star! Brightest angel sent to man throughout the earth, and Thou steadfast splendour of the sun, bright above stars! Ever Thou dost illumine with Thy light the time of every season. As Thou, begotten God of God, Son of the True Father, without beginning abodest ever in the splendour of heaven, so now for need Thy handiwork beseecheth boldly that Thou send the bright sun unto us; that Thou come and shed Thy light on those who long ere this, compassed about with mist and in the darkness, clothed in sin, sit here in the long night, and must needs endure the dark shadow of Death. Now are we full of hope and put our trust in Thy salvation, heralded to the hosts of men by the word of God, which in the beginning was with God, with the Almighty Father co-eternal, and afterward was made flesh unstained of sin, which the Virgin bare, a solace unto wretched men. God was seen among us without sin; together dwelt the mighty Son of God and the son of man, in peace among the people. Wherefore we may rightfully



give thanks forever to our Victor-Lord, that  
He would send Himself to us.

O God of spirits ! how wisely and with  
right wast Thou named with the name  
Emmanuel ; as the angel spake it first in  
Hebrew tongue ; which unriddled in its inner  
mystery, is " Now is the Warden of the skies,  
God Himself, with us," as men of old, in days  
gone by, sang truly that the King of kings  
would come, the Priest all undefiled ; also in  
olden days, Melchizedek the mighty, wise of  
heart, made known the godly splendour of the  
Eternal Lord. He was the bringer of laws,  
the giver of precepts, to such as long abode His  
hither-coming, as had been promised them  
that the very Son of God would cleanse the peo-  
ples of the earth, and journey also by His  
spirit's might unto the pit of hell. Patiently  
they bode in bondage until the Son of God  
should come to wretched men. Thus they  
cried aloud, prostrate in their woe : " Now do  
Thou come Thyself, O King of heaven ! Bring  
Thou a life of healing unto us, weary thralls  
spent with weeping with our bitter, burning  
tears. In Thy hand only lieth respite after  
our heavy need. Come to us, prisoners soul-  
sorrowful, and when Thou farest hence leave  
not behind this mighty host, but show Thy  
pity upon us in kingly wise, O Saviour Christ.  
O Lord of glory, let not the cursed have do-  
minion over us. Grant us the eternal gladness  
of Thy glory, that we may worship Thee, O

Lord of hosts, whom Thou didst shape of old with Thine hands. Thou dwellest in the heavens above with the all-wielding Father, forever and forever.

(*Mary.*) "O my Joseph, son of Jacob ! Thou kinsman of mighty David ! Wilt thou forsake my firm affection, and leave my love ? "

(*Joseph.*) "I am worn with sorrow and despoiled of honour ; for I have heard through thee many a word of measureless woe and taunts and insult ; and men speak scorn against me and mocking words. I must pour out my tears, soul-sorrowful. Yet easily may God heal all the grieving of my heart, and console me in my wretchedness. Alas ! thou damsel young, Maid Mary ! "

(*Mary.*) "Why dost thou mourn and wail in grief ? Never found I any guilt in thee, nor any blame of evils wrought ; and yet thou speakest words as though thou wert full of all transgression and direful deed."

(*Joseph.*) "I have known too much of bale by this child-bearing. How may I withspeak the hostile word or find an answer to my foes ? Widely is it known that, glad of heart, I gained a maiden pure and sinless from the radiant temple of the Lord ; and now, I know not how, is come a change. Now availeth me nor speech nor silence. For if I speak the truth, then must the daughter of David die, stoned with stones. Yet is it more bitter fate to hide the sin and live for-

sworn from this time forth, hated of every people, dishonoured among the folk."

Then the maid revealed the mystery and thus she spake : " By the Son of God, Saviour of souls, I speak the truth that yet I know not the embraces of any man on earth. But in my early years within my home it was granted me that Gabriel, high-angel of heaven, gave me greeting and told me truly that the Spirit of heaven would shed on me His splendour ; that I should bear a radiant son, the Glory of life, exalted Child of God, of the bright Lord of glory. Now am I become His temple without sin. The Spirit of comfort abode in me. Wherefore do thou put aside all bitter sorrow, and give eternal thanks unto the mighty Son of God, that, still a maid, I am become His mother, and thou throughout the world in wide belief art called His father, if this prophecy be verily fulfilled in Him."

O Thou Righteous Ruler ! Prince of peace !  
King of all kings ! Christ mighty over all !  
Before all the orders of the world Thou wast  
with Thy glorious Father, through His skill  
and power begotten Son. Nor is there any  
earl under the skies, nor any man of counsel  
so exceeding wise that he may recite unto the  
sea-dwellers, or rightfully rehearse how heaven's  
Warden took Thee first to be His noble  
Son. In the beginning, first of all those things  
that man hath heard of among the nations, it  
befell under the clouds that the all-knowing

God, Author of life, royally divided light from darkness. His was doom's dominion, and thus the Lord of hosts uttered His decree : " Let there be light forever, a gleaming gladness unto every living thing that in the generations shall be born." Straightway it came to pass, as well should be, that light shone forth upon the tribes of men, radiant with stars through all the rolling seasons. Ere aught of this befell, by His decree, Thou His Son wert co-existent with Thy sole Lord. Thou art the wisdom that with all-ruling God did shape the wide creation. None is so discerning or so wise of heart that he may fully tell Thy kinship unto the children of men. Come, Thou Victor-Lord, Shaper of man, graciously make known Thy mercy upon us. Great is our craving to know the wonder of Thy mother-kinship ; that Fatherhood we may not comprehend. Bless the earth mildly by Thine advent hither, O Saviour Christ ; and bid Thou open, Thou High King of heaven, the golden gates that full long stood locked in days of old. Then seek us, stooping meek to earth. Of Thy pity is there need. The cursed Wolf, that dark death-shadow, hath scattered far Thy flock, O Lord, in wide confusion ; which Thou, O God, didst purchase with Thy blood aforetime ; which the baleful One doth take in bondage and smiteth sore against our dear desire. Wherefore, O Saviour, with yearning hearts we pray that Thou make haste to help us, weary wretches, that the scath-



ing Spoiler may sink headlong to hell, and Thy handiwork, Creator of mankind, may mount and come to righteousness, unto that glorious and celestial kingdom, whence by lust of sin the dusky Spirit drew us down by guile ; that, shorn of glory, evermore must we endure distress, except Thou swiftly wilt to save us from the Spoiler, Eternal Lord, Thou Living God, Thou Helm of every creature.

O thou radiant glory of the world, thou purest maid of earth, of all such as have lived in the long ages ! How rightfully in every realm all mortal men, dowered with speech, blithe of heart, name thee and bespeak thee bride of the Lord of the blissful sky. So also in heaven the highest, the thanes of Christ, chant and sing that by thy holy might thou art the lady of the heavenly host, of all estates on earth under the heavens, and of such as dwell in hell. For thou only of all mankind wast boldly minded to bring thy maidhood unto God and tender it unstained of sin. There came no other like to thee of all mankind, no bride adorned with rings, who with pure heart sent her radiant offering unto its heavenly home. Wherefore, the Lord of triumph bade His herald hither fly from out the angelic host, and straightway proclaim to thee the fullness of His might, that thou shouldest bear the Son of God in pure nativity, in mercy unto man, and thou thyself, Mary, unto every age be ever undefiled.

Also have we heard that long ago a prophet, Isaiah, in the days of old spake truth of thee : that he was led where he might see the abiding-place of life in its eternal home. Then gazed the man of wisdom round about through all the realm, till that he fixed his eyes where there was set a princely portal. That lofty door was bound about with precious treasure, compassed with wondrous bands. Deeply he mused that any one of men should ever put aside those firm-fixed bars, or undo the bolting of that city-gate to all eternity, ere that God's herald-angel lovingly revealed to him the way and spake this word :

" I say to thee," as true befell, " that on a time by Spirit's might will God Himself, the Almighty Father, traverse these golden gates, and through these firm fixed bolts come down to earth, and after Him to all eternity shall they stand ever closed, nor shall another ever again unlock them, save only the Saviour God."

Now is all fulfilled which there the man of wisdom with eye beheld. Thou art that wall-door; through thee the all-ruling Lord once journeyed out to earth ; and even so, adorned with power, pure and chosen, Christ the Almighty found thee ; even so the Prince of angels, Lord of life, locked thee after Him as with a key, all undefiled. Reveal to us the mercy which the angel, God's herald Gabriel, brought unto thee. We city-dwellers pray that thou show forth thy Son, a comfort to the peoples. Henceforward may we

all have hope, since now we see the Babe upon thy breast. Do thou with eager word now intercede for us, that no long time He suffer us to be subject unto error in this valley of death, but that He guide us unto the Father's kingdom, where sorrowless forever we may dwell in glory with the Lord of hosts.

Hail Thou Holy Lord of heaven! Thou wast of old co-eval with Thy Father in that princely home. Nor yet was any angel made, nor any of that great majestic host that in the heavens above watch o'er Thy kingdom, the glorious courts of God and of His thanes, when Thou wast first, with the Eternal Lord, establishing the wide creation, the broad and spacious lands. Unto You twain is fellowship with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. All in lowliness, O Saviour Christ, we pray that thou hearken unto the cry of captives, of Thy needy thralls. O Saviour God, how are we harried by our own self-will! Sorely have those wretched spirits, the hostile fiends of hell, oppressed us in our exile, laid bitter bonds upon us. In Thy hand only lieth respite, O Eternal God. Help Thou the joyless that Thy hither-coming may comfort those in sorrow, though against Thee through lust of sin have we wrought hatred. Have mercy upon Thy servants and be mindful of our wretchedness, how with weak mind we stumble and miserably go astray. Come now, Thou

King of men, tarry not all too long. To us is need of mercy, that Thou deliver us and grant us righteously Thy saving-grace, that henceforth among men forever we may thrive in better things and do Thy will.

O Glorious, Heavenly Trinity, high and holy, full of honour, widely blessed throughout the spacious lands! Rightfully must all men dowered with speech, the hapless dwellers of earth, with all might glorify Thee on high, that now the Faithful Saviour hath shown us God, that we might know Him. Wherefore the righteous order of Seraphim above, eager in deed and crowned with judgment, ever chanting with the heavenly angels in unwearying strains with clear and winsome voices, sing sweetly far and near. They have the fairest of service with their King; for Christ hath granted them, adorned with light, that with their eyes they may enjoy His presence, and ever without ceasing, far and wide, worship the Lord of all. And with their wings they shield the face of the Almighty Lord, the eternal God, and press about His royal throne, eagerly striving which of them in flight may stoop nearest unto our Saviour in those peaceful courts. They praise the Well-beloved, exalt the princely Author of all created things, and in His light chant unto Him this word:

“ Holy art Thou, Holy Lord of angels, true Prince of triumph! Ever art Thou Holy Lord of hosts! They doom endureth wide-



revered on earth, among the sons of men to every age. Thou art the Lord of hosts, for Thou hast filled the heavens and earth with Thy glory, O Shield of warriors, Thou Helm of all ! Eternal glory be to Thee on high, and radiant praise on earth with men. Live, blessed Thou, who in the name of the Lord camest unto men, a comfort to the lowly. And on high eternal praise be Thine forever."

Lo ! how wondrous change is wrought in the life of men, since the mild Creator of mankind received from mortal maid flesh undefiled ; neither knew she any whit the love of man, nor by the seed of man came the Lord of triumph upon earth. But more of craft was that than all the dwellers of earth might comprehend, how wondrously the Glory of the skies, High-Lord of heaven, through His mother's womb wrought help to men. And so the Saviour of the nations, the Lord of hosts, dealeth out each day in succour unto man forever His forgiveness. Wherefore we should exalt Him by deed and word in all devotion, eager in glory. High rede is that to every one of men, whoso is mindful of past things, that he forever most often and in secret and most eagerly should pray to God. He granteth him reward of love, even the hallowed Saviour, in that country where he never came aforetime, in the joy of the land of the living, where thenceforth he may dwell in bliss, and bide without an end forever. Amen.

## ASCENSION

Now eagerly in inward thought and wisely seek, thou man of great renown, with understanding heart, that thou mayest know aright how it came to pass when the Almighty God was born in purity, when that He shelter sought at Mary's hand, the flower of maids, the radiant virgin, that angels came not robed in garments white, when the Prince came unto Bethlehem. Heralds there were who spake unto the shepherds, and proclaimed true joy, for that the Son of God was born upon earth in Bethlehem. Yet in the Books it saith not that they were seen arrayed in white in that glorious hour, as in those latter days when the great Lord, the Prince of majesty, summoned unto Bethany His throng of thanes, that well-loved band. Nor in that day did they despise the words of their Teacher, their dear Giver of treasure. Straight were they made ready unto the holy mount, the disciples with their Lord, where the Prince of splendour, the Helm of heaven, showed them many a token in words of mystery, ere that the One-begotten Son ascended up, the co-eternal Child unto His own Father, after the space of forty days from when he rose from death, from out the earth. By His agony had He fulfilled the words of the prophets, as they had sung aforetime in the world. Then His thanes glorified and lovingly adored the Lord of life, the Father of created things. And unto them in gentleness

in after time He gave reward, and, destined to fare hence unto His Father's kingdom, the mighty Prince, the Lord of angels, spake this word :

“ Rejoice in heart, never will I forsake you ; but I will fulfil My love upon you and give you might ; and I will dwell with you forever, that by my gift ye may never lack any good thing. Fare ye now over all the spacious earth, throughout the wide ways. Make known to men, preach and publish bright belief, and baptize the people under the sky and turn them unto heaven. Cast down their idols, destroy and lay them low ; abolish enmity and sow peace in the hearts of men, in the fulness of might. Henceforth I will dwell with you to comfort you, and in peace will I preserve you and steadfast strength in every place.”

Then suddenly was heard upon the air a clear sound ; and there came in company a throng of heaven's angels, messengers of majesty, a beauteous band. Our Lord departed through the temple roof even as they beheld, the chosen thanes who in that meeting-place gazed on the last footprints of their well-loved Prince. They saw the Lord, the Son of God, ascending up on high from earth. Their souls were sorrowful within them, hot at heart a mourning spirit for that they might not longer under heaven behold their well-loved Lord. But the heavenly heralds raised a song, magnified their Prince, adored the Giver of life, rejoicing in the light that shone from the head of

the Saviour. And round about that First-born Child, the Glory of kings, they beheld two radiant angels gleaming in array. From on high with wondrous words, clear voiced, they called aloud over the throng of men :

“What wait ye tarrying round about, ye men of Galilee? Now do ye clearly see the Righteous God, the Lord of triumph, departing into heaven. The Prince of princes, the Lord of nations, with these angel-bands will from hence ascend unto His home, His Father’s native seat. With such a throng, with this blithe company, unto that bright city above the arching skies fain will we lead our Lord, the best and fairest of the Sons of triumph, on whom ye gaze and to your comfort see Him gleaming in array. Yet will He on a latter day Himself seek out the tribes of earth with countless train. Then will He judge each deed, whatsoever the nations have wrought beneath the heavens.”

Then was the Warden of heaven, the King of High-Angels, Helm of the holy, caught up above the roofs of earth into the clouds. Hope was renewed and bliss in the cities at the coming of the Prince. And exulting in His triumph the eternal Author of joy sat at the right hand of His Father. And they departed, journeying unto Jerusalem, those stalwart-hearted men, unto that holy city, sorrowful in soul leaving the spot where last with their eyes they had beheld their God ascending up, their Giver of bliss. Then was there sound of



weeping. Their true love hot at heart was crushed with woe. Their souls welled up within them, their spirits glowed. There the glorious thanes abode their Lord's behests, in that bright city ten nights' time, as He Himself, the Lord of heaven, the Wielder of all, had bidden ere He ascended up into the secret places of the sky. And to the gracious Lord of earls came angels robed in white. Well is it spoken, as the Writings tell, that unto Him in hosts came shining angels in that holy hour descending on the heavens. Then in heavenly glory arose the greatest of rejoicings. It was well fitting that thanes in bright array came to the city of God, unto that bliss, a beauteous band; beheld their welcome Friend, the King of heaven, Life-Lord of men, on His high judgment seat, wielding in splendour the world and the hosts of glory.

Now hath the Holy One harrowed hell of tribute, of all that in the days of yore it swallowed up unrighteously into that house of torment. Now are these devil-champions all undone, cast into everlasting torture, bound in the pit of hell, despoiled of might. Nor in that battle might these foes of Hell, in that clash of weapons, know success, when by His might alone the King of glory, the Helm of heaven, waged battle on His olden enemies; when He led forth from thralldom, from the city of His foes, exceeding spoil, a countless train of folk, this very multitude whereon ye gaze. Now will the Saviour of souls, the very

Son of God, depart unto the mercy-seat of spirits after the battle-play. Now do ye know aright who is that Lord who leadeth this array. Unto your friends go boldly glad in heart—Open, ye Gates ! For with no little train the all-ruling King, the Author of creation, leadeth unto you, into the joy of joys, within the city, that folk which He in triumph wrested from the foes of hell. From this time forth forever shall be peace to men and angels, covenant of God and man, spiritual faith, and love, and hope of life and gladness in all light.

Lo ! we have heard how by His hither-coming the Son of healing, Mighty Child of God, vouchsafed salvation, freed and upheld the folk beneath the clouds, that now each man of men while he dwelleth here alive may choose the shame of hell or the splendour of heaven, the gleaming light or the loathsome night, the spell of glory or the vengeance of darkness, joy with the Lord or tumult with devils, torment with fiends or bliss with the angels, or life or death, as may be dearer to him to accomplish so long as flesh and spirit dwell together in the world. And to the majesty of the Trinity be glory and eternal thanks. Wherefore it seemeth well that mortal men give thanks to God for every goodly thing which late and early He hath wrought for us by the mystery of many a marvel. He granteth us food and wealth of substance, weal in wide-stretching lands, and kindly weather under the sheltering skies. The sun and the moon, candles of

heaven, brightest of stars, shine unto all men on the earth. Dew falleth and rain ; they bring forth plenty for sustenance unto the children of men ; they enlarge the abundance of earth. Wherefore should we give thanks and praise unto our God, more especially for that salvation which He hath granted us at His Ascension to be our hope, when He dispelled that woe which we endured aforetime ; and for mankind the One-begotten King appeased that greatest feud with His dear Father. That doom He turned aside in peace unto our souls which aforetime, with wrathful heart, was spoken for a sorrow unto the sons of men :

“ I wrought thee of earth ; on the earth shalt thou dwell in woe, living in toil, suffering exile, unto the joy of fiends chanting a song of death. Unto that same shalt thou return, teeming with worms, and from the earth seek out the fire of torment.”

Lo ! this hath the Prince made easier unto us, unto the sons of men, when that He put on limbs and flesh. When the Son of God, the Lord of hosts, was fain of His ascending up unto the land of angels, then at that holy hour came a will to help us in our woe.

Of Him Job wrought a song, as well he knew ; adored the Helm of men and praised the Saviour and, in true love, unto the Son of God contrived a name. And he named him Bird, which the Jews might no whit understand in godly strength of spirit. Unknown and secret to its foes on earth, was the flight of

that Bird, unto all such as had in soul a clouded wisdom and a stony heart. Nor would they recognize those radiant tokens which the fair Son of God had wrought before them, many and manifold throughout the world. Thus that fair Bird made trial of flight when bold and strong in might it sought out that radiant home, the angels' realm above; and when again it stooped unto these mortal lands, in grace of spirit sought the folds of earth, and turned its way unto the world. Of it the prophet sang: "In the arms of angels was He lifted up in the bounteous fulness of His might, high and holy, above the majesty of heaven." Nor might they know in any wise the flight of that Bird, whoso rejected the Ascension, nor held belief that the Lord of life in the image of a man was lifted up in holiness from earth above the majesty of the heavenly hosts. So He that shaped the world, the Spirit-Son of God, showeth us honour and granteth us grace, eternal habitations with the angels. And He soweth varied wisdom of mind and setteth it in the hearts of men. Unto one He sendeth wise skill of tongue through the spirit of his mouth and noble insight in his heart, and richly may he sing and utter all things, whoso hath might of wisdom hidden in his heart. And with his fingers one may fairly sound the harp before the hosts, clearly strike upon the glee-wood. One may read aright all godly law, and one telleth the mysteries of the stars and the wide universe. One may write skilfully the spoken



word. He speedeth the strife of one in battle when the archers send a shower of darts, a flashing flight of arrows over the shield's defence. One may boldly drive his ship over the salty sea, stir up the raging waves. And one ascendeth upon the steep, high cross. One may work a fair weapon, a tempered sword, and one knoweth the path of the plains, wide-stretching ways. So unto us the Lord, the Son of God, dealeth out His gifts on earth. But to no single man doth He give all wisdom of heart, lest that in his strength beyond others pride take hold upon him to his hurt. Thus mighty God, King of every creature, with bounteous blessings showeth honour and power upon the children of earth. So unto the blessed He granteth bliss in heaven and foundeth peace for angels and for men for ever.

So He showeth honour on His handiwork. Of Him the prophet spake that holy gems were lifted up on high, the radiant stars of heaven, the sun and moon. What are these gems so beauteous save God Himself? He is the true brightness of the sun, a noble radiance unto angels and the dwellers of earth. Above the earth gleameth the moon, a ghostly star; even so shineth bright the Church of God where righteousness and truth are met together—as it saith in the Books—since that the Son of God ascended up from earth, the Prince of purity. Then the Church of the fulfillers of the law suffered persecution under heathen shepherds.

Those sinful men recked not of truth, nor of the Spirit's need ; but they cast down and burned the Church of God, wrought bloody deeds, hated and harried. Yet by the Spirit's grace came forth bliss for the thanes of God after the Ascension of the Eternal Lord. Of Him sang Solomon, the son of David, versed in songs and spiritual mysteries, ruler of peoples, and this word he spake :

“ It shall be known that the King of angels, the Lord strong and mighty, shall ascend a mount, leap the high dunes and compass about the hills and knolls with splendour. And He shall save the world and all that dwell therein by that noble leap.”

The first leap was when He came unto the Maid, the Virgin undefiled, and without sin put on mortal image ; and that became a comfort unto all earth-dwellers. The second leap was the birth of the Babe, what time He lay within the manger, in the image of a child, all wrapped in swaddling clothes, the Glory of all glories. The third leap was the course of heaven's King when He ascended up upon the cross, the Father's Spirit of Comfort. The fourth leap was to the grave, when He descended from the cross into the fast-closed tomb. The fifth leap was then when He cast down hell's habitants into eternal torment ; bound their king, the hostile-minded, advocate of fiends, with burning bonds within, where still he lieth in his durance, chained in fetters, fast in sin. And the sixth leap was the triumph of the Holy

God, when He ascended up to heaven unto His olden home. Then in that holy hour the angel-throng grew blithe in rapture and in gladness. For they beheld the Lord of glory, the Prince of princes, come unto His native land, unto the shining dwellings. Then the triumph of their Prince became an everlasting joy unto the blessed habitants of heaven. As here on earth the Eternal Son of God ascended up by leaps over the high hills, above the mountains, so should we mortal men in our heart's musing mount by leaps from strength to strength ; seek after glory that we may ascend unto that highest summit, by our holy works, where is hope and joy, a perfect band of thanes. Our need is great that with our hearts we seek salvation, we who earnestly believe in spirit that the Son of healing, the Living God, with our mortal body ascended up from hence.

Wherefore should we despise all idle lusts, the wounds of sin, and joy in better things. Verily we have the Almighty Father for our comfort in the heavens. He sendeth from on high in holiness His heralds hither unto us, and they will shield us against the grievous arrows of the spoilers, lest that the hell-fiends work us wounds when the Lord of evil sendeth forth a bitter dart from his deceitful bow against the folk of God. Wherefore should we steadfastly and warily hold ward against the sudden onslaught, lest that the poisoned dart, the bitter shaft, the cunning imagination of our

foes, should pierce within our frame. Dire is that hurt, wanest of wounds. Wherefore let us watch so long as we have dwelling upon earth. Let us make supplication for the peace of God, the Father, and pray to the Son of God, the gentle Spirit, that He, who granted us life and limbs and body and spirit, may shield us from the wiles of the wicked, the weapons of our foes. To Him be praise and heavenly glory forever !

Nor need any man of the race of men on earth fear for the darts of devils, the spear-flights of fiends, if that God, the Lord of hosts, doth shield him. That doom is near when we must reap rewards according as we have won them by our deeds during the days of life on the wide earth. In the beginning, as it saith in the Books, that Treasure-Hoard of might stooped meekly unto earth, unto the Virgin's womb, the noble Son of God in holiness from heaven. Verily I look with dread unto that sterner doom when the Prince of angels cometh yet again—I who kept not well what things my Saviour bade me in the Book. I shall behold the terror of the vengeance of sin, I ween full well, when many shall be led unto the assemblage, before the face of the Eternal Judge.

**C** Then the *Courageous* shall quake. He shall hear the King speak, the Ruler of heaven, uttering wrathful words unto such as aforetime in the world hearkened feebly unto Him when *affliction* and **N** *need* most easily might find comfort.



Then shall many a one in fear on that  
plain wearily await what dire penalty He  
shall will to him according to his deeds.

**W** Then shall the *winsomeness* of the trea-  
sures of earth flee away. Long time

**U** was *our* portion of life's joys compassed

**LF** about by *ocean* floods, our *possessions*  
on earth. Then shall treasure burn in the  
fiery blast ; brightly shall rage the swift, red  
flame darting in wrath over the wide world.  
Plains shall perish and castles crumble away.  
Then shall the fire be fleet ; greediest of spirits,  
it shall devour ancient treasure ruthlessly,  
which men possessed in olden days while still  
was pride on earth. Therefore will I teach  
each well-loved man that he give heed unto the  
Spirit's need, nor pour it forth in pride while  
God willeth that he may dwell here in the  
world, while the soul journeyeth on in the  
body, that friendly inn. Let every man of  
men bethink him earnestly in the days of his  
life how mildly came the Lord of might to us  
of old by the word of an angel. Yet shall He  
be wroth when He cometh again, stern and  
righteous. Then shall the heavens be shaken  
and the mighty ends of the earth shall tremble.  
The radiant King shall reward it that they  
lived on earth in deeds of wickedness, defiled  
with sin. Long time shall they in the bath  
of fire, weary of heart, compassed about by its  
surges, receive dire recompense.

Then shall the King of might come unto the  
assemblage with the greatest of hosts, and loud

shall the terror of man be heard in the thunders of heaven, the clamour of them that wail ; joyless they shall lament before the face of the Eternal Judge, they who in their works have feeble hope. Then shall be seen a mightier fear than ever since Creation was known on earth. But in that sudden hour, unto every one of the workers of sin, it shall be dearer far than all this fleeting world that he may shelter him in that victorious band when the Lord of hosts, the Prince of princes, shall judge to all, unto them that are dear and them that are hateful, to every one of men a just reward. Great is our need that ere that day of terror in this barren time we eagerly be mindful of the spirit's glory.

Now is it most like as if on ocean floods, over the chill waters we sail in ships, in our ocean steeds over the spacious sea, journey on in our barks. Fearful is that stream, those surges high whereon we toss throughout this changeful world ; windy the waves over the deep seapath. Bitter was our way of life until we sailed to land over the ocean's ridge. Then help came unto us that the Spirit-Son of God guided us into the harbour of salvation, and granted us grace ; that we may have knowledge even from the vessel's side where, fast at anchor, we may moor our stallions of the sound, our old seasteeds. Wherefore let us set our hope upon that haven which heaven's Lord, in holiness on high, hath opened unto us by His Ascension.

## DOOMSDAY

Then in the midnight the great day of the Lord of might shall come with power unto mortal men, the radiant world, even as a crafty thief, a robber bold, who creepeth in the darkness, in the black night, and falleth suddenly on care-free men bound in slumber ; evilly assaileth earls all unprepared.

So on Mount Sion shall gather a mighty host, faithful unto the Lord, bright and blithe ; and unto them shall blessedness be given. Then from the four borders of the world, from the uttermost kingdom of earth, four radiant angels in accord shall blow upon the trumpet in one great blast. Then shall the earth tremble, the ground under the foot of man. They shall sound together, steadfast, glorious, unto the path of the stars ; they shall peal and send their voice south and north, east and west over all creation. They shall wake from death, out of the ancient earth, in terror, the sons of warriors, the race of man, unto the judgment. They shall bid arise out of firm slumber suddenly.

Then shall be heard a wailing folk, sorrowful in soul, bitterly disquieted, lamenting in woe the deeds of their days of life, trembling in terror. That shall be the greatest of portents, of all such as early or late have ever been revealed to man. There shall meet together the secret hosts of angels and of devils,

the radiant and the dark. And both shall come, the white and black, according as a home is wrought for them, in different wise for angels and for fiends.

Then suddenly from out the south and east cometh upon Mount Sion, from the Lord, the radiance of the sun, gleaming more brightly than men may imagine it in their hearts, shining in splendour, when the Son of God, through the arching heavens, appeareth hither. Then cometh the wondrous presence of Christ, the beauteous radiance of the noble King, eastward from the skies, pleasant in spirit unto His own people, bitter unto the sinful, varied in wondrous measure, unto the blessed and unto the wretched unlike.

Unto the good shall He be gracious, winsome and fair to see unto that holy host, beautiful in joy, a gentle friend. Pleasing and blissful shall it be to well-loved men to see that radiant splendour, mild in pleasure, the coming of their Lord, the King of might, unto such as pleased Him well of old in heart, in their words and works. But unto evil men He shall be fearsome, terrible to see, unto the sinful, unto such as thither come with transgressions all undone. That may be a warning of punishment to him that hath wise thought, so that he may be no whit afraid; for the terror of that presence he shall have no dread of heart when he beholdeth the Lord of all creation moving on with mighty wonders to judge the hosts. And round about



him on either hand fly thronging angel-troops, a band of radiant beings, hosts of the holy, in ample train.

Then shall resound the vast creation, and before the Lord there shall go forth the mightiest of surging fires over the wide earth ; the hot flame shall leap. Then shall the heavens crash, the steadfast stars and radiant shall fall. The sun shall be turned dark unto the hue of blood, which gleamed so brightly over the ancient world unto the sons of men. The very moon, that in the night of old shed her light on men, shall sink from her station ; so also shall the stars fade from heaven, through the fierce air, smitten with storms.

And the Almighty with His angel-throng, the Lord of mighty kings, the glorious Prince, will come unto the assemblage. There shall be an exultant throng of thanes. Holy souls shall fare forth with their Lord, what time the Warden of peoples, with menace of terror, shall Himself seek out the tribes of earth. Then loud shall be heard throughout the spacious earth the noise of the trumpets of heaven, and on the seven sides the winds shall roar, shall blow, howling in mightiest tumult. They shall wake and wither the earth with tempest, filling the world with their breath. Then shall be heard a heavy crash, loud and measureless, deafening, violent, mightiest of thunders, terrible to men.

The weary hosts of men in multitudes shall depart into the wide flame, where a destroying

fire shall come upon them still alive, some up, some down, smitten of the flame. Sure is it that then, all fulfilled of care, the race of Adam shall wail in sore affliction; nor for little cause, these woeful tribes, but for the greatest of heavy hardships, when in one embrace the wan surge of fire, the dusky flame, far and wide shall seize on all three together, the seas with their fish, the earth and her hills, and the heaven above with all its stars. Fierce and furious the consuming flame shall burn all three. And all the world shall wail in woe in that dread hour.

So shall the greedy spirit run through earth, the destroying flame through high-built halls. The wide-known blast of fire, hot and devouring, shall fill the plain of earth, the very world with the terror of its flame. Broken city-walls shall fall together, mountains shall melt and lofty cliffs, that shielded earth of old against the sea, firm against the floods, secure and steadfast, barriers against the waves, the rolling surge. Then on every creature, on bird and beast, that fire of death shall seize, and over earth shall fare the dusky flame, a raging warrior. As of old waters flowed, the driving seas, then in that bath of fire the sea fish shall burn, sundered from the deep. All forspent each monster of the sea shall be consumed, water shall burn as wax.

Then shall be more of marvels, than any may imagine in his heart, when the whirlwind and the storm and the fierce air shall

rend the broad creation. Men shall mourn, sorrowing with tears and woeful voices, down-cast and sad of soul, distressed with sorrow. The dusky flame shall blaze on those undone by sin, and fire shall devour golden jewels, the olden treasure of the kings of the land. Then in the thunder of heaven there shall be tumult and woe, strife of the living, lament, loud wailing, the pitiful plaint of men. Then may not any stained with sin win peace, or ever on earth escape away from that burning. But the fire shall take all things in the world, shall burrow grimly, eagerly search out all the folds of earth within and without, till that the heat of its flame hath burned away all the stain of the sin of the world in its billowing surge.

Then shall mighty God come unto that glorious mount with the greatest of angel-bands, the King of heaven's angels shining in holiness, resplendent above His train: the all-wielding God. And round about Him shall gleam in glory the best of noble hosts, holy armies, the blessed angel-throng. Troubled in their innermost thoughts they shall tremble in the fear of God, the Father. No marvel is it if the impure race of mortal men, sorrowing in care, have heavy dread when this holy order, white and heavenly bright, the Spirit-host, are smitten with terror before His presence, when these bright creatures await with trembling the judgment of the Lord. Direst of days shall that be in the world, when

the King of Glory in majesty chasteneth every people ; biddeth mortal men dowered with speech rise up from out the graves of earth ; biddeth the nations come to judgment, all mankind.

. Then straight shall all the race of Adam put on flesh ; they shall be at an end of their tarrying, their rest in the earth. At the coming of Christ shall each one rise to life, put on limbs and body, grow young again. He shall have upon him all of good or evil that in days of yore upon earth he garnered into his soul as the years passed by. He shall have both together, body and soul. And then shall come to light before the King of heaven the form of his works and the memory of his words, and the musing of his heart.

Mankind shall be enlarged and renewed by the Creator ; a mighty host shall rise to judgment when the Lord of life looseth the bonds of death. Then shall the air be kindled, the heavenly stars shall fall ; widely the greedy flame shall pillage. Spirits shall turn away unto their long home. For the deeds of men shall be known on earth, nor may they at all dissemble before their Lord the hoard of their hearts, their secret thoughts. No deeds are dark to Him, but God shall know on that great day how each one of men hath deserved eternal life, and all that early or late they wrought in the world shall come to light. Nor shall any of the musings of men be secret, but that great day will reveal



the hoard of the casket of the soul, all the thoughts of the heart. Wherefore he should early be mindful of his spirit's need, whoso would bring a beauteous aspect unto God, when the hot, consuming fire testeth in the presence of the Victor-Judge how souls are held against the storms of sin.

Then the sound of the trump and the gleaming standard, the burning flame and the heavenly host, the angel-band and the menace of terror, the day of wrath and the lofty cross, lifted on high for a sign of sway, shall muster before Him all the multitudes of men, every soul of those that early or late put on limbs in the flesh. Then this mighty host shall pass before the Lord, forever living and ever young, with desire and heavy need. Named by name they shall bear the hoard of their hearts, the treasure of their souls, before the Son of God. Then will the Father know how His children bring their souls unmarred from that land wherein they dwelt. They shall be of good courage who bring a radiant beauty unto God. Their might and joy shall be exceeding full to recompense their souls, reward their works. Well is it with them that in that awful hour find grace with God.

Then shall sin-stained men with woe of heart for their lot behold the greatest of sorrows. Nor shall it bring them grace that there, present before all peoples, standeth the cross of our Lord, brightest of beacons, with the blood of the King of heaven all be-

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dewed, drenched with His pure blood. And it shineth resplendent over the wide creation. Shadows shall be dispelled where that radiant tree casteth its light on men. Yet shall it become an affliction, a woe unto the nations, unto all such as working iniquity knew no thanks to God, for that He was hung upon that holy tree for the sins of men. There for mankind with love He purchased life, He, the Prince, on that day with the ransom—His body, which had wrought no evil, no transgression nor sin—wherewith He set us free. Yet will He sternly take recompense again for all, when the red cross shineth over all the heavens in the place of the sun.

And the timid, undone in transgression, swart workers of sin, shall behold it in sorrow. They shall see it as a bale, which came best of all things unto them, had they but known it as good. Ruefully they shall see the former wounds upon their Lord, and the open gashes where plotters of hatred pierced with nails the white hands and the holy feet; yea! from His side let blood, and water and blood come forth together in the sight of all, ran out before the eyes of men, when He was on the cross. All this then may they see, open and clear, that for the love of sinful men He suffered many sorrows. Truly may the sons of men perceive how they denied Him in their lying hearts, flouted Him with words of insolence, spat their spittle in His face, deriding Him. With their hands hell-

destined men struck that blessed face with outstretched palm and fist, and round about His head they bound a bitter crown of thorns, blind in heart, strayed and erring men.

They saw the dumb creation, the radiant-green earth and upper sky, with trembling feel its Saviour's agonies ; and though they lived not, woefully they wailed when men of evil seized upon their Maker with sinful hands. The sun was darkened, veiled in sorrow, and in Jerusalem men saw the best of goodly webs, whereon the multitude had gazed of old, the glory of that holy house, rent from above so that in two halves it lay upon the earth. The temple-veil, wrought with wondrous colour to be the beauty of that house, was cleft in twain even as though a keen sword-edge had pierced it through. Many walls and rocks throughout the world were burst asunder ; also the earth, shaken with terror, trembled in tumult. The broad sea made known the strength of its might, and from its bonds in wrath broke forth unto the lap of earth ; and from their shining stations the stars forsook their splendour sweet. In that same hour heaven clearly knew who decked it brightly with its starry gems ; wherefore it sent its herald when first was born the radiant King of all the world. Lo ! sinful men saw truly, on that very day whereon He suffered, a mighty wonder, when earth gave up all those who lay within. Quickened they rose to life whom she of old had firm

constrained, the dead and buried, who held within their hearts the Lord's behests. And Hell perceived, she who avenges sin, that the Creator, the all-wielding God, was come, when she gave that horde the hosts from out her burning bosom.

Then was blessing come to many a heart, and from their souls sorrow stole away. Yea ! the sea made known who stablished it upon the spacious earth, the mighty King of glory. Wherefore it yielded Him a way when God would walk upon the waves, nor dared the ocean-stream to cover with its floods the feet of God. And many a tree, no little number, revealed who shaped them with their blossoms, when mighty God mounted on one of them, whereon He knew affliction for the need of human kind, a baleful death to succour men. Then many a tree wept bloody tears under its bark, ruddy, abundant tears ; the sap was turned to blood. Nor may the dwellers of the world unriddle that, by craft of wisdom, how many lifeless things, that might not feel, still knew the Passion of our Lord. They that are the noblest of the tribes of earth, and eke the heaven's high halls, for that alone grew sorrowful and smitten with fear. For though by nature they had no understanding hearts, yet wondrously they weened it when the Lord departed from the flesh.

But the tribes of men, blind of heart, harder than stones of flint, knew not to confess their God that the Prince, the Lord Almighty,



delivered them from the torments of Hell, by His holy might, and that from the first beginnings of the world far-seeing men, prophets of the Lord, holy and sage of heart, with searching wisdom, full oft nor once alone spake to the sons of men anent that noble Son that, through the holy maid, the Precious Stone, the Lord of glory, Prince of bliss, would become a refuge and a comfort unto human kind.

What weeneth he who is not mindful in his heart of the gentle teachings of his Lord, and of all the sorrows that He suffered for the sons of men, since He was fain that we might have for ever a heavenly home. In the grim day of the great doom it shall go sadly with that man who, all defiled by deadly sin, gazeth on the gashes of the Lord, his wounds and woe. With weary hearts they shall behold that greatest of sorrows, how with His body, with pitying heart, the King himself redeemed them from their sin, that they might live set free from their transgressions and have the everlasting blessedness of glory. But for that gift they knew no thanks unto their Lord; wherefore in God shall they behold the token of their woeful lot, manifest, boding ill.

Then Christ shall sit upon His royal throne, on His high judgment-seat; the God of heaven's hosts, the Almighty Father, the Shining Lord, the Sovereign of the skies, shall adjudge unto every folk rightfully according to the things they have wrought. On the right hand shall

be mustered the multitude of the pure, chosen unto Christ Himself for all that is choicest, for that they eagerly fulfilled His words in the days of their life. And the workers of sin shall be sundered unto a harder lot before their Lord. The true King of victory shall bid that sinful horde on the left hand depart. Then detected they shall wail and tremble in terror before God. As foul as goats, an unclean folk, they may not hope for mercy. Thus before God shall the soul's judgment be decreed unto the generations of men according to the things that formerly they wrought.

There among the blessed, easily to be discerned, shall be three tokens that they have heeded well their Master's will in their words and works. The first clear token is that they gleam with light before the peoples, with glory and splendour through the dwellings of the cities. And on them shine the works that formerly they wrought, on every one of them, more radiant than the sun.

And a second token shall be shown that they in glory know the grace of God, beholding with enraptured eyes that in the heavenly kingdom they may know bright joys in blessedness among the angels. And the third token shall be that the blessed hosts may see how those undone by sin suffer sorely in requital of their transgression—the raging flame and the sting of serpents with bitter jaws, a host of burning souls. And in their heart waxeth

a winsome joy. When they see others suffer that evil which by God's mercy they escaped, then the more eagerly do they give thanks to God for blessedness and bliss—they who see that He redeemed them from that evil torment and granted them eternal joy. For them is Hell fast locked and the Kingdom of Heaven yielded up. So shall recompense be given them who heeded well in love their Maker's will.

But to those others shall unlike decree go forth. Full too many a woe must they behold upon themselves, abundant evil, suffering for transgressions done. Unto them sorrowing cleaveth sore distress, a grievous widespread evil on three sides. And of those many miseries whereon they gaze one shall be the dreadful fire of Hell before them, prepared in punishment, wherein forever they must strive and suffer curse and exile.

Likewise there shall be a second misery to the shame of guilty men that they, by sin defiled, must needs endure most deep disgrace. In them the Lord beholdeth no small toll of loathsome sins; likewise the radiant throng of heavenly angels and the sons of men, all they that dwell on earth and the grim fiend shall know their dark craft and every deed of evil. Through the flesh may they behold the stains of vice upon the soul. The sinful flesh shall be shot through with shame as a bright glass, that men most easily may gaze it through. And in their heavy need a third

sorrow, a wailing woe, shall be that they behold how guiltless men in gladness rejoice in their good deeds, which they, unhappy men, disdained to do while yet their days endured. And for their deeds shall come distress and weeping, that formerly so freely they accomplished sin.

They shall see better men shining in bliss, nor shall their misery only be a torment unto them, but the blessedness of those others shall be a sorrow, that they in former days passed by so fair and winsome joy through the deceitful pleasures of the body, the idle lust of sinful flesh. Then confounded, smit with shame, they shall stray dizzily, bearing their sinful burden, their deeds of guilt which all that folk doth see. Then were it better for them had they humbled them before one man aforetime for their works of sin, every iniquity and wrongful act, and to God's messenger confessed that to their shame they knew their deeds of evil. Neither may he that shriveth see through the flesh upon the soul whether one speaketh truth or lying words when he confesseth sin. Yet man may heal his every evil and unclean act if he but tell it to one single man. And none may hide on that grim day an evil unatoned ; but then the host shall see it. Yea ! with the body's eyes shall we behold upon our souls hateful transgressions, the wounds of sin, impure meditations, musings of ill. Nor may any man tell it to another with what eagerness each one of us by every



act is fain in striving after life, anxiously endeavouring after days of living, to purge away the rust of sin to chasten self, to heal the scars of former wounds, what little time of life remaineth, that pure and undismayed before the eyes of them that dwell on earth he may enjoy his heritage with men so long as soul and body live together.

But with the heart's eyes should we eagerly and wisely gaze through the soul's casing to the sins within. For with those other eyes, the jewels of the head, in no wise may we penetrate the spirit of the secret thought, whether below it evil dwell or good, that it may be pleasing unto God in that dread hour.

Then in glory He shall shine above all hosts, in radiant flame from His high seat, where before angels and all the tribes of men He first shall speak to the most blessed, with loving kindness grant them grace in holy words. The High-King of heaven shall show them gentle comfort and bring them peace. He shall bid them, free of stain, and full of blessing, depart unto the land of the joy of angels, and ever gladsomely enjoy it.

"Now with friends receive ye the Kingdom of My Father, that was prepared for you in winsomeness before all worlds, blessedness with bliss, bright beauty of home, where ye with well-loved men may see true weal of life, sweet heavenly joy. This have ye merited since joyfully ye received with gracious heart wretched men, the needy of the world ; when

in My name they humbly craved your pity then did ye grant them help and shelter, unto the hungry bread, clothes to the naked, and those that lay diseased in pain, enthralled of sickness, their souls ye softly stayed with love of heart. All that ye did unto Me what time ye sought them out with kindly love, ever strengthening their souls with comfort. Wherefore in blessedness with My beloved long shall ye reap reward."

Then shall all-wielding God in the menace of terror begin to speak unto the evil, unto those on His left hand in unlike wise. They may not look for mercy from the Lord, nor life nor pity, but there a reward shall come unto all men, unto all with speech endowed, according to their acts of word and deed. They shall suffer a righteous doom full of terror. And on that day the great mercy of the Almighty Lord shall be cut off from all the tribes of men when wrathfully He imputeth to that folk perverse their sinful deeds; in words of anger biddeth them make accounting of their life which formerly He gave for blessedness unto so wicked men. Almighty God shall begin to speak as He were speaking to one only man, yet shall He mean all sinful folk.

"Lo! man! with my hand I wrought thee first, gave thee reason, shaped thy limbs of clay, yea! and breathed a living spirit in thee. Over all created things I honoured thee. I gave thee form and aspect like to

Me ; granted thee fulness of might, weal over all wide lands. No deal of woe thou knewest for thy portion, nor of the darkness thou must now endure. Yet knewest thou no thanks that I shaped thee in beauty, wrought thee winsome, granted thee wealth of riches that thou mightest wield it over the things of the world, where I set thee on the fair earth that thou mightest enjoy the bright profusion of Paradise, radiant of hue. Thou wouldest not keep the word of life, but broke My bidding at thy Bane's behest, hearkening rather unto scathing spoilers than to the Lord that made thee.

“ Now I pass by that ancient tale how thou in the beginning wroughtest evil, squandering in deeds of sin that I gave thee as profit. That I gave to thee abundantly of good and in it all there seemed unto thy heart too little of felicity, if thou mightest not have fulness of might of like greatness with God's, therefore thou grewest estranged from that delight, cast out afar after the will of thy foes. The beauty of Paradise, the home of spirits, thou must needs forego, sorrowful in soul, wicked and wretched, shorn of all thy bounty and blessedness. Then wast thou driven out into the gloomy world to undergo heavy affliction all this weary while, pain and toilsome strife and darksome death, and on thy going hence must needs in Hell abjectly perish, bereft of helping hands. Then was I rueful that My handiwork should fare forth into fiends’

dominion, that the sons of men should know destruction, make trial of a dwelling all unknown, and grievous fortune.

“ Then I Myself descended as a son unto his mother ; yet was her maidenhood inviolate of man. I only was born a comfort unto men ; and with their hands men swathed Me, clad Me in weeds of the needy, and laid Me in darkness wrapped in swarthy raiment. Lo ! that have I endured for the world. Little I seemed unto the children of men. I lay on the hard stone, an infant in a manger, that I might save thee from torment, and the burning bale of Hell. That misery I suffered that thou mightest shine holy and blessed in eternal life.

“ No pride it was to Me ; but I suffered in My youth misery and shameless pain of body that I might be like thee, and that thou, purged of sin, mightest grow like to My winsome beauty. And for My love of man My face and head have suffered, enduring grievous blows. Oft on My face I received the spittle of sinners, from the mouths of graceless men. Bitterly they blended unto Me an unsweet drink of vinegar and gall. There before that folk I suffered the hatred of hostile men ; they afflicted Me with outrage, shrank not from enmity, with scourges scourged Me. That misery in meekness all for thee I suffered, insult and reviling word. About My head they wreathed a wounding crown, heavily pressed it home, all wrought of thorns. Then



was I hung upon the lofty rood, fastened upon the cross. And straight with spear from out My side they let My blood flow forth, My gore unto the ground, that thou thereby mightest be freed from the dominion of devils. So, unstained of sin, I suffered torment, evil affliction, till I sent forth alone from out its house of flesh My living spirit. Behold the deadly wounds they wrought of old upon My hands and feet, whereby made fast I hung in agony. Still mayest thou behold clearly in My side the bloody gash. How is the account unequal 'twixt us twain! I bore thy suffering that in blessedness thou mightest happily enjoy My native kingdom; for thee I purchased dearly by My death long life that thenceforth in the light, unstained of sin, thou mightest dwell in beauty. My body, which wrought no harm to any, lay enfolded in the earth, buried in the sepulchre below, that thou mightest be on high brightly exalted 'mid the host of heaven. Why didst thou forsake that shining life that with My body I kindly bought in love for thee, a succour unto wretched men? Surely thou wast void of understanding that thou knewest not thanks to God for thy redemption. I ask nought for that bitter death I suffered for thee. Yield Me thy life; that life for which I gave Mine own in ransom, in martyrdom, that life I now demand, which thou hast slain with evil to thy shame. The holy temple which I had hallowed in thee, a house of joy—why hast

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thou fouled it of thine own self-will in lust of sin and filthy deed ?

“ Yea ! the very body that I redeemed from out the clutch of fiends, forbade it sin, working thy wickedness, thou hast stained with shames. Why didst thou hang Me on a cross of thy hand’s making in greater agony than I hung of old ? Lo ! this to Me the harder seemeth. Severer unto Me thy cross of sins whereon I am reluctant hung, than was that other cross whereon I mounted up of Mine own will, when urgently thy woe repented Me in heart, when forth from Hell I drew thee, where thenceforth thou wast fain to dwell. In the world was I poor that in heaven thou mightest have wealth ; wretched was I in thy kingdom that thou mightest have bliss in Mine. Yet for all in thy heart thou knewest no thanks unto thy Saviour-God. Lo ! I gave you bidding to cherish well My brothers in the world, with all the goods I gave you on the earth to help the poor ; ye have fulfilled it ill. Ye have denied the needy to enter in under your roof, refused them everything with stony heart, clothes unto the naked, meat unto those anhungered, though in My name weary, in sickness, they besought for water, bountiless, plagued of thirst, distressed for drink. Roughly ye refused ; the sorrowful ye visited not, spake unto them no gentle word of comfort, that they might gain a better cheer. All this ye did to Me, unto the scorn of the King of heaven. Wherefore ye shall suffer

grievous, endless torment, endure exile with fiends."

Then over all the Warden of victory shall issue an awful sentence, abounding in pain, over that fated folk. He shall say to that band of sinful souls:

"Fare ye now accursed, by your own wills bereft of angel's joy, unto eternal fire, hot and grim, that was prepared of old for Satan and his fellows, the Fiend and his dark host. Ye shall sink therein."

Shorn of counsel they may not scorn the sentence of the King of heaven, but swiftly they shall sink into the deep pit, into the dusky flame the host of the sinful, spirits doomed under the folds of earth, unto the dwelling of fiends the horde of the guilty, to destruction the cursed, unto the house of torment, death hall of the devil. Never again shall they seek remembrance of God, nor escape out of their sins, but stained of evil, bound in burning flame they shall suffer death. Ever vengeance for their sins shall be upon them, that is eternal torment. Nor may that flaming pit ever in the eternal night burn away sin from the sons of men, pollution from their souls forever. But ever the deep abyss feedeth those wretched souls; bottomless it holdeth spirits in the darkness, consumeth them with ancient flame and chilling terror, with serpents dire and many a torment, with bitter jaws it scatheth all that folk.

Of that may we have heed, declaring

straightway, telling truly that the warden of the soul hath lost life's wisdom, he who regardeth not whether his soul know misery or bliss, where, after his going hence, he shall dwell forever. He feareth not to work his wickedness, rash-hearted man, nor any whit hath he of rue in heart, that the Holy Ghost depart away from him by reason of his sins in this fleeting life. Then the worker of evil, trembling before God, shall stand black-hearted at the judgment, stained with death, accursed with his sins. The faithless shall be filled with fire, unworthy of life, smitten of dread before the face of God. Dusky, devoid of beauty, he shall have the hue of the damned, a sign of the guilt of the soul. Then when there is no time the sons of men shall weep their tears and wail for their transgressions. Too late they shall do to the comfort of their souls, when the Lord of hosts will not regard how sinful men bewail in bitterness their olden treasure in that revealing hour. Nor shall any time of sorrow be vouchsafed to men, that he, who will not win his soul's salvation, while still he dwelleth here on earth, may then find healing. On no good man shall woe be visited, nor weal on any evil, but every wight shall bear his works alone.

Wherefore he who would fain win life at his Creator's hand must haste while soul and body dwell together. Let him cherish eagerly the beauty of his soul after the will of God, be heedful of his words and deeds, his bearing



and his inward thoughts, so long as this world gliding in the shadow may shine for him, that in this fleeting hour he lose not the bounty of his joy, his toll of days, and comely deeds, and his reward of glory that the King of heaven in that holy hour justly granteth, as guerdon of their triumph, unto all such as hearken unto Him with eager hearts.

Then heaven and hell shall be filled with the children of heroes, the souls of men. The gulf shall swallow up God's enemies; the hurtling flame shall seize on wicked men, mortal transgressors, neither allow them thence to flee away with joy to any refuge. But fire shall bind the fast imprisoned horde and scourge the children of sin. Insolent to me it seemeth that men endowed with spirit will not heed in their hearts what the Ruler layeth on them in His vengeance, upon hostile men. Then life and death shall take their fill of souls; the house of torment shall be open and revealed to faithless men. Men swift to sin shall fill it with their blackened souls. Then to avenge their guilt the wicked horde shall be sundered, the cursed from the holy, unto destroying pain. There shall thieves and spoilers and liars and adulterers have no hope of life; and perjurers shall know the guerdon of sin, bitter and terrible. Then shall hell take in the host of the faithless and God shall give them over to destruction unto fiends. The damned shall suffer grievous mortal bale. Wretched shall be that man

who willeth to work transgression so that in his sin he shall be sundered from the Lord at the day of doom to death below, among the race of hell, in that burning fire, under locks of flame. There shall they yield their limbs to be bound, to be burned, to be scourged in vengeance of sin.

Then at the word of the King, by the might of God, shall the Holy Spirit fasten the locks of hell, that greatest of torture-houses, filled with fire and the horde of fiends. Direst of deaths shall that be of devils and of men. That is a joyless house. Thence may not any ever flee away from out his icy bonds. They broke the King's behest, the bright commandments of the Books. Wherefore they must dwell in everlasting darkness, endure an endless woe for ever, stained with sin, they who scorned on earth the glory of the heavenly kingdom.

Then the chosen shall bear before Christ bright treasure, and joy shall live upon the day of doom. They shall know the blessedness of peaceful life with God, which shall be given unto all saints within the heavenly realm. That land shall never come unto an end, but there forevermore, all free of sin, they shall know bliss, praise the Lord of hosts, dear Saviour of their life, all wreathed in light, enwrapped in peace, safe from sorrows, glorified with joy, loved of the Lord. Always in bliss forever they shall know the fellowship of angels, and radiant in grace adore the

Lord of men. The Father of all hath power and upholdeth the host of the holy. There is the song of angels, the bliss of the blessed ; there is the Lord's dear face more radiant than the sun unto all happy souls. There is life without death, a gladsome band of men ; youth without age, the glory of the hosts of heaven ; health without pangs unto the righteous ; rest without toil, the lot of the blessed ; day without darkness, bright and filled with glory ; bliss without sorrow ; love between friends forever without discord ; peace without strife for blessed souls in heaven in the company of holy men. There shall be no hunger nor thirst, neither sleep nor heavy sickness, nor burning of the sun, nor cold, nor care. But that blessed band, fairest of hosts, shall know the favour of their King forever and glory with the Lord.

## SECOND ENDING OF CHRIST

That shall be the fairest of delights when first they meet, the angel and the blessed soul ; when it forsaketh the joys of earth, leaveth that fleeting rapture and from the body stealeth away. Then shall the angel speak—for he hath higher order—greet that other spirit and declare unto it God's commands.

“Now mayest thou fare whither long and oft thou strovest. I will lead thee. The ways are mild and the light of glory

radiantly revealed. Thou art a wayfarer unto that holy home where never cometh rue and where is healing for affliction. There shall be rapture of angels, peace and holiness and rest for souls. There evermore may they take joy with God who keep his judgments here on earth. He keepeth an eternal reward for them in heaven, where the Highest, the King of all kings holdeth dominion over his cities. There are the dwellings that never shall decay, neither for misery shall life flee away from those that dwell therein ; but it shall be fairer and more enduring. They shall enjoy youth and the mercy of God. Thither after death may come the souls of the righteous who teach and keep the law of God, and sing His praise. They shall subdue accursed spirits and win the peace of heaven. Thither early or late shall rise the spirit of that man whoso hath cherished his own soul on earth that clean of sin it may pass at last into the hand of God."

1672-1693



## THE FATES OF THE APOSTLES

Lo ! travel-worn, with weary heart, I wrought this lay, made gleaning far and wide how those princely men, radiant and glorious, showed forth heroic might. Twelve were they in number, famed of deed, chosen of God, dear in the days of life. Throughout the earth their praise went forth afar, the might and splendour of the thanes of God, no little glory. And destiny gave guiding to that holy band where they might magnify the law of the Lord, and make it known to men. Of their number, in the city of Rome, stout of heart, enduring in affliction, Peter and Paul gave up their lives by Nero's crushing guile ; and the apostle order was wide revered among all peoples. Likewise before Hegeas in Achaia Andrew staked his life ; nor was he shaken before the majesty of any earthly king, but chose immortal life, eternal light, what time he hung upon the cross, enduring in the strife, with the armies tumult round about, after the battle-play. Lo ! we have heard men sage of counsel speak of John, recount his nobleness. As I have heard, of all in man's estate he was the dearest unto Christ when the King of glory, Lord of angels, Father of mankind, by the womb of a maid

came unto earth ; and ever in Ephesus he taught the people. Thence journeying he sought the Way of life, the rapture of heaven, radiant Paradise. Nor was his brother late nor slow unto the journey, but among the Jews, before the throne of Herod, by the print of the sword, he yielded up his life, the spirit with the flesh.

Philip was in the land of the Assaeans, whence he sought eternal life by the pangs of the rood, what time in Gearopolis he was hung upon the cross by a warrior band. Verily full widely known was his destiny that Bartholomew, crafty of war, journeyed unto the men of Inde ; and Astrias in Albanum, heathen and blind of heart, bade men behead him for that he would not be subject unto pagan gods, nor worship idols. And he knew the bliss of heaven, eternal weal, fairer than gods of falsehood. Eke Thomas boldly adventured among the men of Inde in other parts ; and there was courage brought to many a heart, their souls made strong by reason of his holy word, what time he waked with wondrous craft, by the power of God, the noble brother of the king, before the multitude, so that he arose from death, young and bold in battle. And his name was Gad. Unto that folk he yielded up his life in strife, received a sword-thrust by a heathen hand. There fell the holy man, sore-smitten before the hosts, and his soul sought out the radiance of glory, in guerdon of victory.

Lo ! we have heard in the holy books that among the men of Aethiopia truth was known, the awful glory of God ; and the dawn of day, of bright belief, awoke. The land was purified by Matthew with lofty teachings. Him the cruel king Irtacus, with erring heart, bade slay with weapons. We heard how Jacob in Jerusalem before the priests suffered death by stinging blows of the scourge ; for their envious hatred fell that blessed man, stout of heart ; and now he hath eternal life with the King of glory as a reward of the battle.

Nor were the other twain slow unto the strife, the play of shields. But Simon and Thaddeus, men bold in war, ever hasting onward sought out the Persian land. And in that place came upon them both an end of their days. Then by weapon-hate these noble men must needs endure affliction ; seek out their crown of triumph and true joy, bliss after death, what time their life was severed from the body ; and they scorned all fleeting treasure and idle wealth. Thus met their ends the noble twelve, those kindly men ; these thanes of glory wear upon their hearts enduring honour.

And now I pray that man, whosoever hath joy in the course of this lay, that he entreat that holy band for me in my affliction, for help and peace and succour. How great a need have I of gentle friends upon my way, when I seek out alone my long home, that unknown dwelling-place, and leave behind

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the body, this bit of earth, to be a spoil and solace unto worms.

Here may a man sage of wisdom,  
who delighteth in song, learn who wove  
**F** this lay. *Wealth* standeth at the end  
of all. Man hath joy of it on earth,  
yet may they not abide alway together,  
**U W** dwelling in the world. *Our joy* on earth  
shall vanish ; the body's fleeting beauty  
**L** shall fade even as *water* glideth away.  
**C Y** *Hero* and *evil wight* shall seek for strength  
in the narrow watches of the night.  
**N** On them resteth heavy *Need*, the service  
of the King.

Now mayest thou know who was unknown  
to man in these words. May that man who  
hath pleasure in the course of this lay be mind-  
ful thereof, and for me seek aid and comfort.  
For I shall fare far hence alone unto an alien  
land, set out upon a journey, I myself know  
not whither, out of this world. Unknown  
are those courts, that land and realm. So  
shall it be to every one of men, save he win  
grace of God. Wherefore may we more  
eagerly cry unto the Lord that he may send us  
blessing in this radiant world, that we may  
enjoy those dwellings, that home on high,  
where is most of bliss, where the King of  
angels granteth to the pure eternal guerdon ;  
and his praise endureth great and glorious  
forever, and his might abideth eternal, ever-  
young, through all creation. Finit.



POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CYNEWULF



## ANDREAS

Lo ! we have heard of twelve glorious men in olden days under the stars, the thanes of God ; nor did their glory fail them in the fray when standards massed together, what time they were divided according as the Lord Himself, the high King of heaven, revealed to them their lot. And they were mighty men over the earth, brave leaders of the folk, bold in battle, stout of heart, when hand and buckler shielded the helm on the plain of war, on the field of fate. And of these one was Matthew, who among the Jews first wrote in word with wondrous craft the Gospel. And holy God cast His lot out upon that island where none of alien race might yet have home or bliss ; often the hand of murderous men smote him heavily upon the battlefield. And all that borderland, stronghold of men and native home of heroes, was compassed about by death and the fraud of the foe ; and for man there was not any food of bread upon that plain, nor any drink of water to relish ; but they ate blood and skin, the flesh of men, of those come from far, among the people. Such was their usage that they took as food for meatless men any

one of alien tribes, of those who sought that island. Such was the custom of this peaceless folk, a band of wretched men, that these grim-hearted foes, in angry wrath, with point of spear destroyed their seeing eyes, the jewels of the head. And wizards blended unto them, with magic craft, a bitter gruesome drink which turned the mind, the spirit of these men, their inmost heart. Their soul was changed so that they yearned not after human joy, these blood-greedy men, but weary with hunger were plagued with hay and grass.

## II

Then was Matthew come unto that mighty town, within the city. And there was exceeding tumult throughout Mermedonia, a godless host, thronging of evil men, what time these thanes of Satan learned the journey of that princely man. Quickly they went out against him under shield, armed with spears; these savage bearers of the ashen spear were no wise slow unto the fray. And these hell-destined men bound the hands of the holy man, made them fast with fiendish craft, and with the sword-point smote his eyes. Yet even then that blessed man with steadfast heart, though he received that loathsome, poisoned draft, adored the Warden of heaven's kingdom with soul and spirit, and ever boldly praised the Prince of glory, the Lord of heaven, with holy voice from

out his prison ; for the praise of Christ was steadfastly imprinted on his heart. Then weeping weary tears with voice of woe, in tones of wretchedness, he called upon his Victor-Lord, the Prince of all, Giver of joy to men, and spake this word :

“ How do these alien men weld chains of malice upon me and fetters of death ! Ever have I been eagerly mindful of Thy will in heart ; now in sorrow, even as the dumb cattle must I do my deeds. Thou alone knowest the thoughts of all, O Lord of man, the heart within the breast. But if it be Thy will, O Prince of glory, that faithless men shall slay me with the sword with edged weapons, then am I ready, O my God, thou Joy-giver of angels, to endure what thou mayest decree unto me in my exile, O Lord of man. In mercy grant me, Thou Almighty God, light in this life, that not in blindness in these cities, by reason of sworded-hate, and the reviling words of blood-greedy men, I suffer a long space the scorn of hostile scathers. On Thee alone, Thou Warden of the earth, have I set my heart, my steadfast love, and I entreat Thee, Father of angels, bright Giver of bliss, that thou give me not over among my foes, these wretched workers of sin, unto that worst of deaths upon the earth, O judge of men ! ”

And after these words there came from heaven a holy sign of glory, even as the radiant sun, unto the prison. Thus was revealed that holy God wrought help for him. Then



was heard under the sky the wondrous voice of the King of heaven, the sound of the word of the mighty Lord. And unto His vassal thane, steadfast in the strife, in his woeful thralldom He tendered comfort and healing with voice sublime:

“ I grant thee, Matthew, my peace beneath the heavens. Nor be thou fearful in thy soul, nor grieve in heart. For I will dwell with thee, and free thee from thy fetters, and all that host that sojourneth with thee in heavy need. Unto thee in radiance with holy might the plain of Paradise is opened, highest of bliss, fairest of dwellings, sweetest of homes, where thou mayest have joy of glory forever and forever. Endure the menace of this folk. It shall be no long time that these faithless men may weigh thee down with bonds, by craft of sin. But I shall send Andrew straightway unto thee to be a shelter and a solace in this heathen city, and he shall loose thee from the hatred of this folk. Nor shall the tale of time be long unto that hour, in sooth but seven and twenty numbered nights, till thou mayest go forth from thy affliction, spent with sorrow, by victory glorified, and turn aside from misery unto the keeping of God.”

And the Holy Helm of every creature, the Lord of angels, departed unto the celestial kingdom. Rightfully is He the steadfast King, ruling in every place. Then was Matthew heartened anew exceedingly and the veil of night glided away, swiftly van-

ished ; light came and the stir of dawn. The host assembled, heathen battle-wolves gathered in throngs, armour rang, spears shook, and under the shelter of shields hearts were wroth. For they were fain to know whether they lived alive who in that prison, fast in fetters, held their cheerless home ; which one of them they first might take as food, after the appointed time despoil of life. For those flesh-greedy men had written in runic writing, with craft of reckoning, the end of the days of every man, when they should take him to be food for famished men among that folk. Savagely they shrieked, one band joined another, nor did these warriors wild reck any whit of right, or of the grace of God. Oft by Satan's counsel they smote under cover of darkness, when they had trust in their unholy gods. There they found that holy man, wise of heart, waiting with courage in his darksome dungeon what the radiant King, the Lord of angels, would grant to him.

### III

Then was the space of the appointed time passed away save for three nights, as these war-wolves had written it, when they thought to smite his frame asunder, quickly sever soul and body, and then deal out to old and young, to be a toothsome food to men, the flesh of that dead man. Nor did these ravening wolves of war mourn for his life how that the soul

must journey onward after the pangs of death. But so each thirty days they wrought their deeds. On them great craving lay, so that with bloody jaws they rent the flesh of men, to be their sustenance. Yet was He mindful, who with mighty power stablished the earth, how he abode in misery among an alien folk, constrained with bonds, who of his love suffered among the Hebrews and the men of Israel, and mightily withstood the magic art of the Jews.

Then was the holy voice heard from heaven where the blessed Andrew bode in the Achaian land, where he instructed men in the way of life. And to that dauntless man the Glory of kings, the Ruler of mankind, the Lord of hosts, revealed his secret thought and spake this word:

“Thou shalt fare forth and carry peace, journeying seek that land where man-eating men do ward their home, and hold their dwelling-place by murderous might. Such is their usage that they will not grant life to any unknown man within their folkland whensoever these sinning men in Mermedonia happen upon a helpless wight. But there death shall come upon him and cruel rack. There I know thy victor-brother abideth, fast in bonds, among that folk. Three nights is it now before that time when among that folk, in heathen strife, smitten of the spear, he shall send forth his soul, destined unto another land, except thou come before that hour.” And swiftly Andrew gave Him answer: “How

may I journey on so distant way, over the deep sea-path, thus speedily, O my God, Thou Lord of heaven, Wielder of glory ! as Thou dost say ? That may Thine angel from the heavens easily attain. For he knoweth the compass of the seas, the salty ocean-streams, the swan-road and the tumbling surges, the tumult of the water floods, and ways across wide lands. No friends are known to me among those alien earls, neither do I know the heart of any man, nor are the ways across the cold sea-water known to me a whit."

And unto him Eternal God gave answer : " Alas ! Andrew, that ever thou shouldest be slow unto this journey ! It were no hard deed for Almighty God to work upon the paths of earth, that that city be moved unto this people under the span of heaven, its noble throne and all its habitants, did but the God of glory speak it with His word. Nor couldst thou be slow unto this journey, nor over-weak of wit, did thou think well to hold covenant with thy Lord, and faithful compact. At the hour be thou all-prepared ; of this errand may be no delaying. Thou shalt fare forth and bear thy life unto the clutch of cruel men, where strife of contest will be offered, with shout of heathen warriors, and battle-craft of heroes. Straight with early day, just at the dawn, at the sea's strand, thou shalt ascend thy ship and on the chill floods plunge o'er the ocean-path. And where thou farest throughout my earth, have blessing."

And the holy Holder and Wielder of all,  
Lord of high angels, Warden of the world,  
departed to seek his native realm, that glorious  
home where souls of righteous men, after  
the ruin of this earthly frame, may joy in life.

#### IV

So was his charge entrusted to that valiant  
noble in the cities. Nor was his heart craven,  
but he was unflinching in heroic deed, bold  
and resolute, no whit slow in war, ready unto  
the fray, steadfast in the battle of the Lord.  
In the early dawn at the break of day he de-  
parted over the sandy dunes unto the sea-  
beach with leaping heart ; and with him fared  
his thanes across the sand. The ocean roared,  
seas thundered on the shore. All exultant was  
that valiant man when he beheld his broad-  
beamed ship upon the shingle.

Then came the radiant morning, brightest  
of beacons, over the sea, the holy shining candle  
of heaven, hasting out of the darkness over  
the ocean floods. And he beheld three noble  
thanes, wardens of ships, high-hearted men,  
sitting in a sea-boat, and hasting onward as  
they came across the waves. That was God  
Himself, the Lord of hosts, Eternal, Almighty,  
with his angels twain. And they were in the  
garb of sailors, earls unlike sea-faring men,  
when on the ocean's bosom, over a distant  
course, on the chill water-ways, they dance in  
ships. And he who stood upon the sand,



sturdy of heart upon the shore, hailed them and gave them question :

“ Whence come ye voyaging in ships, ye men of might, in your ocean-courser, lone floater of the deep ? Whence did the sea-stream bring you over the weltering waves ? ”

And unto him Almighty God gave answer, so that he wist not, who abode His word, what man of counsel this might be unto whom he spake upon the strand.

“ We from the Mermedonian folk have fared from far. Our high-beaked ship, our swift sea-stallion dowered with speed, bare us upon the flood over the whale-road, till that we sought the land of this people, carried onward by the sea as the wind drove us.”

And Andrew spake with humble heart : “ I would fain entreat thee, though I may give but little treasure, but little store of precious things, that thou guide us in thy steep-sided ship, thy high-beaked skiff, over the home of the whale unto that people. And may thy guerdon be with God that thou wast kindly unto us upon this journey.”

And again the Helm of princes, the Maker of angels, gave him answer from His vessel :

“ Neither may far-travellers dwell there nor alien men enjoy a home ; but in that city they suffer death whoso venture thither from distant lands. Hast thou craving now that there in death, beyond the wide-flung sea, thou bring thy life to ruin ? ” And Andrew gave him answer : “ Unto that folk-land long-

ing urgeth us, exceeding craving unto that mighty city, O dearest Prince, if thou wilt but show kindness unto us upon the billowy sea."

From His ship's prow the Prince of angels, Saviour of man, gave answer unto him :

"Gladly will we ferry thee with us over the fishes' bath, even unto that land which longing urgeth thee to seek, when ye have paid your toll, the appointed rate, even as ye pay to boatmen and warders of ships over the vessel's side."

And quickly Andrew spake unto his friend's demand : "Neither have I beaten gold nor store of treasure, weal nor wealth, nor web of golden strands, nor land, nor linked rings, that I may fulfil thy will, thy craving in the world as thou dost ask."

And unto him the Prince of men, seated upon the gang-board, held converse across the tossing waves :

"How hath it come to thee, O dearest friend, that thou wouldest fain fare forth upon the watery hills and ocean's confines ; and, empty of treasure, seek out a ship over the chill mountain-seas ? Hast thou to thy comfort on the ocean-way no store of food, neither pure drink to thy weal ? Verily hard is the way of life to him who proveth long sea-voyages."

Then Andrew gave answer unto Him and, wise of heart, revealed his secret thought :

"It beseemeth ill for that God hath granted thee weal and wealth and fortune in the world, that thou seek answer thus with

haughty pride and wounding word. Better is it for every one of men that with humble heart he graciously receive way-faring men, even as Christ gave bidding, the Prince of glory. For we are His vassal thanes, chosen unto the strife, and rightfully is He the Wielding King, the Shaper of heaven's glory, the One Eternal God of every creature, as He comprehendeth all things by His strength alone, heaven and earth with holy might, best of victories. Himself He spake that word, the Father of every folk, and bade us hie us forth and strive for souls, throughout the spacious world. 'Fare ye now through all the regions of the world, even as far as the sea extends and meadows lie along the way. And in the cities preach ye radiant faith over the bosom of earth, and I will grant you peace. Neither need ye take treasure on that journey, nor gold nor silver; but I will grant you all good things and bless your power!' Now mayest thou know our journey with thoughtful heart, and quickly must I know what thou willest to do to our advantage."

And unto him Eternal God gave answer: "If ye are thanes whom God raised up throughout the earth, as ye say to me, and ye observe those things the Holy Lord hath bidden, then joyfully will I ferry you over the ocean-streams as ye have asked." Then stout of heart, these valiant men went up into the ship. And the soul of every man was gladdened upon the tossing sea.

And mid the ocean surges Andrew prayed  
the Prince of glory for favour on that sea-  
faring man and spake this word:

“ May the Lord, the Maker of mankind,  
grant thee honour, gladness in the world and  
bliss in heaven, as thou hast shown me loving-  
kindness upon this journey.”

And the holy man sat him down nigh unto  
the shipman, noble beside noble. Never did  
I hear of vessel fairer fraught with goodly  
treasure. For in it sat these warriors, these  
noble princes, beauteous thanes. Then spake  
the mighty Prince, Eternal and Almighty,  
bade His angel go, His radiant vassal thane,  
and bring forth food and gladden that wretched  
man on the ocean surges, that they the more  
easily might endure their course over the  
tossing waves.

## V

Then was there tumult, the sea was stirred ;  
the horn-fish played, gliding through the deep,  
and above circled the grey sea-mew, greedy  
of prey. The sun was darkened and the winds  
arose ; waves broke and seas ran high, the  
rigging moaned. Billows swept them, and  
water-terror rose with might. The thanes  
were smit of fear nor did any ween ever to  
come alive unto the land, of those who took  
ship with Andrew upon the sea ; nor was it  
yet known to them who guided their bark

across the deep. But even yet upon the ocean path, on the oar-stirred sea, the holy Andrew, a thane well-pleasing to his Lord, gave thanks unto their mighty Guide, that he was stayed with food :

“ For this meal may the Righteous God, the Radiant Prince of life, the Lord of hosts, give thee reward and grant thee food, the bread of heaven, even as thou showest favour and grace to me upon these mountain-seas. Now are my thanes dismayed, these warriors young ; the sea-stream rageth, dasheth unto heaven ; the ocean-bed is stirred, the deep is roused. Valour is overwhelmed, the might of stalwart men exceeding troubled.”

And from the sea the Lord of men spake unto him : “ Let now our floating ship fare onward to the strand, over the ocean fastness, and there let thy thanes, thy liegemen, bide upon the shore until thou come again.”

But swift the earls, the enduring thanes, gave answer unto him (nor would they brook that they should leave their well-loved leader in the ship and choose the land) :

“ Whither may we turn without a lord, soul-sorrowful, empty of good, wounded with sin, if we depart from thee ? For we are hated in every land, of every folk abhorred when stalwart sons of men hold counsel, which of them hath ever best upholden their lord in battle, when hand and shield upon the plain of war, hacked with swords, in the sport of strife, suffered heavy hardship.”



Then spake the mighty Prince ; the covenant-keeping King lifted up His voice :

“ If thou, as thou dost say, indeed be thane of the King of glory, reigning in majesty, make clear that mystery, how He taught mortal men under the clouds. Long is the journey over the fallow flood ; comfort the hearts of thy men. Wide is the way across the ocean-stream, and land is far to seek. The ocean-sands are stirred, the deep unto the shore, yet may God easily bring help unto sea-faring men.”

And he began to comfort his followers, his glorious thanes, with words of wisdom :

“ Ye purposed, who came upon the sea, that ye would venture mid a hostile folk, and for the love of God would suffer death, lay down your lives in the Ethiopian realm. Full well I wist the God of angels, Lord of hosts, would shelter us. By the might of the King of glory the water-terror shall be quelled and overcome, and kindlier grow the tossing sea.

“ So also it befell of old that in a bark, over the weltering waves, we proved the watery deep, riding the seas. Hateful seemed those sullen ocean-ways ; the billows beat upon the shore. Oft the deep cried out, one wave unto another, and whiles there rose a horror from the ocean’s womb unto the vessel’s deck, over our bark. And there the Almighty bode upon our ship, the radiant Lord of men. Then were the men fearful of heart ; they yearned for calm and mercy at the hand of the sublime

God. And the company began to cry aloud upon the ship ; then straight the King arose and stilled the waves, the surging seas, and rebuked the winds. The sea was hushed ; calm were the stretches of the ocean-streams. Then our hearts were glad, when we beheld, beneath the span of heaven, the winds and waves and tumbling seas, smitten with fear for terror of the Lord. Wherefore I say to you in sooth that never will the living God forsake an earl on earth, if his deeds be good."

Thus spake the holy champion, of thoughtful heart, the blessed warrior taught his thanes, comforted his followers, until that sleep came suddenly upon them, weary beside the mast. The sea subsided and the rushing waves were turned away, the tumult of the deep ; and the heart of the holy man was gladdened after the time of terror.

Wise of rede he spake, sage of soul unlocked his secret thought : " Never did I meet better shipman or one of greater craft than thou seemest unto me, never more stalwart rower, or one of better rede, or wiser word. And now again, O noble earl, I beg of thee a boon. Though I may give but little treasure, but little store of precious things, of beaten gold, I fain would win thy fair friendship, if I might, most glorious Prince. Wherefore thou shalt win gifts and holy bliss in heaven's glory, if thou be bounteous of thy lore unto sea-weary men. For at thy hand, O kingly man, I would learn craft, that thou mayest teach

me, since the King of glory, the Shaper of man, hath granted thee might to guide the wave-ships compassed by the sea, ocean-stallions across the deep.

“Sixteen voyages have I made upon the deep, early and late, in ships, with freezing hands as I smote the sea, the ocean-streams ; but this is now a greater. Yet never did I behold a man, a lusty hero like to thee, steering over the ship-stem. The ocean surges roar and beat upon the strand ; full swift is the bark. It fareth foamy-necked, most like a bird, and skimmeth on the sea. Full well I wot that never on the wave-path did I behold more wondrous craft in any shipman. For it is most like as if on land it stood at rest, where storm nor wind might stir it, nor surges shatter its high beak, although with speed it hasteth on upon the sea under its sails. Thou art full young, the helm of warriors, nowise old in winters, and in thy sailor’s heart thou hast a noble answer ; and wisely hast thou understanding of each man’s word before the world.”

The Eternal Lord gave answer unto him : “Oft it doth befall that in a bark, in ships amid the shipmen, when the squall cometh, we plunge across the deep in our ocean-steeds. Whiles it fareth hardly with us on the waves, upon the sea, although we boldly endure unto the journey’s end. Nor may the ocean surges work swift harm to any man against the will of God ; but He hath dominion of life who

doth bind the sea, trammel and constrain the darksome waves. And He shall rule the nations with righteousness, who lifted up the heaven, with His hands established it, wrought it and stayed it, and filled the radiant Paradise with glory. So was the home of angels prospered by His only might.

“Wherefore is it clear and manifest, openly seen, that thou art a thane favoured of the King, reigning in majesty. Wherefore the ocean knew, the compass of the seas, that thou hadst grace of the Holy Spirit ; and the billows abated, the turmoil of the waves ; the horror was stilled, the ample floods. The tides decreased when they perceived that God did hold thee closely in His keeping, who with mighty power stablished the bliss of heaven.”

## VI

Then stout of heart, with holy voice, that champion spake, revered the King, the Lord of glory, and spake this word :

“Blessed be Thou, Prince of mortal men, Lord and Saviour ! Ever Thy doom endureth far and near ; Thy name is holy, adorned in glory among every people, and magnified in grace. Nor is there any man under the span of heaven, any one of mortal race, who may expound aright or know the reckoning how Thou in glory, Lord of nations, Saviour of souls, dealest out Thy grace. Truly is it manifest,

O Lord of spirits, that Thou wast gracious to this lad, and didst honour him in youth, wise in wit, with gifts and skill of speech. Never of equal age did I meet any man more sage of soul."

Then in the ship the Glory of kings, the Beginning and the End, spake nobly unto him :

"O thane wise of heart, say, if thou canst, how it befell among mankind, that impious men with evil thoughts, the Jewish race, did raise up blasphemy against the Son of God, unhappy men ! Cruel and wroth of heart they had not faith in their Lord of life, that He was God, though He wrought many wonders before the people, open and manifest. These sinners might not know the noble Child, born to be a refuge and a comfort to mortal men, to all the dwellers of earth. For the Prince waxed great in word and wisdom, and, ever having glory of these wonders, he showed them forth before that folk perverse."

And Andrew gave him answer : " How could it happen on the earth, dearest of men, that thou heardest not of the Redeemer's might, how He, the Son of the all-wielding God, showed forth His grace throughout the spacious earth. He granted speech unto the dumb, the deaf did hear, the hearts of lame and leprous men He gladdened, those who long were sick of limb, weary and feeble, fast bound in pain. Throughout the cities the blind saw ; likewise upon earth, by His word, He waked many



divers men, many of mortal race, from death. Thus this kingly man wrought many wonders by His might. He hallowed for the multitude wine of water, and for the joy of men bade it turn unto a finer essence ; likewise with two fishes and five loaves he fed five thousand of the race of men ; glad of heart the multitude sat round about, in joy of respite, weary from their journey ; seated upon the ground they took their food as was most pleasing unto them. Now mayest thou hear, O dearest youth, how the Lord of glory in the days of life loved us with word and deed, and by His counsels urged us unto that beauteous joy, where we in freedom and in bliss may have our home with angels, those men who after death do seek the Lord."

Then again the Warden of the way unlocked His secret thought, and on the gang-board boldly spake :

"Canst thou say unto me, that I may know in sooth whether thy Lord, when He worked wonders on the earth, at no few times, showed them forth before the folk to their comfort, where bishops, scribes, and rulers were met together in council ? To me it seemeth that they for jealous hatred devised iniquity, deep in error by the devil's counsels, all too fain were death-doomed men to hearken to their faithless foes. Them Wyrd deceived, misled and taught them ill ; soon shall they, wretched among wretched men, know woe and grievous fire in the clutch of fiends."

And Andrew gave Him answer : " I say to thee in sooth, that He exceeding oft, before the rulers of the folk, did wonder upon wonder in the sight of men, and likewise secretly the Lord of men wrought weal in peace, according as He purposed."

The Helm of princes answered him : " Canst thou say in word, thou man of wisdom, thou valiant-hearted youth, the wonders that He wrought in secret, when with His band the Lord of heaven sat in secret council ? "

Andrew answered Him : " Why dost thou question me, most dearest prince, in wondrous words, when thou thyself dost know the truth of each event, by reason of thy wisdom's power ? "

And yet again the Warden of the wave addressed him : " Neither do I question thee with ill intent or hurtful word upon the sea, but my heart rejoiceth, waxeth with delight by reason of thy converse, thy great nobility. Nor I alone, but the heart of every man shall taste of happiness ; his soul shall be comforted whoso far or near is mindful of what things the Lord, the Son of God, wrought upon earth. Souls were converted, and, hastening onward through His wondrous power, sought out the joys of heaven, the angel's homeland."

And swiftly Andrew gave him answer : " Now do I clearly see in thee thyself wisdom's wit of wondrous power, triumphant fortune granted ; thy breast doth flower within with knowledge and with radiant bliss. Now will I

tell to thee end and beginning, even as I did hear the word and wisdom of that Prince, in the assembly of men, from his own lips. Oft ample hosts were met together to the Master's councils, unnumbered folk and hearkened to the teaching of that holy man. Then the Helm of princes departed again, the radiant Giver of bliss, unto His other home, where many came to meet Him unto the assemblage, wise hall-possessors praising God. And ever they rejoiced, blithe of heart, at the coming of their City-Warder. Thus it befell of old the Victor-Judge, the mighty Prince, went on His way ; nor were there many people present at that faring forth, no others of His folk, but only eleven numbered liegemen, filled with glory ; and He Himself was twelfth.

“ Then we came unto the royal city, where was built the temple of the Lord, high, with slender towers, known to men, adorned with glory. And the high-priest mocked us with reviling word, with bitter speech, in malice ; laid bare his secret thought, and wove reproach. Full well he knew we followed in the footsteps of that Righteous One, and kept His words of counsel. And straight, perverse of heart, shaken with woe, he lifted up his voice :

‘ Lo ! above all men are ye wretched, ye who wander o’er the weary ways, and fare on many troublous journeys, and, without the land’s law, hearken to the counsels of an alien man, ye who, bereft of bliss, proclaim your prince and say forsooth that ye have daily converse with

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the Son of God. And yet to all men is it known whence he is sprung. For he was reared in this folkland, born as a child amid his kinfolk. We have learned his father and his mother, dwellers of his home, are called Mary and Joseph ; and to him other children twain were born in brotherhood, Simon and Jacob, the sons of Joseph.' Thus spake the leader of the folk, eager for fame, and thought to veil the might of God. And crime was come and endless evil there where it rose aforetime.

"Then the Prince, the Lord of men, with a band of His liege thanes, departed away from the assemblage, strong in might, to seek His secret kingdom. By many wonders in the waste He showed His might, that He was King indeed, made strong with power over all the earth, Wielder and Shaper of the heavenly glory, the One Eternal God of every creature. Likewise a countless tale of other wondrous works He wrought before the eyes of men. Then He departed again with a mighty host, and stood within the temple, the Lord of glory. His voice arose throughout the lofty house. Yet sinful men heeded not the counsel of the Holy Man though He wrought many a true token while they gazed. Likewise the Prince of victory beheld the likeness of His angels, strange and wondrous, graven on the temple-wall on either hand, beauteously wrought and shaped with splendour. And He spake this word :

' This is a likeness of the angel-order, of the

noblest of the dwellers in that city, who are named Cherubim and Seraphim, in heaven's glory. Before the face of the Eternal Lord they stand with eager heart, and with their voices laud the glory of the King of heaven, the grace of God, with holy hymns. And here by handicraft is shown their image, upon the wall engraven, thanes of glory.' And again the Lord of hosts spake, the Heavenly Spirit, before that multitude :

'Now I bid a sign appear, and a wonder wax amid the multitude of men, that this image come down unto earth in beauty from the wall and speak, and in words of truth declare (that earls on earth may have belief) what my origin may be.'

"Neither durst it transgress the bidding of the Saviour, a sign before the hosts, but it leapt forth from the wall, stone from stone, that ancient olden work, and stood upon the earth. Then through the hard flint came a loud voice ; his speech thundered and sounded forth (and wondrous seemed the action of the stone to those stout-hearted men). Wisely He constrained with tokens manifest the seven priests and spake this word :

'Unhappy men are ye, of wretched thought, misled by guile, ignorant of good, confused of heart. For ye do scorn the Eternal Son of God, and Him who with His hands created land and sea, sky and earth and the angry waves, the salt sea-streams and the heaven above. This is the same all-ruling God whom



in days of old your fathers knew ; to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob He granted grace, decked them with wealth, and first to Abraham foretold the issue of the noble man, that of his kin should spring the God of glory. Now is the event open and manifest among you, and ye may with your eyes behold the Victor-God, the Lord of heaven.'

"And after these words the host throughout the spacious hall hearkened and all were still. Then the oldest, men of sin, began to say (nor would they see the truth) that it was wrought by magic might and sorcery, that the radiant stone spake before men. Sin waxed in the breasts of men ; burning hate, that worm hostile to weal, that baleful venom, welled in their hearts. Then was evident by bitter speech a doubting heart, misthought of men compassed about by death. And the Prince bade that imaged stone go forth from that spot upon the road, to journey forth and tread the ways of earth, the meadows green, and by his counsels lead the messengers of God within the realm unto Chananeas, and by the King's command bid Abraham and his two sons arise from out their graves, to leave their rest within the earth, collect their limbs together and receive their spirits and their youth again, and with their life renewed, aged counsellors, to come and show forth to this folk what God they knew of old by His great might.

"Then he went forth even as the mighty Prince, the Shaper of men, had charged him,

over the roads of the marches, so that he came brightly gleaming unto Mambre as the Lord had bidden, where for a long space of time the bodies of the patriarchs were buried in the earth. He swiftly bade Abraham and Isaac and princely Jacob rise quickly from out the earth, from their fast sleep to meet with God ; he bade them gird themselves and fare unto the council of the Lord. For they must manifest unto the folk who it was that at the first beginning fixed the radiant green earth and heaven above, and who the Ruler was who wrought that handiwork. No long time durst they withstand the word of the King of glory ; these three men of wisdom, stout of heart, departed away treading the march-land, and left their house of mould, their open earthly graves. For they would fain make known forthwith the Father of Creation. Then was that folk smitten of terror, when those princely men worshipped the Lord of glory. And straight the Keeper of the kingdom bade them go again in peace, with blessedness unto the bliss of heaven, and there have joy for ever of their desires. So mayest thou perceive, most dearest youth, how He wrought many a wonder by His word, though men, blind of heart, believed not in His teachings. Still many a thing I wot, great, glorious tidings, what things the Master wrought, the Lord of heaven ; yet couldest thou not endure nor understand them, though thou be wise of heart."

## VII

Thus all the live-long day Andrew laid bare the teachings of the Holy One till sleep came suddenly upon him, on the whale-path, nigh to the King of heaven. Then the Lord of life bade His angels bear him over the tossing waves, in their arms lift up that well-loved man with blessing, in his Father's keeping, over the ocean-floods, till slumber fell on those sea-weary men. Flying through the air they came to land, unto that city which the King of angels . . . then arose to journey blessedly upon His upward course, to seek His native home. They left the holy man beside the road, dreaming in peace, beneath the span of heaven, blithely biding nigh unto the city wall, nigh unto his hateful foes, the night-long time, until God let the candle of the day shine forth in splendour. The dark shadows vanished away under the clouds ; then came the sun, radiant splendour of heaven, shining over the dwellings. The hardy warrior woke and scanned the plain ; before the city gates rose lofty dunes and hills ; about the darksome cliff stood dwellings of coloured tiles, towers and windy walls. Then knew the sage, that he had journeyed to the Mermedonian folk as he himself had bidden, and the Father of mankind aforetime had given charge. He saw his young men round about him on the sand, stalwart forms dreaming in slumber, and soon he waked these warriors and spake this word :

“I say to you in sooth beyond all doubting that yesterday the Lord ferried us on the ocean stream over the deep. The Glory of all kings was in that ship, the Lord of men. His word I recognized though He had veiled His mien.” And unto him his men gave answer, young in speech and mystic knowledge: “We will declare fully our journey unto thee, Andrew, that thou thyself mayest wisely know it in thy heart. Sleep fell upon us, weary with the sea; then eagles came across the surging waves, exulting in their feathery flight. And as we slept they took away our souls, and with joy bore them through the air in flight, with blithesome cries. Radiant and kindly they joyously showed forth their love, continuing ever in hymns of praise. And there was everlasting song and traverse of the heavens, and beauteous throng of hosts, celestial bands. Round about the Prince stood angels, thanes about their King in thousand fold, and in the heights, with holy voices, praised the Lord of lords. Joy of joys was there. We recognized the holy patriarchs, no little band of martyrs. Unceasingly the glorious hosts hymned with songs of praise their Victor-Lord. There was David, the blessed champion, Jesse’s son and King of Israel, come before Christ. Likewise we saw standing before the Son of God you who are ever noble, the glorious twelve. On you attended the dwellers of majesty, the holy Archangels. Well is it with those men who may enjoy bliss. There was joy of glory, splen-



dour of warriors, noble concourse, nor was there sorrow there for any man. But exile shall be decreed and torment opened wide for such as are alien unto these joys, and wander in misery when they go hence."

Then was the heart of the holy man exceeding gladdened within him, when he heard the sayings of his young men, that God should honour them so greatly above all men ; and the Warden of warriors spake this word : " Now have I perceived, O Lord God, that thou wast not far from me on the ocean-way, Thou Glory of Kings, when I ascended up into my ship, though on the flowing waves I did not recognize the Prince of angels, Redeemer of souls. Be Thou mild and gracious unto me, Almighty God, Thou radiant King. Many a word I spake upon the ocean-stream, and now I know what man it was that ferried me across the floods with honour in His wooden bark. He is the Spirit of comfort to the race of men ; there is ready help and mercy at His mighty hand, and fortune in the field granted to every man of those who seek of Him."

Then was the Prince revealed before his eyes in that same hour, the King of every living creature, in the image of a man. And the Lord of glory spake this word : " Hail to thee, Andrew, with thy willing band, blithe of heart. I will hold thee safe, that evil foes, dire snare-devisers, may not work a harm unto your souls."



Then he fell upon the ground ; with prayers the man of wisdom sought for grace ; he questioned his dear Lord :

“ How wrought I that, O Lord of men, that I might not know Thee as God upon the ocean-path when I spoke more of words before my Lord than will I should ? ”

Him answered the all-ruling God : “ Thou wroughtest not so sinfully as when in Achaia thou didst strive against me, that thou couldest not fare upon the far ways, nor come unto the city, neither achieve this thing in three nights' space of time, as I bade thee to fare over the toilsome ways. Now dost thou know more clearly that I may easily accomplish all things, and further all my friends on earth as is dearest unto me. Now straight arise and quickly take rede, O blessed man, and the bright Father shall honour thee with glorious gifts for ever, with craft and might. Go thou under the city gates, unto the town where thy brother lies. I know that Matthew, by the hand of godless men is smitten with grievous wounds, thy dear friend compassed about with nets of guile. Him shalt thou seek, and free that beloved man from the hate of foes, and all that company of men who sojourn with him, balefully bound with the cunning fetters of alien men. Soon shall relief come to him on earth, and reward in heaven, as I myself declared to him aforetime.

“ Soon shalt thou struggle, Andrew, in the clutch of cruel men. Battle shall be brought

against thee and thy body be smit with heavy sword strokes, with wounds most like to water. Thy blood shall flow in streams. <sup>O</sup>Yet may they not doom thy life to death thou <sup>ys</sup>thou suffer blows, the strokes of sinful men.<sup>e</sup> Endure that woe; neither let the might of <sup>ly</sup>heathen men turn thee aside that thou forsake<sup>n</sup> the Lord, thy God. Be eager of glory always, and mindful in heart how it was known to many a folk, through many a land, that wretched men mocked me, fast in bonds, taunted and struck and scourged me. Yet might not men of sin by wounding word make known the truth. Then was I hung upon the cross among the Jews; the rood was lifted up, and there a warrior let forth My blood from out My side, My gore unto the ground. Many a woe I suffered in the world, for I would fain give you, blithe of heart, a pattern as it shall be known among all peoples. Many are there in this mighty city whom thou shalt turn unto the light of heaven, by My name, though many a deed of murder have they wrought in days of old."

Then the Holy One departed unto heaven, the King of kings, with gladsome heart, unto His pure home; and there is grace prepared for every one of men who may find it.

## VIII

And the hero of enduring heart was heedful and bold unto the battle. Into the city

swiftly went the unflinching warrior, strong with courage, brave of heart, faithful unto God. He strode upon the street and took his way, so that no one of sinful men might know or see him. The Lord of victory had sheltered the dear prince with favour in that place. Then had the noble champion of Christ hastened onward nigh unto the prison. And he beheld a band of heathen men gathered together before the fast-closed door, seven prison wardens standing. Death took them all, hapless they fell ; sudden slaughter came upon those men of blood. And the holy man gave thanks in his heart unto the merciful Father, revered the grace and majesty of heaven's King on high. And by a hand-touch of the Holy Spirit the door stood swiftly open, and, heedful of heroic deeds, that stalwart man of battle passed within. The heathen slept the sleep of death, drunken with blood ; with gore they reddened all the battle-place. He beheld Matthew in that house of death, that valiant man within the dungeon, giving thanks to God, glory to the Prince of angels. There he sat alone, sad and heavy with sorrow, in his prison-cell. Then that godly man beheld his holy well-beloved comrade under the sky ; hope was renewed again. And he arose to go to him, and thanked God that once again they might behold each other hale under the sun. In both their brother-hearts was mutual love and joy anew. Each clasped the other in his arms, embraced and kissed. And both were

dear unto the heart of Christ. About them shone a light, holy and heavenly bright ; their hearts within were welling up with joy. Then Andrew first began to greet with speech his noble comrade, God-fearing man, within his prison, and told him of the strife to come, the war of hostile men :

“ Now is thy folk a-joyed ; men hither . . . deed to visit earth.” And after these words these thanes of glory, both the brothers, bowed them down to pray, and lifted up their supplication to the Son of God. Thus the holy man did greet his God in that place of torment, and prayed for grace and comfort from the Saviour, ere that his body fell before the battle-might of heathen men. Then he led forth from the prison, from out their bonds, in God’s protection, two hundred and seventy numbered souls, redeemed from tribulation. Not one he left within the citadel, fast in bonds ; and of women, in addition to this host, lacking one . . . fifty he set free from fear. Fain were they of that going forth ; stole swiftly on, nor long abode impending battle within that court of woe. And as the holy man gave bidding, Matthew went forth leading that company in God’s keeping, a host covered with cloud, upon their joyous way, lest that the tribunes come to work them harm, their olden foes, with flying arrows ; and there those valiant men, the faithful comrades, held counsel ere they parted.

Each earl made strong the other with hope



of heaven, and guarded against the torments of hell. So these warriors, stalwart-hearted men, proven champions, with holy voices adored the King, the Lord of fate, whose glory shall have no end in all the ages.

So Andrew departed to the city, striding blithe of heart, whither he had heard were gathered those hostile men, and a multitude of foes ; until along the roadside, nigh at hand, he saw a brazen column. And there he sat him down beside it with holy loving-kindness in his heart and constant vision of the angels' bliss. There within the citadel he abode whatever fate of warlike deeds might come upon him. And mighty multitudes assembled, leaders of the folk ; unto the prison came a horde of faithless men with weapons, heathen heroes, to where their captives suffered woe aforetime, within the darkness. Perverse of heart they weened and wished that they might eat of alien men, their wonted food ; but hope failed them, when with their following the wrathful bearers of the spear found the prison portals open, the hammer's work unlocked, their wardens dead. Wretchedly they turned about again, bereft of hope, to bear this evil tidings. They said unto the folk that of alien men, of foreign peoples, no living man was left within the prison, but there the wardens lay about in blood, dead upon the ground, lifeless bodies reft of spirit.

Then was many a leader of the folk smitten of terror at those sudden tidings, downcast and

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sad of heart, with dread of hunger, that livid table-guest. Nor did they know a better rede than that they take the lifeless men as food, and eat the dead. For all the door-thanes in a single hour by cruel destiny was death decreed. Then, as I learned, quickly were the people mustered together, the dwellers of the city. Heroes came, a throng of warriors on their chargers, upon their steeds men stout of heart, and counsellors, strong with the spear.

When all the folk was come together to the place of conclave, they let the lots decree which one of them should serve the rest as food. With hellish art they cast their lots, godlessly counted them out among them. And the lot fell upon an aged warrior, who was the sage of all that host of earls, in the forefront of the troop. Quickly was he fast in fetters, hopeless of life, and he cried aloud, troubled of heart, with woeful voice, and said that he would give his son into their power, his youthful issue, to be their stay of life. And quickly they received the gift with thankful hearts; for that wretched folk had exceeding craving of meat, nor had they any joy in treasure, delight in precious things; but they were grievously oppressed of hunger, for the stern scather of the folk held sway over them.

## IX

There was many a man, many a warrior bold in battle, round about that young life, roused

in heart unto the combat. The woeful token was known afar, throughout the city told to many a man, so that in multitude, both young and old, they sought the stripling's death, that they might win a portion to be the stay of life. Swiftly were the heathen temple-wardens gathered thither, the dwellers of the city, in a host ; and tumult rose on high.

But the youth began with woeful voice, fettered before the host, to chant a song of sorrow, bereft of friends to beg for grace. Nor might he in his wretchedness find mercy or favour at the hands of that folk, that they would grant his life, his spirit. They had sought the Devil's strife ; the sharp and tempered sword-edge in a hostile hand, branded with marks of fire, must seek his life.

It seemed to Andrew pitiful to endure, this grievous evil of the folk, that a man so guiltless must swiftly lose his life. Heavy was the hatred of the people. Those stalwart liegemen rushed upon the hero with lust of death. Fain were those savage men to crush the youth's head utterly and wound it with their spears. But him God warded, holy from on high, against that heathen folk ; and bade their weapons melt in the fray, most like to wax, that the tribunes, grievous adversaries, might not scathe him by their weapons' might. So was the youth freed from the hatred of the people, from dire distress. Thanks be to God, the Lord of lords, for all, that He giveth grace to every one of men of those who seek  
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succour at His hand with wisdom. There is ever love without an end prepared for him who may find it.

Wailing was lifted up in the cities of men, loud lamentation of the host. Heralds cried aloud, men meatless mourned, and sad of heart stood round about, fast in the bonds of hunger. Empty abode the gabled dwellings, the wine-halls. Nor any weal had men to joy in at that bitter hour. Keen-minded men sat round about in counsel, pondering their woe; and in that land was no delight. And oft one warrior asked another: "Let him that hath good counsel, wisdom in heart, hide it not away. For now is come an evil plight, menace measureless; now is there bitter need that we hear word of discerning men."

Then came the Fiend unto that multitude, wan, without beauty, in the aspect of a wretched soul. The lord of death, the crippled king of hell, with hostile thoughts began to accuse the holy man and spake this word:

"Hither hath fared from far, over the wide ways, an alien prince within your city, whom I heard called Andrew. He hath wrought you this recent injury, when he led forth from prison more of men than well was meet. Now may ye easily wreak vengeance on his deeds. Let scarring sword, and sharp-edged steel, cleave the body, the life of this doomed man. Fare boldly forth, that ye in battle may lay your foeman low."

And unto him Andrew gave answer :  
“ What is this that boldly thou counsellest this people, and urgest them to war. Knowest thou the pangs of fire, burning in hell, and dost thou incite an army, a squadron unto battle ? Art thou at war with God, the Judge of hosts ? Why, thou Fiend, dost thou increase thy woe, whom the Almighty humbled miserably, and cast thee into outer darkness, when the King of kings laid bonds upon thee ; and since that time they ever named thee Satan, who knew to keep the law of God.”

But yet with fiendish craft the hostile-minded urged the folk to fight : “ Now ye hear the enemy of man who wrought great injury unto this host. This is that Andrew, who striveth against me in wondrous words, before this multitude of men.”

Then was a token granted to the city-dwellers. The valiant men with noise of battle, warriors stout of heart, beneath their standards, unto the wall-gates in a mighty host thronged with sword and shield unto the fray. Then said the Lord of hosts, and with exceeding might spake unto His vassal thane :

“ Now shalt thou, Andrew, do heroic deeds, neither hide thou from this host, but strengthen thou thy spirit. It shall be no long time when thou shalt compass about these savage men with torment, and chill bonds. Reveal thyself, harden thy heart, and fortify thy soul,

that they may know My might in thee. Nor can nor may these guilty men against My will give thy body unto death, though thou endure blows and darksome torture ; I will abide with thee."

## X

After these words there came a countless throng ; false counsellors, with shielded troop, sallied quickly forth, enraged of heart, and bound the hands of that holy man, where the joy of princes was disclosed ; and with their eyes they might behold before them the man of triumph. There was many a man upon the battlefield, eager for war, the leaders of the folk ; they little recked what would be thereafter their reward. They bade to lead him through the land, these savage foes, and drag him round about, as in the cruellest wise they might devise it. Roughly they dragged him through the mountain caves , about the stony cliffs, full hard of heart, even as far as the ways extended, the olden works of giants in their cities, the roadway paved with stone. Then rose a clamour in the city dwellings, no little uproar of that heathen host. The body of the holy man was sodden with his grievous wounds and drenched with blood ; the bony frame was broken. Warm blood came welling forth from out the gory wounds. Yet had he in his soul undoubting courage ; his noble heart was free of sin, though he must



needs endure so many bitter pangs by deep and wounding blows. So was he smitten all that day until the radiant evening came; and anguish pressed upon his heart until the radiant, heavenly-gleaming sun departed, gliding unto its setting. Then did the people lead their hated foe unto the prison. Yet was he dear to Christ; his heart was light, and in his soul a holy spirit all unshaken. Then in the shades of darkness the holy man, the valiant earl, all the long night was close attended by divers thoughts. Snow held the earth in bonds with winter storms; the airs were chill with heavy showers of hail; and rime and frost, those warriors hoar, locked up the dwellings of the folk, the seats of men. The land was frozen fast with icicles of frost; the water's might was minished and over streams, over the shiny pathway of the waters, the ice built a bridge. Blithe of heart abode the noble man, mindful of courage, fearless and enduring in his crushing need, all that cold winter night; nor did he cease in heart, for dread of terror, most worthily to praise the Lord, and honour Him by word, as he began aforetime, until the gem of glory rose in heavenly splendour.

Then came a throng of men to the dim dungeon, no little band, advancing on with noise of multitude, greedy for slaughter. They bade lead quickly forth the prince, the faithful man, into the power of his foes. Then again even as aforetime all that long day he

was smitten of grievous blows ; his blood welled forth from out his frame ; over his liver surged his gore with warm waves of blood ; weary with wounds his body recked not of the work. Then burst the sound of broken sobbing from the heart of the man ; in a flood streamed his tears and he spake this word :

“Behold, O Lord my God, Joy-giver of hosts, my grievous need. Thou knowest and dost understand the woe of every man. I put my trust in Thee, my Lord of life, that Thou, so mild of heart, in Thine abundant power wilt never forsake me, Thou Saviour of men, Eternal and Almighty. So will I do while my life liveth on the earth, that I will never turn aside, O God, from Thy loving counsels. Thou art a shelter against the weapons of scathers for all Thy folk, eternal Lord. Let not now the Murderer of men, the Prince of evil, have them in derision, by fiendish craft compass them about with insult, that bear Thy praise !”

Then appeared the foul fiend, the fierce and faithless one ; before that host the Devil of hell, in torment accursed, counselled the warriors and spake this word : “Smite now upon the mouth this sinful man, this foeman of the folk, who speaketh overmuch.”

Strife was stirred up anew ; hatred arose till that the sun departed, gliding unto its setting, under the murky headland. Dusky night let fall her veil, overspreading the steep hills, and the holy man was led away in sad-

ness to the dungeon, eager for glory, unto that dim dwelling where imprisoned all the night-long time, with faithful heart, he must needs hold his foul abode. With other six came the grimfiend unto that hall, mindful of evil, the lord of murder cloaked in darkness, the devil greedy of death, bereft of glory ; and he began to speak words of derision unto that holy man :

“ Why didst thou purpose, Andrew, thy hithercoming into the power of thy foes ? Where is thy glory, which thou didst raise up when thou broughtest low the honour of our gods ? For thyself alone hast thou laid claim to all things, land and folk, as did thy teacher. He set up royal state, whose name was Christ, throughout the earth while He had power. But Herod despoiled Him of his life, vanquished in contest this King of the Jews, stripped Him of His realm, and nailed Him on the rood, so that upon the cross He yielded up His spirit. So now I bid my followers, my valiant thanes, that they abase thee, younger in the battle. Let point of spear and venom-tainted dart strike home unto this doomed one’s life. Go boldly that ye may bring low this war-wolf’s pride.” Savage were they, swiftly rushed with eager clutch against him. But God shielded him, steadfastly guiding him by His potent might. And when they saw in his face the glorious token of the cross of Christ, then were they fearful in the onset, smitten of terror, driven to flight.

Then as of old began again that ancient enemy, hell's captive, to chant a song of sorrow: "How hath it come to pass with you, so valiant men, my warriors, comrades of the shield, that ye so little prospered?" A wretched, hostile fiend gave answer, spake unto his father: "We may not lightly work him harm, nor guileful death. Go thou against him, and swiftly wilt thou find strife and cruel combat, if thou darest further against this lonely man to stake thy life. Easily, O dearest earl, may we give thee wiser counsel in the combat ere thou again do battle, the rush of onset. Order it that thou prosper better in the exchange of blows! Let us go again that we may mock him, fast in fetters, and flout him with his woe. Against this monster all our words have we considered."

And weighed down with torment, he cried with a loud voice and spake this word:

"Long time, Andrew, hast thou been versed in evil arts. Lo! many a man hast thou perverted and misled. Yet mayest thou not have power longer in this work; to thee are punishments thus grim allotted, according to the things which thou hast wrought. Weary of soul, abject and joyless, thou shalt suffer woe, the bitter pangs of death. My warriors are girded to the battle-play, who speedily, in little space of time, shall snatch away thy life. Who is there so mighty in the earth of all the race of men that he may free thee from thy fetters against my will?"

And unto him Andrew gave answer :

“Lo ! easily may Almighty God, Saviour of mortal men, accomplish this, who fettered thee of old in heavy need, in bonds of fire, where since then, bound fast in torment, thou dost dwell in exile, reft of glory, for that thou hast scorned the word of heaven’s King. Then was the beginning of evil, nor shall there ever be an end of thine affliction. Thou shalt forever multiply thy woe ; and ever more from day to day thy way of life shall grow more grievous.”

Then was he put to flight, who fought of old that bitter feud with God. And at the day-break, in the dawn, there came a heathen host, with multitude of men, to seek the holy man ; a third time they gave bidding to lead forth the enduring thane. For they would fain break utterly the spirit of that valiant man. Yet was it not to be ! Then was hate stirred up anew, savage and merciless. The holy man was sorely smitten, fettered with guile, pierced through with wounds, while the day gleamed. In heaviness of heart with holy voice he cried in bitterness to God from out his bonds ; weary of soul he wept and spake this word :

“Never with the will of the Lord did I bear more bitter lot beneath the span of heaven, where I must keep the law of God. My limbs are smit asunder, my body racked with pain, my frame all stained with blood, my wounds well forth, my bloody sores. O, Thou God



of victories, Saviour Lord, on one only day among the Jews didst Thou grow heavy-hearted, Living God, Creation's Lord, Glory of Kings, when from the cross Thou didst cry aloud and spake this word: 'I pray Thee, Thou Father of angels, Lord of life, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' and now must I for three days' time endure these bitter pangs? I do entreat Thee, Lord of hosts, Gladdener of souls, that I may yield my life into Thy hand. Thou didst promise by Thy holy word, when Thou didst first begin to strengthen us, no strife of hateful foemen should ever work us harm, neither our life be swiftly sundered, nor bone nor sinew scarred, nor any lock of hair perish from our heads, if we but kept Thy teaching. Now are my sinews loosed, my blood poured forth; the hairs of my head lie scattered through the land, my locks upon the ground. Death is dearer far to me than this life-woe."

Then came the voice of the King of glory unto the man of valour, saying:

"Wail not for thy wretchedness, O dearest friend; it is not too hard for thee. I hold thee in my keeping and compass thee about with sheltering might. To me is given power over all, and victory. Many a one shall make it known in the assemblage on the great day, that it shall come to pass that this beauteous world, heaven and earth, shall pass away together, ere that one word of mine be shaken, which I have spoken with my lips. See now thy tracks,

how thy blood that was poured forth through thy broken body, a bloody path, turns dark. No greater evil may they do thee with their spear-blows, who have wrought this worst of bitter woes."

So according to the words of the King of glory the fair champion turned his gaze behind him, and there saw blowing bowers standing, decked with blossoms, where he had shed his blood aforetime. Then spake the warriors' bulwark :

"Thanks be to Thee and praise, O Lord of men, and glory evermore in heaven, that Thou, my Victor-Lord, hast not forsaken me in mine affliction, an alien man." So the doer of deeds with holy voice glorified God, until the radiant sun departed wondrous bright, sinking under the waters. Then a fourth time the leaders of the folk, his hostile foes, led the princely man unto the prison ; fain would they turn the secret strength, the valour of the counsellor, in the darksome night. Then came the Lord God to that prison-hall, Glory of mortals, Father of mankind, greeted His friend and spake him comfort ; the Guide of life gave bidding that his body should be healed. "No longer shalt thou suffer in affliction the torment of thine armed foes."

Thus rose the man of might, whole from the thralldom of those cruel tortures, and gave thanks unto God, nor was his beauty marred, nor the border loosened of his raiment, nor a hair from his head, neither bone broken, nor

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bloody wound in body, nor any whit of hurt by wounding blow, wet with blood, but by that noble power he was again as formerly he was, giving praise and hale of body.

Lo ! now some little time have I been singing the teachings of this holy man, and praised in song his deeds, events full widely known. Yet is it beyond my power, much to rehearse, and wearisome to sing in order due, what he in life endured. That must a wiser man on earth than I esteem myself devise in heart, that he may know even from the beginning all the miseries of grievous strife that he bravely suffered. Yet briefly will we sing this song a little further. Of old was it rehearsed how he endured many a woe, of bitter strife, within that heathen city. Hard by the wall, upon the pleasant plain, made wondrous fast, he saw huge columns standing, shafts smitten of the storm, the olden work of giants. And unto one of these, stalwart and strong of heart he made address, sage and wise in wonders, spake this word : " Hearken thou marble stone unto the rede of God, before whose face every created thing shall be dismayed when heaven and earth behold the Father with a mighty host seek out the mortal race upon the earth. Do thou let streams well forth from out thy base, a rushing river. Now the Almighty King of heaven biddeth thee to send forth swiftly on this folk perverse wide-flowing water, dashing unto heaven, to be the death of men. Lo ! fairer than gold

art thou or precious treasure ! On thee the King, the God of glory, carved and set forth in word His mysteries and righteous law, revealed in ten decrees. God, Strong and Mighty, gave thee unto Moses, even as since that time those righteous men, valiant thanes, Joshua and Tobias, his tribemen, God-fearing men, have held it. Thou mayest acknowledge that the King of angels adorned thee more with grace in days of yore than all the kind of gems. By His holy bidding shalt thou swiftly show if thou have any understanding of Him."

Nor was there longer tarrying a whit but the stone was cleft asunder, and a stream welled forth, and overflowed the land ; the foamy waves, with dawn, enfolded earth ; the sea flood swelled. The ale had wasted after the day of feasting ; weaponed men awoke from sleep ; the water compassed all the region, mightily moved. Then was the host smitten of fear through terror of the flood. Doomed to death the young men perished in that ocean. The rush of battle carried them away in the turmoil of the salty sea. That was a burden of sorrow, a bitter beer-feast. The cup-men tarried not, the serving thanes ; for each was drink enough prepared from dawn of day. The water's might waxed great, the warriors wailed, old bearers of the ashen spear. For they were fain to flee the fallow flood, seek shelter in the mountain caves, dry land and food. Before them stood an angel, who overspread the city with gleaming flame,

hot surge of fire ; and there within the breaking sea was fiercely raging. Nor might that band of men, out of their thralldom, prosper in flight. Then waxed the waves, wood crashed and sparks of fire flew, the flood boiled with its waves. Full easy was it then to find within the city lamentation sung and sorrow mourned, many a heart dismayed, many a dirge chanted. The dread fire was seen of the eye, horrid pillage, grievous woe. Ascending through the air the blasts of fire compassed the walls about ; the waters rose. Then was a wailing to be heard afar, grievous turmoil of men. One wretched man began to draw that folk together ; downcast and sad of soul he spake with tears :

“ Now ye may acknowledge truth, that we unrighteously laid bonds and torturing fetters upon this alien man within the prison. Fate smiteth us full heavily with hate ; thus is it manifest ! Better is it far, as I count the truth, that we with one accord free him from his binding fetters—most quickly is most best—and pray the holy man for succour, help and comfort. And peace shall be prepared for us after our sorrow if we seek of him.”

### XIII

Then was known to Andrew in his soul the bearing of the folk, that the might of these stalwart men was broken, the warriors' strength.



The waters drew them in, the mountain-stream rushed on, the flood rejoiced, till that the welling sea rose above the breasts, the shoulders of men. Then the prince bade that the flowing streams be still, the floods abate about the stony cliffs. Bold and stout of heart and swift he strode, leaving his prison, wise of heart and dear to God. Soon was a way prepared for him across the torrent. Fair was the victor-plain, the earth was swiftly dried after the flood where his foot trod. Then were the city-dwellers blithe of heart, joyous of soul. Peace after woe was come. Lamentation died away at the bidding of the holy man ; no tempest more was heard, the sea stood still. Then was the mountain cleft asunder, a horrid cave, and there in its embrace drew in the flood, the fallow waves ; the gulf sucked in the beating tumult of the sea. Nor did he plunge the waves alone therein, but also the worst of that host ; fourteen of hostile scathers of the folk departed with the wave, hurried away to death under the pit of earth. Then were many of the folk remaining smitten of terror, sore dismayed of heart ; they looked for death of man and maid, a bitter fate, a grievous destiny, when, stained with sin, those guilty warriors plunged beneath the earth. And all with one accord proclaimed : " Now is it manifest that the true God, the King of every creature, ruleth mightily, who sent this herald hither for an help to men. Now is there urgent

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need that we should hearken eagerly unto this chosen man."

And the holy one began to cheer those men, make glad the band of warriors with his words: "Be ye not over fearful though these sinful men have chosen death, suffered destruction and chastening for their deeds. To you the radiant light of glory is revealed, if ye think well."

Then he sent up his prayer before the Son of God, entreating that He show His grace on those young men who in the sea aforetime, in the flood's embrace, had yielded up their lives, that their spirits, reft of good and shorn of glory, might not <sup>1</sup> be led unto a death of torment, unto the clutch of fiends. So at the moving of the Holy Spirit, that prayer was made acceptable to God Almighty, the Lord of men. And he bade the young men rise up hale, from out the earth, whom aforetime the sea had overwhelmed. Then most speedily arose, as I have heard, in that assemblage many a stripling youth. Joined were soul and body, though they but little time before, in the rushing flood, had lost their lives. And they received baptism, covenant of peace and God's protection with pledge of glory, prospered by their punishment.

<sup>1</sup> Supplying *ne* in line 1618.

## XIV

And the mighty man, craftsman of the King, bade build a church, and raise a temple unto God upon that spot where by reason of their fathers' baptism the young men had arisen and where the flood sprang forth. Then gathered throngs of men throughout the wine-burg far and wide, earls of one accord and their wives with them. They spake fairly that they would hearken and devoutly receive the bath of baptism, according to the will of God, and forsake idolatry and their heathen sanctuaries. Thus was baptism received of that folk, nobly among that people; the law of God was righteously exalted, and rede in the land among the city dwellers; and a church was hallowed. Then the apostle of God ordained a man of wisdom, sage of speech, to be bishop in that radiant city over all the folk, and before the host he hallowed him in apostolic office, for the people's need. His name was Plato. With confidence Andrew charged them that they do his teachings eagerly and keep his counsels. He spake his mind to leave them, that he would fain quit that gold-burg, the revelry of men and store of treasure, and bright song-halls, and on the sea-strand seek a ship. Hard was it for the host to bear, that the prince would bide no longer with them. Then upon that journey there appeared to him the God of glory, the

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Lord of hosts, and spake this word : . . . " the folk from sin. Their souls are doomed to death, they walk in sorrow, man and maid together mourn their woe. Their weeping came to me, their lamentation . . . hasten forth. Thou shalt not leave the flock in so new joy, but firmly print my name upon their hearts. Abide thou in that wine-burg, helm of warriors, within those halls adorned with treasure, seven nights' time ; then with my blessing mayest thou go."

Then the stalwart man, far-famed of might, went out a second time to seek the Mermedonian town. The word and wisdom of the Christians prospered when they with eye beheld the thane of glory, the herald of the heavenly King. He taught the people in the path of faith, fairly made strong the grace of blessed men, and won a countless host to glory, unto the holy home of the heavenly kingdom, where Father and Son and Holy Spirit in the Trinity rule forevermore with glory those radiant realms. Likewise the holy man chastened the hosts, destroyed idolatry, and drove out godlessness. Sore was that for Satan to endure, a mighty grief at heart, that he must see this multitude with blithesome hearts turn from the house of hell, by Andrew's kindly teaching, unto a fairer bliss where never foot of fiend or fearsome spirit shall be in all the land. Then were the days fulfilled in number according to God's purpose, even as the Lord had charged him

that he should sojourn in that storm-smit town. And he began to prepare him and make ready for his voyage, with eager joy ; for he would fain seek out again Achaia in his ship, there to abide his death and the end of life. Nor was it turned to the joy of the Foe, who went his way unto the jaws of hell ; and since that hour, hated and friendless, has he known no solace.

Then I learned that sad of heart these men, with a multitude of folk, led their well-loved teacher unto his ship's stern. For many a one his heart was surging, hot within him. Unto his ship at the headlands of the sea they brought the stirring warrior ; and stood upon the sea-strand weeping after him, so long as they might see that joy of princes across the seal-path. They magnified the God of glory, and in a band they cried aloud, and spake this word :

“ There is one Eternal God of every creature, and over all the earth His might and strength are widely blessed ; over all His glory shineth in Heaven's splendour on His saints, beauteous in majesty forevermore, eternal with the angels. That is a noble king.”

1697-1722



# GUTHLAC

## PART A

MANY are the orders under heaven, upon the earth, which mount among the pure of heart. And we may be of these if we will do the holy bidding. A man of prudent heart may joy in bliss and happy hours, longing for his spirit's going forth. The world is troubled; love of Christ groweth cold and many a temptation is come upon the world; as God's heralds spake of old, foretelling all as now it falleth true. The fullness of all the bounty of earth waneth, every kind of fruit fadeth in beauty, and in its later time every seed is of lesser worth. Wherefore man need not be-think him of this changing world, that it may bring us winsome joy, beyond those evils that we suffer here, ere every creature perish, which in six days He wrought, and which bring forth their kinds under the sky, the strong and weak. The world is sundered into parts. The Lord perceiveth where they dwell who keep His law; He beholdeth every day the statutes which He stablished by His word droop and decline from justice. Many He findeth, but few are chosen.

Some would win the fame of high estate by

words alone ; the deeds they do not. Rather than everlasting life their highest hope is worldly weal, which should be alien to every man of those who dwell on earth. Wherefore they scorn the thoughts of holy men, who set their hearts on heaven, knowing that dwelling-place abideth ever for all that throng who serve the Lord throughout the earth, by their deeds striving unto that lovely home. So that earthly treasure is changed into a greater good when they shall crave it upon whose heads the fear of God inclineth. By that exalted power they are curbed, by His behest enjoy this life. longing and yearning for the better things. Glory they buy by giving alms, by comforting the wretched. Of their just treasure are they bountiful, with gifts fostering those of less estate, and daily serving God. He witnesseth their works.

Some who sojourn in the wastes, of their self-wills seek out and have their dwellings in darksome caves ; these await their heavenly home. Often he who envieth them life bringeth loathsome dread upon them, whiles revealing unto them some horror, whiles idle glory. The cunning murderer hath craft of both and harrieth these hermits. Yet angels stand before them, armed with weapons of the soul, heedful of their safety, guarding the lives of holy men, knowing their hope is in the Lord. Chosen champions are they, serving the King who never holdeth back reward from them that know His love.

## II

Now may we narrate what was told to us by holy men a little time ago, how Guthlac informed his heart according to the will of God and scorned all sin and worldly weal; was ever mindful of the realms above, a home in heaven. Therein was all his hope, since He who maketh ready unto souls a way of life, first gave him light, bestowed celestial grace upon him, so that he went to dwell alone in a mountain house, humbly devoting all his soul to God, which, 'tis said, in youth he marred with earthly joys. A holy Warden guarded him from heaven, steadfastly strengthening his pure heart in ghostly good.

Lo ! often have we heard how the holy man in earliest youth loved many froward deeds. Yet came a time by God's decree when He sent His angel unto Guthlac's heart, that he might still his love of sin. The time was nigh at hand ; and wardens twain held watch about him, waging strife, the angel of the Lord and the foul fiend. Unto his secret thought in many an hour they brought their unlike counsels. The one said that all this world is fleeting under heaven, and praised the eternal good on high, where in triumphant glory holy souls have portion in the joys of God. He granteth graciously reward of deeds to such as fain with thankful hearts will have His grace, and rather let this world escape them than the eternal life. The other tempted him to seek

by night the gathered band of robbers, win worldly gain by deeds of violence, as outcasts do who reck not of the life of any man who bringeth booty to their hands, if so they may win spoil.

So they incited him on either hand, till that the Lord of hosts decreed an end of strife unto the angel's honour. The fiend was routed and the Spirit of Comfort abode with Guthlac for his succour, and cherished him and taught him long and eagerly, so that the land's delights, his mountain-dwelling, grew dear to him. Oft there came horror awful and unknown, the hate of olden foes, mighty in cunning craft; and unto him they showed their face. There they had held aforetime many a seat, but shorn of honour went their way, a wandering wide, beating through the air.

That spot of land was hid from men till that the Lord revealed the hill within the wood, when the builder came who raised up there a holy house, recking no whit in greedy lust of fleeting worldly gain, but fairly set apart that land to God, what time the champion of Christ prevailed against the fiends. With temptation was he tried within the times of men who still remember, who even now revere him for his ghostly wonders, and cherish the glory of his wisdom which that holy servant won by mighty deeds what time he bode alone in that secret place where he proclaimed and lifted up the praise of God. God's errand oft he spake by word to those that loved the

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life of martyrs whenas the Spirit unveiled to him wisdom of life so that he kept his body free from joys and worldly bliss, from soft abodes and days of feasting, likewise from the eyes' vain delights, and splendid raiment. The fear of God was greater in his heart than that he should be fain to seek a worldly splendour.

## III

Guthlac was good ; in his heart he bore a heavenly hope and sought the healing of eternal life. And nigh him was an angel faithfully guarding him who thus dwelt lonely in that borderland, where he was a pattern unto many a Briton, what time he went up upon his hill a blessed champion and brave in battle. Eagerly he girt himself with ghostly weapons and blessed the plain. . . And as an aid he lifted high the cross of Christ. There the champion prevailed o'er many a danger. Many of God's martyrs waxed bold of heart ; wherefore we attribute unto God the goodly state of Guthlac. He granted triumph unto him and prudence, a strong defence, what time there came a host of fiends with fatal darts to stir up strife. Yet might they not forsake their enmity, but many a trial they brought to Guthlac's soul. Succour was nigh at hand. An angel stablished him with courage when wrathful and bold of heart they threatened him with surge of flame, and in bands stood round about him saying that he should



burn upon that barrow, and fire consume his frame, that all his woe and wretchedness should come upon his kinsmen unless from that torment he would seek worldly joy, and among men with eager will and greater craft observe the ties of kinship, and let that strife abate. Thus he poured forth his wrath who spake for all that host of fiends. Nor was the heart of Guthlac a whit the more afraid, but God gave him courage against his fear so that the sinful forces of the olden Foe were put to shame. Then were those evil-doers filled with ire, and said that Guthlac only, save for God himself, had wrought them most of woe, since in his pride he broke his way among the mountains in that wilderness where they aforetime, wretched adversaries, at times might dwell in peace after their torture, when worn with wanderings they came to rest after their journeys; they rejoiced in respite which was accorded them a little space.

But God was mindful of that hidden place, waste and barren and void of folk, and it abode the coming of a better shepherd of whom those olden foes had hate. So they endure a ceaseless woe. Neither may they find a dwelling-place on earth, nor doth the air soothe them into rest of body, but lacking home and shelter they moan their wretchedness and long to die, yearning for God to grant to them an end of sorrows in the throes of death. Nor might they work a harm to Guthlac's spirit, nor sever soul from body by any grievous wound; yet

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by their cunning guile they wrought afflictions. Mirth they put away and sighed in sorrow, what time upon the plain a mightier warden prevailed against them ; as exiles must they leave their mountains green with heavy hearts. Yet they spake words of menace, these foes of God, and furiously threatened that he should know the severing pangs of death, if there he abode longer a more bitter contest when they, who recked but little of his life, should come again with mightier hosts. And Guthlac spake and gave them answer that they needed not to make vain boasting of their deeds against the power of God. " Though ye have menaced me with death yet He who doth decree your misery will save me from this hatred. There is one Almighty God who easily may shield me. He doth preserve my life. I would speak many a truth to you. This seat may I alone with no great pains defend against you. And as I stand here before you I am not so devoid of help, lacking a host of men ; but for me abideth and increaseth a greater portion in the mystic secrets of the spirit, which doth uphold me with its succour. For myself alone, full easily shall I rear a house and place of refuge ; for me is counsel present in the heavens. Little doubtful seemeth it to me that an angel shall lead me unto all auspicious issue both of word and deed. Depart, ye cursed ! ye of wretched soul, from this spot whereon ye stand ! Flee on far paths ! At God's hand will I seek for peace, nor shall

my spirit suffer evil among you ; but His hand will uphold me with its might. Here shall be my earthly dwelling-place—no whit longer yours.”

## IV

Then was a tumult roused ; the exiles stood in hordes about the hill. A shriek arose, the wail of woeful souls. Many a fiendish advocate cried out aloud, made evil boast : “ Oft between the oceans twain have we beheld the ways of men, the onset of the strong, of such as led their lives in happy issues ; yet have we never met through all the world such arrogance of any man. Thou vowest thou wilt gain a home among us ! Thou art God’s pauper ! Though thou win the land, wherewith shalt thou live ? No man will bring food hither unto thee. Hunger and thirst shall be thy hardy foes, if thou, like the wild beasts, depart lonely from thy home. Vain is the venture ! Depart from this place. No man may teach thee better counsel than all this host. We will be gracious unto thee if thou wilt hear us, or once more will we come against thee all unready, with greater strength, so that one need not to lay hand upon thee, nor shall thy body fall by wounds of weapons. But we may crush this dwelling under foot ; a throng of folk shall press against it, with mounted force and moving hosts. With wrath shall they be swollen who beat thee

down. They shall trample thee and rend thee and wreak their wrath upon thee and carry thee away with bloody tracks, if thou think to bide our coming. With hatred shall we come against thee. Take thought of refuge. Flee where thou mayest look to find friends if thou reck aught of life."

Guthlac was ready. God wrought him strong in answer and in courage; he shrank not for their words but to his foes spake woeful tidings; full well he knew the truth.

"Wide is this wilderness; many its out-cast dwellings, the secret seats of miserable spirits. Devils are they who dwell in these abodes! And though ye muster all of these, and though ye work a wider strife, yet in your welling wrath ye shall wage a hopeless war. Neither do I think to bear the sword against you with angry hand, the weapon of the world; this plain shall not be won to God by bloodshed. But with a dearer gift I think to please my Lord. Now that I am come unto this land, with empty words ye offer many dwellings. My heart is neither troubled nor dismayed, but He who in his works hath rule of every power upholdeth me in peace beyond the race of men. No love is there between us, neither may ye work me any whit of harm. I am God's vassal, and often by His angel He sendeth comfort unto me. Wherefore yearnings come to me but little and sorrows seldom. A heavenly Shepherd shieldeth me; my hope is in God. Nor reck I any whit of worldly weal,

nor long for much in heart. But every day God granteth me my wants by the hand of man."

Thus boldly did he bear himself who stood against that host, a champion of glory, worthily upheld by angels' power. Then went away that throng of fiends. Yet was the time not long which they thought to grant unto Guthlac. Valiant was he and of humble heart, and bode upon the hill and loved his dwelling, and put aside desire of fleeting joys. He withheld not mildness unto men, but prayed for every soul its welfare, what time within the wilderness he bowed his face unto the ground; his heart was cheered from heaven above by a blithe spirit. Nigh him was an angel, and often he took counsel how least he might have joy in body of this world's delights. His troth wavered not for fear of wretched spirits, neither did he put off the time when he must suffer for his Lord, lest first repose of sleep or slothful mood should win away his valour. So ever in his heart a champion must fight for God, and stir his spirit oft to hate of him who willeth to work harm to every soul whereso he may affect it.

And ever they found Guthlac constant in the will of God when they who held those secret dwellings came flying fiercely through the murky night to spy out if his pleasure in that plain was minishing. Fain were they that a yearning might steal upon his heart for human love, so that he might go his way



again unto his home. Such was not the purpose when in the wilderness the angel gave him eager greeting, and granted him grace that yearning might not thwart him in the will of God; but he remained in covenant with his Teacher. And oft he spake:

“Lo! it behooveth one whom the Holy Spirit guideth unto bliss, and stablisheth in his work, inviting him with gentle words and promising life’s rest, that he hearken to his Teacher’s counsels and let that olden Foe not turn his heart again from God. How may my Spirit come to peace save that I offer unto God an obedient heart, so that the thoughts of my mind (may turn unto) Him!

early or late may come an end, that ye may not longer harry me with portents. Nor may my flesh alone of all the fleeting world shun death, but it must perish even as all this earth whereon I stand. Though with savage heart ye lay hold upon my body, with surging fire and greedy flame, never shall ye turn me from these words while my mind endureth. And though ye sorely smite my body, yet may ye not lay hand upon my soul, but ye shall advance it to a better state, wherefore I will abide whatever my Lord shall judge unto me. I have no care of death. Though my bones and blood shall be for the increase of the earth, that part of me which is eternal shall come to bliss and there enjoy a beauteous dwelling. Nor less nor greater is this hillside home

than seemeth for a man who day by day worketh the will of God in suffering. A servant of the Lord must not have in heart greater love of worldly wealth than his own share alone, that he may have wherewith to feed his body."

Then as aforetime was the jealous hate of olden fiends and strife stirred up. Another frenzied shriek rang forth when rose the wail of woeful spirits. Ever the grace of Christ abode in Guthlac's noble heart, and grew, and the God of hosts befriended him on earth as he preserveth every man in safety, whose spirit thriveth in good deeds. He was one of these; he sought not after worldly things, but fixed his heart's delight on heavenly bliss. What man was mightier than he, the single champion, the one great warrior known within our times, so that for his sake Christ manifested more of wonders upon the earth! He shielded him against the grievous onslaughts of scathing, woeful fiends; savagely they yearned to press against him with greedy grasp. But God willed not that this soul should suffer that sore woe in body, but brooked that they might lay their hands upon him, and yet his safety be secure against them.

They raised him up on high into the upper air, and bestowed power upon him beyond the race of men, so that he saw before his eyes all the bearing of those cloistered men under the sway of holy shepherds, who have passed their lives in vain delight with idle wealth, and gathered treasure and splendid raiment,

as is the way of youth when fear of old age doth not bridle it. Yet might the fiends not rejoice. Speedily they failed in that success that was granted unto them a little time, so that they might not longer vex his body with evil torture. Naught worked him harm of that which they had wrought for his affliction. Then from the air they led him to his well-loved home, so that again he climbed the hill within the grove. These murderers grieved and wailed with mourning that thus a child of men prevailed against them in their deeds of evil, and thus alone, a helpless wight, had come to be their bane, unless in vengeance they might repay him with some greater woe.

## V

Guthlac set his hope on heaven, and in salvation put his trust. With life had he endured the fiends' attack. So was the first temptation of those woeful spirits overcome. Blithely the hero bode upon the hill ; his bliss was in God. It seemed to him in heart that he of all the race of men was blessed, who cherished here his lonely life, so that no hand of fiend might work him harm in the last end, when that the power of God should guide him to the last farewell of death. Natheless, of evils mindful, the demons menaced him with sore distress in words of wrathful insult. Truly was it seen that God had granted unto Guthlac strength and honour, so that alone he

overwon. The weary spirit spake to him in word :

“ We need not thus afflict thee grievously hadst thou been fain to hearken to the counsels of thy friends, what time, humble and helpless, thou camest first to torment, declaring that the Holy Ghost might easily defend thee against affliction by reason of that token which would avert the hand of man from thy noble face. In that kinship liveth many a man resigned to sin, no whit pleasing unto God ; but they delight the lustful flesh with joys of revelry. Thus ye do honour unto God with idle pleasure. Much that ye devise in heart ye hide from men, yet your deeds shall not be secret though ye do them secretly. We bore thee up into the air, withdrew thee from the joys of earth. Fain were we that thyself thou mightest see that we with right accused thee. All this torment hast thou suffered for that thou mightest not avert it ! ”

Then it befell that God was fain to give him thanks after his suffering for that he loved martyrdom in his heart. And God granted him judgment in the thoughts of his heart, and a steadfast soul. Against many an olden fiend he stood, confirmed in courage, and to their sorrow said that they, defeated, must yield that meadow green.

“ Ye are dispersed ! Sin lieth on you ! Ye cannot pray to God for blessing, nor meekly seek His mercy. And, though He suffered you a little time to wield your power over me,

ye were not fain to accept that patiently, but bore me up in wrath on high, so that from upper air I might behold the dwellings of the earth. Radiantly was the light of heaven revealed to me, though I endured adversity. Ye made it my reproach that laxly I condoned the easy rules and brutish hearts of young men in God's temples. Thus would ye bring the praise of holy men to scorn ! Ye sought the weaker out. The better ye judged not according to their deeds. Yet shall they not be secret. Now will I speak the truth. God shaped youth and man's joy, nor in their early vigour may they bear themselves as aged men, but they exult in all the world's delights, till that a round of winters passeth o'er their youth, so that the soul loveth the mien and presence of a more mature estate, whereto many a man throughout the earth is meetly subject in his ways. Men show their wisdom to the world and lose their pride when the soul fleeth from the fickleness of youth. This ye reveal not. Ye recite the evil deeds of the sinful and will not praise the quality and way of life of righteous men. In sin ye joy and have no hope of comfort that ever ye may win respite from your exile-journeys. Often are ye found in stealthy deeds, then cometh reckoning from heaven. He sendeth me, who moved among us once as man and doth decree the end of every life."

Thus spake the holy champion ; that martyr was sundered from the sin of men. Yet



once again must he endure a deal of sore distress, though the Lord had power over his affliction. Lo ! that seemed a marvel unto men that He should longer let those wretched fiends lay hold upon him, with savage onset. And yet that came to pass. Greater still was it that He came down to earth, poured out His blood at murderer's hands, though He had dominion of both life and death, what time He suffered willingly on earth in meekness the hatred of oppression. Wherefore is it meet that we rehearse the deeds of godly men, and give praise unto God for all those patterns, wherewith His Books have shown us wisdom through His wondrous works.

## VI

And grace was found in Guthlac in godly strength. Long is it to rehearse in order due all that he suffered valiantly, whom the Almighty Father Himself had set as a first champion against those secret foes. There his soul grew pure and proven. Widely is it known throughout the earth that his heart throve doing the will of God ; still are there many things to tell of what he suffered in the narrow thralldom of those alien foes. He scorned his sore distress and ever joyed exceedingly in that Protector of his soul . . . who preserved his spirit, so that in his heart his true faith faltered not, neither did complaining mar his soul, but

his heart abode steadfast in holiness till he had overwon his woe.

Grievous were his tortures, grim the thanes, all menacing his life with bane. Yet might these shepherds of sin not doom him unto death, but his soul within the body abode a better hour. Clearly they saw that God would grant him refuge against their hatred, and harshly judge their persecution. Thus may the one Almighty Lord easily shield each blessed soul against adversity.

Wrathfully those savage exiles brought the glorious hero, the holy hallowed soul, unto the door of hell, where the doomed ghosts of guilty men, after the throes of death, seek out an entrance to that foul abode, that bottomless abyss beneath the earth. Impiously they brought terror against him, and menaced him with torment, with hate, and horror, and a fearsome journey, as is the way of fiends when they are fain to trick the souls of righteous men with sin and cunning guile. Savage-hearted they began to vex the soul of God's champion, and fiercely said that he should come to that grim horror ; that he should be brought low and turn aside among the habitants of hell, and there in bondage suffer burning torment. The woeful monsters were fain, with wrathful words, to bring the champion of the Lord unto despair. It might not so befall. Fulfilled with care the wretched foes of Christ spake grimly unto Guthlac.

"Thou art not deserving, neither art thou

clearly shown a servant of the Lord, no good champion of holy heart well proven in his words and works ! Thou shalt sink deep in hell, nor any whit shalt thou possess the radiance of the Lord in heaven, celestial dwellings, nor a home in glory, for that in the flesh thou hast accomplished overmany sinful deeds. We will requite thee now for every guilt, as may be most grievous unto thee, in grimmest torment of the soul."

But the blessed man Guthlac gave them answer with God's power in his soul :

"This do ye, if that Christ the Lord, the Prince of life, and God of hosts, will suffer you to lead his servant to that loathsome flame. That resteth in the power of the King of glory, the Saviour Christ, who brought you low and cast you into thralldom in binding chains. I am His humble slave, His patient bondman ; I will endure His judgments everywhere in all things, and eagerly be subject unto Him in my secret thoughts forever. Truly will I hearken to my Saviour in all my ways with honour, and give Him thanks for all the gracious gifts which God shaped first for angels and those that dwell on earth. With blithe heart will I bless the Lord of life, and sing His praises day and night, with seemly reverence, and in my heart adore the Warden of the heavenly realm. Never from on high in joy of light shall it be given you to sing praise unto God, but ye in death shall wail with weeping your heavy woe. In hell shall ye have lamentation, no whit the

holy praise of heaven's King. All my days will I do honour to that Judge in word and deed, and love Him during life. Thus are rede and honour brought to ready speech for him who in his deeds worketh His will. Faithless fiends are ye. Wherefore ye have lived long, on exile paths, engulfed in flame, darkly misled, bereft of glory, despoiled of joy, delivered unto death, held fast in sin, hopeless of life, that ever ye might find healing for your blindness.

"Much ye scorned in days of old the fair creation, the ghostly joys of heaven, when ye withstood the holy Lord. Ye might not dwell in blissful days forever, but in your shame and guilt, by reason of your pride, were ye cast into everlasting fire, where ye shall suffer death and darkness, eternal lamentation. Respite shall ye never win. But I have put my trust in the Lord of life, the eternal God of every creature, that in His loving-kindness and abundant power because of my good deeds the Saviour of mankind will not forsake me ; since I, in body and in soul, have battled long for God with mystic deeds of wondrous might.

"Wherefore I set my trust upon that brightest Glory of the Trinity, who by His decrees holdeth in His hands the heaven and earth, that never with your hatred and wrathful hearts may ye cast me into torment, ye murderers, ye sinful scathers, infamous and doomed to ruin ! Truly am I fairly filled in heart with radiant faith and love of God, stirred in my soul unto that better home, and lighted

by His rays unto that loveliest eternal dwelling where is a blissful, beauteous native land in the Father's glory. Then before the Saviour's face shall never ray of light nor hope of life be given you in God's domain, by reason of that overweening pride which sprang up overmuch within your hearts in idle boasting. Fain were ye in your stubborn hearts, and hoped to be like God in glory. Then worse befell you when the Ruler smote you down in wrath unto that darksome torment, where fire was kindled to receive you, with venom blended, and bliss taken from you by an awful edict, and angel's fellowship.

"So shall it be always forever that ye shall suffer curse and surging flame, no whit of blessing. Shorn of glory ye may not hope with sin and shame, by guileful cunning, to hurl me to that darkness ; neither drag me down into the fiery flame, into the house of hell, where a dark home is evermore prepared for you, torment without an end, grim pangs of spirit. There shall ye moan and suffer death, and I shall know the joy of joys in the celestial kingdom of the heavens among the angels, where is the Righteous King, help and healing for the race of men, glory and fellowship."

Then came God's holy herald from on high, who spake and proclaimed terror from above upon those wretched fiends. He bade them lead back quickly the guiltless champion of glory from that place of exile, whole of limb, so that that dearest, steadfast soul, in God's keeping, might come to bliss. Then was the



throng of fiends smitten with terror ; the mighty herald spake, the well-loved thane of God, and shone with radiance as the day. A strong Preserver, rich in power, held rule over Guthlac's soul, and bound those thanes of darkness with bonds of misery, and laid constraint upon them and charged them well :

“In him let not a bone be broken, neither be any bloody wound, nor bruise of body, nor any whit of hurt, of all that ye may do unto his injury. But do ye set him hale in that same spot from whence ye took him. He shall wield the plain nor may ye gainsay him to hold those dwellings. I am the judge ; the Lord hath charged me swiftly bid you that with your hands ye heal his every hurt, and hearken unto Him in His majesty. Nor may I hide my face before your multitude. I am a thane of God. One of the twelve am I whom in heart He loved as truest, when He took on human shape. He sent me hither from the heavens, for He beheld that ye on earth, in jealous hatred, brought torment to His servant. He is my brother and his misery doth bring me sorrow. I shall bring it to pass, where this friend dwelleth in his holy refuge (for I would fain hold friendship with him, now that I may bring him help), that ye shall often see my face. Often will I visit him, and I will bear witness of his words and works to God. He knoweth his deeds.”

## VII

And Guthlac's heart was gladdened when Bartholomew had announced God's word. Those bondmen stood ready with submissive hearts ; they little broke the Holy One's behest. Then the noble champion of the Lord began to go a joyous journey unto that pleasant spot of earth. They carried him and did him service ; in their hands they bore him up and warded him from falling. Their ways were in the fear of God, easy and pleasant. Thus in his triumph came the builder to the hill. And many kinds of beasts blessed him with mighty voices. The tribe of forest-birds with their notes proclaimed the coming of the holy man unto his home again ; oft he held out food to them and they were wont to fly in hunger round about his hand, in great desire, rejoicing in his succour. So that kindly soul, severed from mankind's delights, served the Lord, having joy in wild things after he forsook the world.

Fair was the pleasant plain and his new dwelling ; winsome the call of birds. The earth put forth her blossoms, cuckoos proclaimed the year. And Guthlac, that blessed steadfast man, might have joy of his abode ; in God's keeping lay the meadow green. The guardian who came from heaven had driven out the fiends. What joy has ever been more fair than this in the life of men, of those our fathers had in memory or we ourselves have known. Lo ! these wonders have we seen.

All these befell within the times of our own day. Wherefore may no one of the race of men throughout the world misdoubt, but thus God worketh to make strong the life of souls, that they may less, with feeble heart, mistake His witnesses when they themselves enjoy the truth with their own eyes.

So the Almighty loveth every creature under heaven in the flesh, the tribes of men through all the world. The Ruler willeth that we should ever wisely drink in knowledge, that His truth may be always among us in requital of those gifts which He giveth us, and sendeth us in mercy for our enlightenment, and for our souls ordaineth gentle life-ways, graced with light. Nor is this the least of all that love doth give when it setteth divine grace in the heart of a man.

So in His majesty He magnified the days and deeds of Guthlac. That goodly man was steadfast in his hatred to the fiends, set against sin. In his faithfulness he lessened little. Oft in lowliness he lifted up his voice to God, and let his prayer float upward to the glorious heavens, and thanked God that he might abide in suffering till when, by God's will, a better life should be granted unto him.

Thus was Guthlac's soul borne in angels' arms to heaven above ; they led him tenderly before the face of the eternal Judge. And in reward was given him a home in glory, where he might dwell alway forever and abide with blithesome heart. The Son of God was his

mild Protector, the Lord of might, the holy Shepherd, Warden of heaven's realm.

Thus may the souls of righteous men mount upwards to their everlasting home, the heavenly kingdom, whoso in their words and works keep the lasting counsels of the King of glory in the days of their life, and win on earth eternal life, a home on high. Hallowed men are they, chosen champions, dear to Christ, bearing in their bosoms radiant faith, a holy hope and a clean heart. They magnify the Lord and have wise thought, journeying onward to their Father's homeland. They set their spirit's house in order, with prudence overwin the fiends, curbing in their souls all evil lusts, and eagerly in the will of God cherishing brotherly love. Themselves they chasten and grace their souls with holy thoughts, keeping on earth the commandments of the King of heaven. Fasting they love, and hold far from them baleful hatred, seeking prayer, striving against sin, and cherishing righteousness and truth.

After their going hence it shall not repent them when they journey to the holy city, coming to Jerusalem, where in peace, in joyful vision, they may happily behold forever the face of God, where truly it abideth everlastingly, beauteous and glorious in the rapture of that land of living souls.

## PART B

It is widely known unto the tribes of men, famed among the peoples, that the God of first fruits, the Almighty King, wrought the first of all the race of man of cleanest earth. That was the first beginning of the breed of men, a winsome ordering, fair and lovely. By God's favour was our father Adam brought forth in Paradise, when was no dearth of any pleasant thing, neither decay of wealth, nor languishing of life, nor death of body, nor wane of joy, nor coming of death ; but in that land he might live free from sin, enjoying long those unaccustomed pleasures. Nor need he in that radiant home look for any end of life or happiness, but after a time body and limbs together and the spirit of life might journey to the fairest bliss of the heavenly kingdom, and there in everlasting joy abide forever without death, if he would keep the bidding of Holy God bright in his heart, and keep his counsels and do them in that land.

But all too soon they wearied in doing the will of God ; and at the serpent's counsel his wife took of forbidden increase, and from the tree plucked the forbidden fruit against the word of God, the King of glory. And by the Devil's wiles she gave her husband of that fatal food, so that it led the wedded pair to death. Then that radiant land passed from Adam and Eve ; that choicest of dwellings was taken from them and from their children and



after generations, so that, fleeing in shame, they were driven to an alien land, unto a world of care. And they made requital by the throes of death for their deed, their grievous sin, which in their folly they wrought aforetime. In that punishment for sin, guilty in the sight of God, must man and maid by death atone their guilt, their grievous sin, their great transgression. Death forced his way among the tribe of men ; the fiend was mighty in the earth. Nor was there any man in that noble race ever again so eager in the will of God, so wise of heart, that he might shun that bitter drink which of old Eve gave unto Adam, which the young bride poured out. To both it brought affliction in their dear dwelling-place. Death ruled the world, though there were many holy men of heart who did the will of God in diverse homes of men, in sundry spots throughout the meadow-plains. Some early, some late, some by reckoning within the memory of our own times, sought rewards of victory.

Books tell us how Guthlac by the will of God grew blessed in Anglia. For himself he chose eternal might and patronage. Mighty were his wondrous works, famed far and wide throughout the cities, within the land of Britain ; how by the might of God he often healed of sore distress many men sick of heart. Grievously afflicted with disease they sought him out, coming from far, heavy-hearted and sad of soul. And ever they found ready comfort at the hand of that champion of God, and

help and healing. There is no one of men who may rehearse or know the number of all those wonders which he wrought for men in the world by the grace of God.

## VIII

Oft to his abode came hosts of fiends, a deadly band, bereft of majesty, thronging in multitudes where the holy thane with steadfast courage held his dwelling. There bereft of beauty, shorn of joy, in many diverse voices, in that wilderness they raised a wailing, a deafening battle-cry. The champion of the Lord, this bold folk-captain, mightily withstood those thronging fiends. The hour of those woeful spirits was not far off, nor was the waiting long till that these evil-doers lifted up their shrieks. Joylessly they wailed and changed their cries; whiles raging like wild beasts they howled together; whiles these foul and sinful scathers turned again to human form with mightiest tumult; whiles the cursed, faithless fiends, vile cripples of the flame, turned into serpent shape and spewed forth venom.

Ever they found Guthlac ready and wise of thought. And he abode steadfast though the throng of fiends menaced him with pain of body. Whiles all the kind of birds, oppressed with hunger, flew unto his hands where they found sure relief, extolling him with ardent voices. Whiles human heralds came to him in lowliness, and there, after their journey, found

help and comfort of heart at the hand of that holy servant in that blissful plain. No one there was indeed, who went away cast down in heart, wretched or hopeless. But the holy man by his noble power healed every mortal, every man racked with pain or sick at heart. He healed both soul and body as long as the Warden of life, Eternal and Almighty, would grant him that he might enjoy bliss and life in the world. Then, when he had held his dwelling in the wilderness for fifteen years, was the last day of his toil and sorrow on the earth come nigh to him by reason of his necessary end. Then was the Spirit of comfort sent in holiness from heaven unto that blessed preacher of the gospel. His spirit glowed within him, hasting to set forth. Sickness came suddenly upon him. Yet in courage all undaunted he bode those bright commands, blithe of heart in his dwelling-place. In the gloom of night . . . it racked his body ; his spirit grew feeble ; his blithesome soul was eager to be gone. Nor would the Father of angels grant this sinless man to dwell in the life of this unhappy world any longer time than he had already been pleasing unto Him by his works in the days of his life, in deeds and eager valour.

Then the Almighty let His hand descend where His holy servant, strong of heart and noble, stout and valiant, dwelt secretly. Hope was renewed and bliss within his heart. His frame was burning with disease, fast in inner bonds, his flesh enfeebled ; his limbs were

heavy, vexed with grievous pains. He knew the truth, that Almighty God had visited him in His mercy ; he made strong his heart against the perils of the fiend's assaults. No whit was he dismayed, neither was the pain of sickness nor the parting of death grievous to his spirit, but the praise of God glowed in his heart, in his soul triumphant, fervent love which ever mastered every pang. He knew no sorrow in that fleeting hour, though his body and his soul, two dear united friends, were severing their union. Days passed away, the shadows of the veil of night. The hour was nigh when he must fulfil that olden edict by the coming of death, and meet his doom ; even that same doom our fathers, the eldest of the race of men, met grievously of old according as they wrought aforetime.

## IX

In that bitter hour the strength of Guthlac was wasted ; yet was his spirit all undaunted, of steadfast courage. Grievous was his sickness, hot and merciless. His heart surged up within him ; his body burned. The drink was now at hand that Eve brewed for Adam in the beginning of the world. The fiend first served it to the woman and she then poured out that bitter potion to Adam, her well-loved man ; whose children since that day have grimly made requital for that olden deed ; so that from the beginning there has not been a man on earth,



nor one of human race, who might shield himself or shun the livid draught of Death's deep cup ; but in that bitter hour, all suddenly, the door unlatcheth of itself and openeth an entrance. Nor may any man compassed about with flesh, neither of the great nor of the lowly, withstand with his life, but Death rusheth on him with greedy grasp. So that constraining, solitary Warrior, greedy of slaughter, after the falling of nights' shadows was present unto Guthlac, nigh at hand.

With him dwelt a serving-thane who every day did visit him. Wise of heart, of understanding mind, he went unto God's temple, wherein he knew the noble preacher bode, his dearest, chosen teacher, and there he entered in to speak unto the blessed man. Fain would he hear the counsels of the holy one, the conversation of that mild-hearted man. He found his lord spent with sickness ; heavily it pressed upon his heart. Heart-sorrow smote him, grievous care. And his servant began to ask :

“ How hath it thus befallen thee, my father, my dearest master, thou refuge of thy friends, that thou art thus distressed in life and sorely troubled ? Never aforetime, dearest Prince, have I come upon thee thus, in such wise broken. Hast thou still power of words to speak ? To me it seemeth true that in this night gone by, in the courses of thy sickness disease hath come upon thee and vexed thee with painful wounds. For me is this the greatest of sorrows in my breast, except thou cheer my soul and spirit.



Knowest thou, my noble lord, how this disease may find an end ? ”

Slowly he spake to him ; he might not draw his breath with ease ; a bitter, baneful sickness rested on him. Yet with blessed patience he bravely spake, and gave him answer :

“ I will say to you that pain hath taken hold upon me, affliction hath assailed me in this darksome night, and loosened all my frame. My limbs are heavy, sorely racked with pain. This house of the soul, this doomed fleshly raiment, these clay wrappings of the limbs, enfolded in the grave and fast upon the bier, must sleep the sleep of Death. That Warrior cometh nigh, unremitting in his strife. Nor may the parting of the soul longer delay than seven nights time, when my life faring hence upon this eighth, this coming day, shall seek its end. Then shall all my days on earth be over and my sorrow shall be healed. Then before the knees of God may I have part in new gifts and rewards, and in everlasting bliss follow always evermore the Lamb of God. Now is my soul turned thither and yearning to be gone. Now thou knowest clearly of my body's death. Long is this lingering of earthly life.”

Then was weeping and wailing; his servant's soul was sad, his heart was sorrowful when he heard that the man was destined to fare hence. By reason of those sudden tidings he had great woe, heavy in heart, because of his dear lord. His spirit was darkened within him, his soul grieved that he saw his master

going from him. Nor might he use restraint, but ardently let tears of wretchedness flow forth, wave-drops gush. Wyrð might not hold the life, that precious treasure, within the doomed one longer than was decreed to him.

## X

The holy soul discerned the mourning spirit of his grieving thane ; and the shield of men, beloved of God, with glad heart comforted the younger man, his dearest friend, and spake him thus :

“ Be not thou grieved. Though this sickness devour me within, for me it is no hardship to endure the will of God, my Lord ; neither in this bitter hour have I aught of sorrow in my heart because of death, neither am I overmuch dismayed for the war-host of those thanes of hell. The first-born Son of sin may not cast blame of any wrong upon me, of any wicked deed or vice of body. But in the flame, in baleful surge of fire, they must wail their woe, in that death-hall mourn their exile, bereft of joys, of every favour, of love and blessings. My dear son, be not too sick at heart. I am bound upon a journey to win a heavenly home, eager for reward in that eternal joy, and by reason of my former deeds to see the Lord of victory, my well-loved son ! It is not toil nor strife for me to seek the God of glory, the King of heaven, where is peace and bliss, joy of the just, the presence of the Lord, to whom with  
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yearning, in my secret thought I was pleasing in this dreary time, in my deeds, with heart, and might. I know that my reward is perfect, unceasing requital, holy in the heavens, where my hope mindeth me to seek. My soul longeth from the chalice of the body to come to that eternal joy in blessedness. For me this land hath neither grief nor sorrow; I know that I shall have reward unending after my body's wasting."

Then the man of glory, the stout counsellor, was silent. Sorrow-hearted he had need of rest. The heavens darkened over the children of men, shadowy nights vanished away for the mortal race. Then came the day on which the Living God, Eternal and Almighty, the Lord, with joy was resurrected in the body, when he arose in might from death, from out the earth at that Eastertide. He, the Glory of all glories, lifted up to heaven a mighty throng when he arose from hell.

So the blessed man at that holy tide, on that bright day, exulting in its bliss, modest and mild of heart, stoutly with all endeavour put forth his strength. That joy of men arose as he most quickly might, enduring, wise of heart, though feeble from his sufferings. He began to make strong his soul in radiant faith, and deeply musing, with mystic might of spirit, in the temple of the Lord did sacrifice according to the will of God. And as was seemly for that princely man he began with grace of spirit to preach the gospel to his servant, and speak in revelations, and confirm his soul by wonders

unto glory in that beauteous world, and unto blessedness ; so that never before nor since nor ever in his life, in this fleeting time, did he hear such counsel ; nor ever did he hear the mysteries of God revealed so deeply, by any human tongue, in noble wisdom.

Rather it seemed to him to be the word of a celestial angel, a mighty thane from out the bliss of heaven, than the teaching of any man of men on earth. Greatest of marvels that seemed to him, that such craft of wisdom could dwell within the breast of any man of the sons of mortals. So profound was all his word and wisdom, and the insight of the man, his mind and mighty power, which the God of angels, the Saviour of souls, had given him.

## XI

Then were four days gone by in number, since the thane of God abode stout-hearted, smitten with disease and vexed with troubles. But he had no grief, no sorrowing heart, nor mourning spirit by reason of his coming end. Death came nigh to him, walking with stealthy tread, strong and swift sought out his soul-house. Then came the seventh day present to mortal men, since the flickering arrows of disease, in showers, pierced hotly nigh unto his heart, unlocked his life-hoard, and sought it out with cunning keys. The man of wisdom, his attendant thane, visited his noble master in his holy home, and found his lord,

that holy man of heart, reclining in God's temple, wasted with fever, past relief, destined upon his journey hence. It was the sixth hour at midday ; the death of his dear lord was nigh at hand. Smitten with pain and misery, pierced by the darts of death, hardly might he draw his breath or lift his voice in speech. Sorrowful of soul, cold with dread and weary of heart, he gave greeting to his dying master, feeble yet glad of mood, and prayed him by the God of might if he could speak a word or lift his voice, to manifest to him, in flowing word make known, what trust he had of his past deeds and way of life, in the midst of that dark sickness, ere Death should smite him down.

Then the blessed man gave answer, beloved spake to beloved, though the enduring earl might only slowly draw his breath :

“My well-loved son ! It is not long now to the last and final parting of death, so that no great while after this, never empty of reward, thou shalt hear the last of my words of counsel in the life of this world. Keep well our covenant and friendship, the words that we two spake together, O dearest of men : ‘Never in thine hour of need, O Prince, will I permit the bond of our friendship to perish.’ Be thou ready for a journey when body and limbs and the breath of life shall sever their union in death. Haste thou, therefore, and say unto my sister, that dearest woman, that I have journeyed forth upon



a long way, unto the radiant joy, unto my eternal home. And say thou also unto her in my words, that I denied myself the light of her face all the days of my life in the world, for that I yearned that we twain might meet again in heavenly glory, in that unending joy, before the face of the Eternal Judge, all free of sin. There shall our love abide forever ; there may we enjoy bliss in that radiant city, and blessedness with angels. Say thou also unto her that she lay my body in the grave, bury my lifeless frame within the earth, in the dark tomb, where it shall abide a time thereafter in its sandy sepulchre."

Then the thoughts of his heart were greatly troubled for that attendant thane, smitten with woe by reason of his master's word ; and quickly he perceived the death of his lord, the ending of his days, that it was not far off. Swiftly he began to speak to his beloved master :

"I entreat thee by the Warden of spirits, thou dearest of all the race of men, that thou ease the sadness of my heart, O joy of men ! Thine end is not far off, as I have gathered from thy words. Often my brooding spirit, hot at heart, my soul mourning in the narrow watches of the night, admonished me of sorrow ; yet never, father, dared I question thee, my comfort. Ever when the gem of heaven, the candle of joy to mortal men, sank into the west, the splendid, heavenly sun at eventide hasting unto its setting, have I heard  
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another thane in counsel with thee. I have heard the words of this prince, this unknown herald, the talk of this friend, coming to thee oft between the stir of day and darksome night, and in the morning eke soul-sorrowful have I heard the speech of some wise spirit in thy home. Verily I know not yet, till thou, my lord, make further known to me, by thine own word, from whence he cometh."

Then the blessed man gave answer to his well-loved comrade, after a long time, since, feeble in his strength, he might but slowly draw his breath:

"Lo! thou dost speak to me, my friend, questioning me who am about to die of that which never before in all my life would I reveal to any man on earth, nor any thane among the people, save now to thee alone, lest that men and women marvel at it, and in their folly publish it, and sing it in their songs, within my lifetime. Verily I had no wish by boastful speech to work my spirit harm, neither to rouse the wrath of God, my Father. Ever my Victor-Lord, Giver of life to men, from that time when first I came to dwell within this hidden, lonely home, hath sent to me a holy spirit, a heavenly angel, a mighty thane of God, who every evening and again at dawn came radiantly to me, and healed my pain and every woe of heart. And in my heart that messenger of glory locked grace of wisdom, more manifold by much than any man might know in this life here on earth; which it is

not granted me to disclose to any one of living men throughout the paths of earth, how no man might cloak from me what he mused in secret in his soul, in the thoughts of his heart, when he stood visible before my eyes. Always until this day have I held secret in my heart from every man the glorious coming of that herald, thou dearest of men. But now because of thy love and the fellowship that we twain of old have always held for one another, I would not leave thee sad after my death, nor troubled, nor sick at heart, nor sunk in sorrow's surges ; but I will always have affection for thee. Now from my breast the soul striveth unto true joy. The hour is nigh at hand ; this body crumbleth, this earthly frame groaneth, and the spirit hasteth forth unto its everlasting home, eager for its journey hence to fairer dwellings. Now am I overworn with suffering."

Then he sank back against the wall and bowed his head, yet he still held strength within him, and whiles he drew his breath, mighty in vigour. From his mouth came forth the sweetest of odours, even as the flowering herbs are fragrant in the summer-time, firmly standing in their places in the meadows, joyously blooming, blowing, honey-sweet. So all that long day until the evening that holy man drew breath.

Then the noble gleam sought its setting ; wan under the clouds darkened the northern heavens, wrapping the world in mist, enfold-

ing it in darkness. Over the moving earth, the beauties of the world, the night came down. Then in holiness from heaven came a mighty radiance, shining with light and lustre over the homes of men. And there the blessed man with valour abode the ending of his days, racked with pangs of death. A glorious splendour all the long night shone brightly round about that noble man; the shadows waned, dissolved beneath the heavens. That brilliant light, that heavenly candle-gleam, lay round about the holy house from evening twilight till from out the east over the deep-sea path came the stir of dawn, the warm sun. The blessed man of glory, mindful of his valour, spake to his attendant thane, brightly to his faithful follower:

“Now is it time that thou fare hence, bethink thee of thine errands all, and quickly bear the message to that dearest lady as I aforetime gave thee bidding. Now is my spirit parting from the body, eager for the joys of God.”

And strengthened by the sacrament, that holy food, he lifted up his hands in humbleness, and opened eke his eyes, the holy jewels of the head; glad of heart he lifted up his gaze unto the heavenly kingdom, to rewards of grace, and sent his spirit, beauteous in its works, unto the bliss of glory.

## XII

Then was Guthlac's soul led blessedly upon its upward way ; angels carried it unto its eternal joy. The body grew cold, empty of life under the upper air. Then a radiance shone forth, brightest of beams. All that beacon, that heavenly brilliance, lay round about the holy house from the ground upward like a tower of flame, raised upright to the roof of heaven, seen brighter than the sun under the sky, a beauty as of noble stars. And bands of angels chanted songs of triumph ; the sound was heard in the air under heaven, the harmony of noble voices.

So that dwelling-place, the blessed man's estate, was filled within with bliss and pleasant odours, the wondrous sound of angel voices. There was it fairer and more winsome than any voice of earth may tell of, how that perfume rose, and harmony ; heavenly strains and holy song were heard ; the glory of God, peal after peal. The island rocked, the plains of earth were moved.

Then was the herald smitten of fear, reft of his valour, and most quickly the unhappy man hasted away and mounted in a ship, and onward spurred his ocean-stallion. Swiftly sped the ship under the urging of the woeful wight. The sky shone hot and gleaming over the homes of men. The speeding ship hasted lightly on its way ; the sea-horse with its freight swept onward to the haven, so that



after the wave-sport the bark touched upon the sandy shore, grated on the shingle.

Hot at heart he knew great woe, a mourning spirit and a jaded soul, since full well he knew his friend, dear to his heart, abode behind in death. Of that his bursts of weeping bitterly admonished him. His tears welled gushing forth, hot drops upon his cheeks, and in his breast he knew great sorrow. He must bear those grievous tidings, that message all too true, unto the maid.

Then, chill of heart, he came where was the damsel, handmaid of glory. He hid not Wyrd, the doomed man's death, but, mourning his friend, chanted and spake this word:

“Best is an enduring heart for him who often suffers great afflictions, deeply musing on the bitter death of a friend, when the hour cometh, woven with Wyrd's decrees. That he knoweth who must wander sorrow-hearted. He knoweth that his gracious treasure-lord is buried in the earth. He must fare hence with mourning, downcast in soul. For him is lack of joy who often in his groaning heart must bear such sufferings. Verily I have no need to exult in his death. For my lord, the prince of men, and thy brother, the best between two seas, whom we in England have ever known, of all those born in childhood's image of the race of men, he the comfort of the weary, the joy of kinsmen, the bulwark of his friends, hath departed from the joys of this world unto the majesty of God, unto the glory of the

heavenly state, to seek those courts and dwellings on his upward way. Now his earthly part, the shattered, fleshly frame, within his dwelling sleepeth the sleep of death, and the celestial part from out the chalice of his body, in the light of God, hath sought its glorious reward. And he bade say to thee that ye twain, with that peaceful company, may ever have abode together in that eternal joy, in glorious recompense of your deeds ; and according to your heart's desire have blessedness and bliss. Eke he bade say to thee, my victor-lord as he was hasting on his journey, that thou, O dearest maid, bury his body in the earth. Now full well thou knowest all the purpose of my coming. With woeful heart, downcast in soul, I must depart. My drooping spirit. . . . .

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## THE DREAM OF THE ROOD

Lo ! I will tell the fairest of dreams, that came to me at midnight when mortal men abode in sleep. It seemed to me that I beheld a beauteous tree uplifted in the air, enwreathed with light, brightest of beams. All that beacon was enwrought with gold. Four jewels lay upon the earth, and five were at the crossing of the arms. All the winsome angels of the Lord gazed upon it through the firmament. Nor was that the cross indeed of any evil-doer, but holy spirits looked upon it, men on earth, and all the bright creation. Wondrous was that victor-tree, and I was stained with sin and wounded with my wickedness. I beheld the cross of glory shining in splendour, graced with hangings and adorned with gold. Worthily had jewels covered over all that forest tree.

Yet through the gold might I perceive the olden woe of wretched souls, when on the right side it began to bleed. In my sorrow I was greatly troubled, smitten of fear, before that winsome vision. I saw that beacon swiftly change in hangings and in hue ; whiles was it all bedewed with moisture, with flowing blood befouled ; and whiles adorned with treasure. Natheless, lying there a weary while, I gazed

upon the Saviour's cross with rueful heart, till that I heard how it addressed me ; that fairest of all trees began to speak :

“ Many years have gone—yet still I have it in remembrance—since I was felled upon a forest's edge and wakened from my slumbers. Strange foes seized hold upon me and wrought me to a pageant and bade me lift aloft their wretched men. Men bore me on their shoulders, till that they set me on a hill ; enough of foes, forsooth, fastened me there. Then I beheld the Lord of men hasting with mighty, steadfast heart, for He would fain ascend upon me. Yet might I not bow down nor break, against the word of God, what time I saw the compass of the earth tremble and shake. All those foes might I lay low ; yet firm I stood.

“ The Hero young—He was Almighty God—did off His raiment, steadfast, stout of heart With valour, in the sight of many men, He mounted up upon the lofty gallows, when He would fain redeem mankind. I trembled when the Hero clasped me. Yet dared I not incline unto the ground, nor fall upon the face of earth, but I must needs stand firm. As a cross was I lifted up ; I bore aloft the righteous King, the Lord of heaven ; I dared not bow me down.

“ They pierced me through with darksome nails ; on me the scars are manifest, the open, woeful wounds. Yet dared I not work harm to any one of them. They mocked us both

together. All bedewed with blood was I, gushing from the Hero's side, when He had yielded up His spirit. Many a dire affliction I bode upon that mount ; beheld the Lord of hosts stretched out grievously. Darkness had compassed about with clouds the body of the wielding God, that lustrous radiance. Wan under heaven shadows went forth. And all creation wept, wailing the slaughter of its King. Christ was on the cross.

" Yet souls hasted from afar unto the Prince ; I beheld it all. Sorely was I smit with sorrow, yet in lowliness, with enduring heart, I yielded to the hands of men. Then they took Almighty God and lifted Him from off His woe-ful torment ; those war-wolves left me standing, overspread with blood ; all wounded was I with their darts. There they laid Him down, weary of limb, and at His body's head they stood and gazed upon the Lord of heaven. And for a little time He rested there, feeble after His great strife. These men began, in the sight of His slayers, to dig a sepulchre ; out of the gleaming rock they carved it. And there they laid the God of victory. In the even-tide with woeful hearts they sang a dirge. Full soon must they depart again, soul-weary, from their mighty Prince. So with a little band He rested there.

" Yet weeping unto God we kept our station for a time. Then the Hero . . . ascended up. Cold was His earthly frame, the winsome dwelling of the soul. And men began to hew



us down unto the earth. That was a fearsome fate. In a deep trench they covered us ; but there the friends and thanes of God found me. . . . With silver and with gold they decked me. Now mayest thou know, beloved man, what deeds of evil I have suffered, what grievous woes. Now bliss is come, so that men revere me far and wide throughout the earth, and all the great Creation prayeth to this beacon. On me the Son of God suffered a little time ; wherefore in glory now I tower up beneath the sky ; and I may bring healing unto every one of those that have regard for me.

“ Of old was I the bitterest of tortures, loathsome to men, ere that I opened unto mortal men true way of life. Lo ! the Prince of glory, the Warden of the heavenly realm, hath shewed me honour over all the forest trees, even as also to His mother, Mary, Almighty God shewed honour over all the race of women. And now, beloved man, I bid thee reveal this vision unto men, in speech proclaim it that it is the tree of glory, whereon Almighty God suffered for the many sins of man, the olden deeds of Adam.

“ He drank the cup of death, yet in His mighty power the Lord arose, a succour unto men. He ascended into heaven, and hither in the day of judgment shall the Lord Himself, Almighty God, and all His angels, haste to earth to seek out man. Then He who hath the power of judgment will give His doom

to every man, according as aforetime in this fleeting life on earth he doth deserve it. Nor may any there be unafraid for the word which the wielding God shall utter. Before that host he shall demand where is the man, who for his Lord's sake would drink of bitter death, as He did on the cross aforetime. Then shall they be smitten of terror, and few shall know what answer they may give to Christ. Yet then no man need be afraid, who in this life beareth in his breast that best of beacons; but through the cross every soul shall seek the heavenly kingdom from the paths of earth, whoso thinketh to dwell with God."

Then where I bode alone with a small band I prayed unto the cross, with blithesome heart, enduring courage. My soul was yearning for its journey hence. Too many a weary hour have I abode. Now have I hope of life, that I may seek that victor-tree, revere it well more oft than all men. Wherefore I have exceeding joy in heart, and my hope of succour is set upon the rood. In the world I have not many mighty friends, but they have journeyed hence, out of the pleasures of this worldly life, and sought the King of glory. Now they dwell in heaven above with the High Father, there abide in glory. And day by day I wait until the cross of God, which here on earth I saw, in the time of this fleeting life, may lead and guide me where is exceeding joy, rapture in heaven. There God's folk are set forever; there is abiding bliss.

May He establish me where I may dwell in glory, and with all holy souls have joy of blessedness. May the Lord be my friend, who here on earth suffered for the sins of men upon that cross. He ransomed us and gave us life, a home in heaven. Hope was renewed, with blessedness and bliss, for those who then endured the fires of hell. Triumphant was the Son upon that journey, mighty with speed of fortune, when with a multitude, a host of spirits, He, ruling alone, Almighty, came unto the kingdom of God, to the joy of angels and all holy souls, who dwelt in heaven in glory then, when their Lord, the mighty God, came where was His home-land.

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## THE PHOENIX

I HAVE heard that there is far hence in eastern realms, a land most noble, widely known to men. Nor is that corner of the world of easy access to many tribes throughout the earth, but by the might of God it is set apart from sinful men. That plain is full of beauty, blest with joys, with the fairest fragrance of earth. Single in its loveliness that island, noble the Creator, great of heart and rich in might, who stablished there that land. There are often open and revealed unto the blessed the joy of pleasant sounds, the door of heaven.

That is a winsome plain, the woods are green, far-stretching 'neath the sky. Nor there may any rain nor snow, nor breath of frost nor blast of fire, nor storm of hail, nor fall of rime, nor heat of sun, nor everlasting cold, nor warm weather, nor winter shower work harm a whit ; but the plain endureth blessed and wholesome. That noble land is starred with blossoms. There stand no hills nor mountains steep, no stony cliffs rise high as here with us, nor dales nor glens, nor mountain gorges, caves nor crags. No whit of

roughness bideth there ; but the pleasant field, blossoming with delights, bringeth forth beneath the clouds. Twelve fathom measure higher is that radiant land, as sages tell us, wisely in their writings make it known, than any of those hills that here with us rise bright and high under the stars of heaven.

Serene is that pleasant plain ; its sunny grove gleameth, winsome its woodland glades. Its increase faileth not, its pleasant fruit ; but ever the trees stand green as God gave bidding. In winter and in summer are the groves in likewise hung with fruit ; never a leaf fadeth in the air, nor shall flame work them harm for ever, ere that the ending of the world shall be. As of old the turmoil of the waters, the sea-flood, covered all the world, the compass of the earth, yet that noble plain stood all unhurt, firm held against the water's surging, blessed, uninjured of the tossing waves, through the grace of God : so it shall bide in blossoming until the coming of the fire of the judgment of God, when the chambers of death, the shadowy sepulchres of men, shall be open.

In that land there is no hated foe, neither weeping nor vengeance, nor any sign of sorrow, nor age nor misery, nor narrow death, failing of life nor coming of the foe, nor sin nor strife nor tribulation, paupers' toil nor want of wealth, sorrow nor sleep nor bed of pain, nor wintry gust, nor tossing tempests raging beneath the sky, neither the hard frost with chill



icicles troubleth any. There no hail nor rime fall upon the earth, nor windy cloud ; there water falleth not, stirred in air. But flowing streams, wondrous curious wells, flow forth, watering the earth with pleasant streams. From the wood's middle, from the turf of earth, each month a winsome water breaketh, cold as the sea, faring abundantly through all the grove. It is the bidding of the Lord that twelve times the joy of water-floods shall overflow the glorious land. The groves are hung with bloom and beauteous increase ; the holy treasures of the wood wane not beneath the heavens. The fallow blossoms, the beauty of the forest-trees fall not upon the ground ; but on the trees the boughs are ever wondrous laden, the fruit new in every season. In the grassy plain the forests fair stand green, joyously garnished by the might of Holy God. Nor is the wood broken in aspect, but there a holy perfume dwelleth in that winsome land. Never shall that know change forever, until He who shaped it in the beginning shall bring His ancient work of wisdom unto its end.

## II

In that wood a fowl dwelleth, wondrous fair and strong of wing. It is called Phoenix. Solitary, strong of heart, it holdeth there its dwelling, its way of life. Never shall death

scathe it in that joyous plain while the world standeth. It is said to note the journey of the sun, to go to meet God's candle, that radiant gem, eagerly to watch when that noblest of stars riseth above the ocean waves, shining from the east, gleaming with adornments, ancient creation of the Father, bright token of God. The stars are hid, departing under the moving water unto the western realms, darkened at dawn, and black night creepeth wanly away. Then strong of flight, exulting in his pinions, beneath the sky the fowl gazeth eagerly upon the mountain stream, over the water, when the gleam of heaven may come up gliding from the east over the spacious sea. So the noble fowl at the water-spring bideth in its beauty in the flowing streams; there the glorious bird twelve times doth bathe him in the running brook ere the coming of the beacon, the candle of heaven; in like wise as often tasteth the sea-cold water from the pleasant springs at every bath. Then after its water-sport, proud of heart, it soareth to a lofty tree, whence most easily it may behold the journey when over the tossing sea the taper of heaven, the gleam of light, shineth serene. The land is garnished, the world is beautified, when heaven's gem, fairest of stars, over the compass of the sea illumeth the land throughout the earth. Soon as the sun riseth on high above the salty streams, then the grey fowl departeth brightly from its forest tree and fareth, swift of pinion, soaring through the

air, singing and carolling to heaven. Fair is the bearing of that fowl, its heart inspired, in bliss exulting ; it poureth forth its changing strains with clear note more wondrously than ever child of man heard beneath the heavens since the High King, Craftsman of glory, stablished the world, heaven and earth. The voice of its hymn is sweeter than all song-craft, fairer and winsomer than any strain. Neither horns nor trumpets may be likened unto that sound, neither the music of the harp, nor the voice of any man on earth, nor an organ, nor melody of song, nor feathered swan, nor any of those pleasant sounds that God created to be a joy to men in this mournful world. Thus it singeth, blest with joy, and carolleth till that the sun is sinking in the southern sky. Then is it silent and listeneth, boweth its head boldly, sage of thought, and shaketh its pinions thrice, fain of flight. The fowl is hushed. Twelve times it telleth off the hours of day and night.

Thus is it ordained that there the dweller of the wood may have joy in that plain with its delights ; taste of weal, of life and happiness, the beauties of the land, till that the warder of the forest grove abideth there one thousand winters of this life. Then the grey feathered fowl is stricken, old and full of years ; that joy of birds fleeth the green earth, the blossoming land, and seeketh thence a far realm of earth, a home and native land where no man dwell. There it re-

ceiveth sovereignty, almighty over all the race of birds, distinguished in their tribe, and for a time with them dwelleth in the waste.

Then strong of flight it departeth unto the west, full of winters, flying swift of wing ; and the birds throng round about their lord. Each would fain be thane and servant to their prince, till that it seeketh out the Syrian land with mighty train. There the pure fowl turneth swiftly from them, that within the forest grove in its shade it may dwell in a desert place, concealed and hid from the throngs of men ; there in the forest wood it bides and habits in a lofty tree, fast by its roots beneath the roof of heaven ; which men on earth call Phoenix from the name of that fowl. The King of might and glory, the Lord of men, hath granted to that tree, as I have heard, that it alone of all the trees springing on the paths of earth is brightest blooming. Nor may aught bitter work it grievous harm, but ever shielded it shall bide uninjured, while the world standeth.

### III

When the wind lieth at rest, and fair is the weather, and brightly shineth the holy gem of heaven, when the clouds are done away, and the forces of the waters lie tranquil, and every storm is stilled under heaven, and from the south gleameth warm the weather candle, shining upon the hosts of men, then it begin-  
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neth to build in the boughs and rear its nest. Great need it hath that it most speedily, by might of wisdom, may turn old age to life and gain a youthful spirit. Then far and near it gathereth and bringeth together unto its dwelling place winsome herbs and blossoms of the wood, every fair perfume of winsome herb which the King of glory, the Father of creation, wrought of fragrance under heaven upon the earth for the lordly race of men. There it beareth rich treasure to that tree. There the wild fowl in the waste upon the lofty tree reareth a house winsome and fair, and lodgeth in that upper chamber, and in the leafy shade setteth body and wings round about on either side with holy fragrance and the fairest blooms of earth. Destined upon a journey hence it nestleth there, when the gem of heaven, the burning sun, in the summer season shineth over the shade, fulfilleth its destiny and gazeth through the world. Then is its house kindled by its radiant gleam, the herbs grow warm, its lovely home steameth with pleasant savours; then in the heat, in the grasp of fire, the fowl burneth with its nest. The funeral flame is kindled, burning seizeth on the house of that fowl, sad unto death. Roughly it hasteth on, nurseth the fallow flame; and full of many years the Phoenix burneth.

Then the fire feedeth on its fleeting body; life, the spirit of the doomed, is on a journey hence when the funeral flame consumeth flesh



and bone. Yet unto it cometh new life after the appointed time. When the cold embers begin to fall together into a heap after the fire is spent, when pure is that fairest of nests, the valiant fowl's abode, destroyed by fire ; when the body is cold, and the bony frame is shattered, and the fire slumbers, then in the funeral pile in the ashes is found the likeness of an apple from which groweth a worm wondrous fair, as it were brought forth from an egg, gleaming from the shell. In the shade it waxeth so that at first it is even as an eagle's young, a fair birdling. Then further it flourisheth in bliss, so that it is like to an old eagle in growth, and after that beautified with feathers, brightly blooming, even as it was in the beginning. Then it waxeth broad, all renewed and born again, sundered from sin. Even as when man for sustenance bringeth home the fruits of the earth in the harvest season, pleasant food at the time of reaping ere the coming of winter, lest a shower of rain destroy them under the clouds, wherein they find a stay and joy of food when frost and snow with mighty force shroud the earth in winter weeds ; from those fruits shall the wealth of man by the nature of the grain again spring forth, which is first sown pure seed, and then the gleaming of the sun in the spring-tide waketh the germ of life, the riches of the world, so that the fruits, the treasures of the earth, are again begotten of their kind : even so that fowl, old in years, groweth young

again and compassed about with flesh. It eateth not food nor meat upon the earth save when it tasteth a whit of honey-dew, which often falleth at the midnight; whereon the noble fowl feedeth its life until it seeketh again its own place, its ancient dwelling.

## IV

When the fowl, proud of pinion, is grown again among its herbs, when its life is new, young and full of grace, then from the ground it gathereth the leavings of the flame, its nimble body which the fire devoured aforetime, wisely bringeth together the wasted bones after the fire's raging, assembleth again bones and ashes together, the leavings of the funeral flame, and covereth over that woful spoil, fairly adorned with herbs. Then it hasteth away to seek again its native place, and with its talons it graspeth the leavings of the fire, claspeth them in its claws, and seeketh again joyously its home, its sun-bright seats, its blessed native land. All is renewed, spirit and feathery coat, even as he was in the beginning, when first the God of victory set him in that pleasant plain. There he bringeth his bones and eke the ashes which the surge of fire overwhelmed aforetime upon the funeral mound; the valiant fowl burieth all together, bones and embers, in that island. New unto him is the gleaming of the sun, when the light of heaven, brightest of gems, joy of noble

stars, shineth from the east over the ocean wave.

That fowl is fair of hue before, gay with varied colours on its breast ; its head is green behind, varied wondrously, blended with scarlet. The tail is fairly divided, part brown, part crimson, cunningly beset with brilliant spots. Its feathers are white behind, the neck green under and above, and the nib gleameth like glass or gem ; the jaws are fair within and without. The nature of its eye is stark, in hue most like to stone, or gleaming gem, when set in a golden goblet by cunning of smiths. Round about its neck it is like unto the circle of the sun, brightest of rings woven of feathers ! Comely is the belly underneath, and wondrous fair, bright and lovely. The shield is wrought with beauty above the fowl's back. The legs are grown with scales, the feet are yellow. The fowl is single in its beauty, most like the peacock, winsomely grown, as the writings tell. It is neither sluggish nor slow, torpid nor slothful, as are some birds that flap heavily through the air upon their wings ; but swift is he and fleet, exceeding light, lovely and winsome, marked with beauty. Eternal is the Prince who granteth him that bliss !

When it departeth from that native soil to seek its meadows and its olden home, as the fowl flieth it is seen of many tribes of men in the world ; then from north and south and east and west they come together in hosts

and journey far and near with throng of folk, that they may see God's fair grace upon that fowl, as the righteous King of triumph in the beginning ordained for it a better nature and a fairer beauty beyond all the race of birds. Then through all the earth men marvel at its beauty and its form, make it known in writings, and with their hands grave it on marble stone, when the day and hour reveal unto their hosts the beauty of the fowl fain of flight. Then the race of birds on either hand throng about in multitudes, descend upon the spacious paths, praise in song and magnify the noble fowl with earnest strains ; thus they circle round about the holy bird in its flight in air. The Phoenix is in the midst compassed about by their hosts. Men behold and see with wonder how that gladsome band exalt the wild fowl, one throng after another ; mightily proclaim and magnify their king, their well loved lord, leading joyfully their prince unto his home, till that the lonely dweller, swift of wing, flieth away, so that the host of joyful birds may not follow after him, when that joy of virtues from this earth seeketh his native soil.

## V

So the blessed fowl, after his time of death, cometh unto his old abode, his beauteous home. Sad of heart the birds return from that valiant one unto their home again ; and

the noble fowl is young in his dwelling. God wotteth only, the Almighty King, what his sex may be, male or female ; no one of all the race of men knoweth that, save God alone, how wondrous are the ways, the fair decree of old regarding the nature of that bird. There the blessed fowl may joy in its abode, in the running streams within the forest groves, and dwell in the plain until a thousand winters have run. Then is the ending of life for him ; the funeral fire wrappeth him in surging flame. Yet he cometh unto life again, wondrously awakened. Wherefore drooping he sorroweth not for death, the sore pain of parting, since ever he wotteth of new life after the fire's raging, spirit after death, when surely, in feathered state, he shall be restored from the ashes, grow young again under the span of heaven. Unto himself he is both son and loving father, and heir again unto his olden life. The mighty Lord of men hath granted him that though the fire take him, yet shall he wondrously become again the same that he was aforetime.

## VI

So every blessed man, after sore trial, himself chooseth that eternal life through darksome death, that after the days of his life he may enjoy the grace of God in everlasting bliss and dwell for evermore in glory, as a reward of his works. The nature of this fowl, very



like to the chosen thanes of Christ, showeth in the cities of men how in this evil tide they may gain bright joy beneath the heavens by the Father's aid, and win high bliss in realms above. We have learned that the Almighty God wrought man and woman by His wondrous might, and set them in the fairest of earth's fields, which the children of men call Paradise, where they knew no lack of any blessing so long as they would keep the word of the Eternal One, the sayings of holy God in their new joy.

There hatred came upon them, the envy of their olden foe, who offered them as food the fruit of the tree, so that in their folly they both did eat the apple, against the will of God, and tasted the forbidden fruit. Then was their sorrow bitter after the eating, for them and for their children, for their sons and daughters, a woful feast. Grievously were their busy teeth requited according to their sin. They knew the wrath of God and bitter bale; wherefore their sons have paid the penalty because they ate that food, against the word of the Eternal One. Wherefore, sad of heart, they must needs forego the land's delights through the serpent's malice, what time in days of yore with wily heart he beguiled our parents to their hurt, so that far thence in these vales of death they sought a way of life, a home more sorrowful. The better life was hidden from them in the darkness, and the holy plain by the Fiend's wiles

was fastened close for many a winter, till that the King of glory, the Joy of men, Comforter of the weary and our only Hope, by His advent unto holy men opened it again.

## VII

Even so, as scholars say and tell us in their writings, most like is the flight of that fowl when sagely it foregoeth home and native land and is grown old. Weighed down with winters, with a weary heart, it wingeth its way, where it findeth the high shelter of the forest grove in which it buildeth with rarest twigs and herbs a new dwelling, a nest in the wood. Great need it hath that it may win again a youthful spirit, life after death, by the fiery blast; grow young again, that it may seek its olden home, its sun-bright seats, after the bath of fire. So our parents, who have been before us, left behind them that pleasant plain and lovely seat of glory, going a long journey into great afflictions, where their foes, evil and wretched men, oft wrought them harm.

Yet are there many men who under heaven hearken well unto the Creator in holy practices and glorious deeds, so that the Lord, High King of heaven, is gracious unto them in heart. That is the lofty tree wherein holy men do have their dwelling, where the olden foe with poison nor with guileful token in this

evil tide may not work them harm a whit. But the champion of the Lord worketh him a nest against all hatred by his glorious deeds, when he dealeth alms unto the poor and graceless men, proclaimeth the Lord, the Father, unto them to their succour ; hasteth forth, and quencheth the evils of this fleeting life, the darksome deeds of sin ; bravely in his heart keepeth the law of God ; with pure thought seeketh prayer and nobly boweth down his knee unto the earth ; fleeth every evil, all dire iniquities, for his fear of God, and, glad of heart, yearneth that he may work the greatest deal of godly deeds. For that man is the Lord, the Wielder of victory, Joy-giver of hosts, a shield in all his walks.

Those are the plants, the flowers of fruit, which the wild-fowl gathereth under heaven far and wide unto his abiding place, where wondrous firm of heart it worketh a nest against all hatred. So now the champions of the Lord with heart and might accomplish His will in their dwellings, for which Eternal and Almighty God will grant them gracious gifts. Of those plants a home is wrought for them in the City of glory as a reward of their works, for that they kept His holy teachings ; day and night with glowing heart and fervid spirit loved the Lord, choosing with radiant faith the Well-beloved rather than worldly weal. No joyful hope it is to them that they may long abide in this fleeting life. An earl thus blessed earneth by his virtue eternal

bliss, a home in heaven with the High King until cometh the end of numbered days, when Death, that warrior greedy of slaughter, girt round about with weapons, taketh every life and swiftly sendeth into the bosom of earth these fleeting bodies, deprived of souls, where they long shall bide, covered over with clay, until the coming of the fire.

Then the host of the race of men shall be led unto the assembly. The Father of angels, the Righteous King of triumphs, the Lord of hosts, shall hold a council and judge with justice. Then shall all mortal men have resurrection as the mighty King, the Lord of angels, Saviour of souls, by the trumpet's voice commandeth over the spacious earth. For blessed men dark death shall be ended by the might of God. Nobly they shall turn away, thronging in multitudes, when this sinful world burneth in shame, kindled by fire. Every one shall be afraid in heart when the fire crasheth through all the fleeting riches of the world, when the flame consumeth the olden treasures of the earth, clutcheth eagerly on appled gold, and swalloweth greedily the land's adornments. Then in that all-revealing hour shall come to light for men the fair and pleasant token of this fowl, when the Sole Power shall rouse up all before the knee of Christ, gather the bones from the graves, body and limbs together, the guest of the flame. The King in splendour from His high seat shall shine unto the holy, a beauteous

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gem of glory. Well will it be with him who may be pleasing unto God in that dread hour.

## VIII

There the bodies, purged of sin, shall wander joyously ; their spirits shall pass again into their bony frames, when the fire mounteth on high to heaven. Hot shall be for many that fearful flame, when every man, righteous or sinful, body and soul together, from his mouldy grave shall seek the judgment of the Lord, dismayed with fear. The fire shall be astir, burning the sins of men. There after their time of exile blessed men shall be encircled by their deeds, their own works ; these are the noble winsome herbs wherewith the wild fowl hedgeth his nest about, so that it swiftly burneth with fire, and kindleth in the sun, and with it he himself, and then after the fire receiveth again life anew.

So every one of the race of men shall be shrouded in flesh, lovely and ever-young, who here on earth worketh to his own gain, so that the mighty King of glory in that assembly shall be merciful to him. Then holy spirits shall chant and righteous souls pure and chosen, lift up song, strain upon strain, exalting the splendour of their King, and fairly perfumed with their goodly deeds shall mount to glory. Let no one of the race of men ween that I write this song and frame this lay with lying words. Hear ye the wisdom of the



hymns of Job ! Inspired in heart with grace of spirit he boldly lifted up his voice ; adorned with glory, spake this word :

“ I reject it not from the thoughts of my heart, that in my nest I shall know death, a broken man, and wofully go hence upon a long journey, compassed about with clay, mourning for my former deeds in the bosom of earth ; and then after death even as the Phoenix fowl, by the Lord’s grace I may win new life after my resurrection, bliss with the Lord, where the dear throng exalt the Well-beloved. Never need I look for ending of that life, that light and joy, forever ; though my body in its house of mold groweth decayed, a joy to worms, yet after its time of death the God of hosts shall free my soul and wake it unto glory. That hope never faileth in my breast, that ready joy, which I have, firm-set upon the Lord of angels.”

Thus, wise of heart, in olden days the sage, God’s herald, chanted of his resurrection to eternal life, that we might understand more clearly the glorious token which the radiant fowl revealeth through its burning. The remnants of its bones, ashes and embers, all it gathereth together after the surge of fire ; the fowl beareth them in its talons unto the gardens of the Lord, towards the sun ; where thenceforth he abideth many winters renewed in form, all young again ; nor then within that realm may any menace him with deeds of malice. So after death, by the might of God,

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souls and bodies journey together, fairly adorned, most like to that fowl, in bliss, with pleasant perfumes, where the righteous sun gleameth in beauty over the thronging hosts in the city of glory.

## IX

Then high above the roofs of earth for righteous souls shineth the Saviour Christ. Winsome birds, radiantly restored, in bliss exulting, chosen spirits, follow Him in that joyous home forever, where the hostile shameless Fiend may not work them evil. But there they dwell forever, clothed with light, like to the Phoenix fowl, beauteous in the peace of God and in His glory. The work of every man gleameth brightly in that blithe home, peacefully before the face of the Eternal Lord, like to the sun. There a radiant crown, woven of precious stones, riseth o'er the head of every blessed soul. Arched with splendour their foreheads gleam; the diadem of their Prince fairly adorneth every righteous man radiantly in that life, where everlasting joy, eternal and ever-young, never fadeth, but they dwell in beauty, clothed in glory and adornments fair, with the Father of angels. They know no whit of sorrow in those courts, sin nor want nor days of toil, burning hunger nor bitter thirst, nor misery nor age. But the noble king granteth them every good, where that spirit-throng giveth glory to the Saviour,

exalteth the power of the King of heaven, and singeth praise to God. That peaceful host in mighty strains maketh melody serene round about the holy throne of God ; saints and angels blithely bless their worthy Lord thus with united voices :

“ Peace be unto thee, True God, reigning in majesty ! Craft of wisdom and thanks for all Thy new gifts, for every good thing ; mighty and measureless the strength of Thy glory, high and holy ! The heavens are fairly filled, Father Almighty, Glory of glories, with Thy majesty among angels above, and on the earth beneath. Guard us, Thou Lord of all beginnings. Thou art the Father Almighty, ruling in the heights of heaven.”

Thus shall godly men, proved of sin, sing in that beauteous city, proclaim His royal glory, a throng of righteous souls singing their Ruler's praise in heaven :

“ To Him only is eternal honour without an end ; for Him was no beginning nor source of bliss. Although He was born unto the world upon this earth in the image of a child, yet His abundant might bode high above the heavens in holiness, His unbroken judgments. Though He must needs endure the pang of death upon the cross and bitter woe, yet on the third day after the death of the body He received life again by the Father's grace. So in his haunts the youthful Phoenix foreshoweth the power of the Son of God, when from the ashes he waketh again unto the life of life, girt round

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with limbs. So the Saviour by His body's death wrought help for us, life without ending, even as that fowl filleth both his wings with sweet and winsome herbs, the fair blossoms of the earth, and wingeth hence his flight."

Those are the words, as the writings say, the chant of holy men, whose souls are wafted unto heaven, unto the God of mercy, unto the joy of joys, where for a gift to God they bring the winsome savour of their words and works, unto their Lord, unto that glorious realm, unto that life of light. Praise be to Him forever, and grace of glory, honour and might in the celestial kingdom of the heavens. He is the King indeed of this middle-earth, and of majesty, circled with glory, in that beauteous city. The author of light hath granted us that we may here by goodly deeds deserve and win delights in heaven ; that we may seek that mighty realm ; sit on high thrones and live in bliss of light and peace ; have seats of tender joy, and know blissful days, behold the Lord of victories merciful and mild, and blessed mid the angels, endlessly sing His praise with everlasting laud. Alleluia.

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